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JANUARY, 1970 Vol. 43, No. 5

ROSS ROCKLYNNE'S OUTSTANDING NEW STORY

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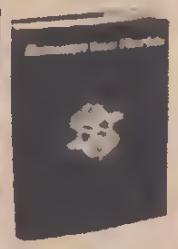

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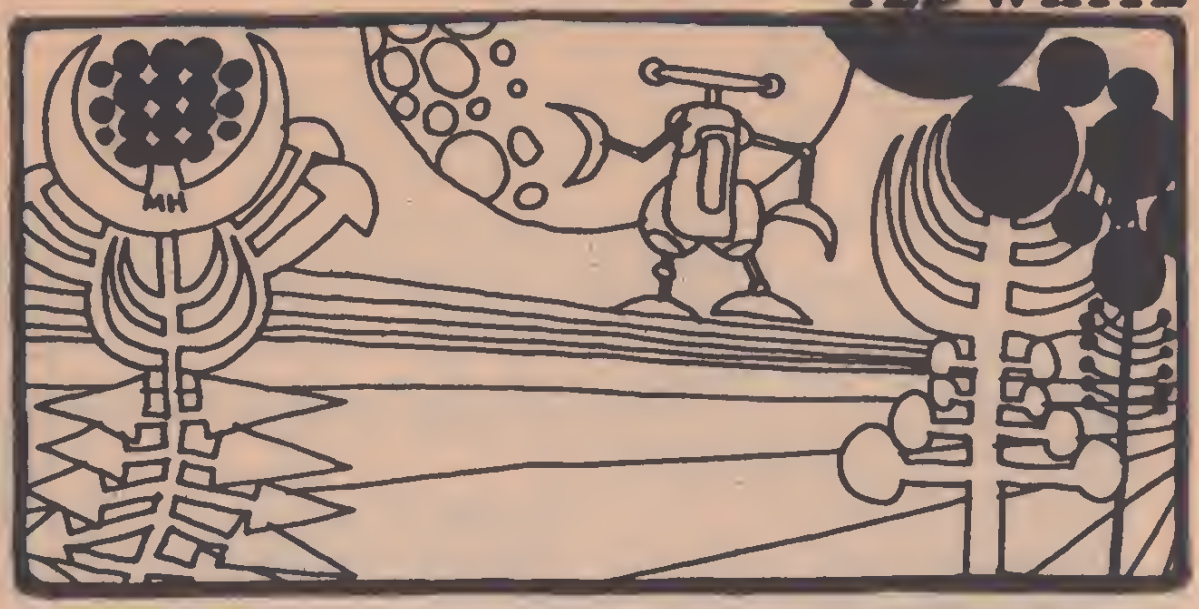


EDITORIAL

APPOLLO 11: A DIARY

Sunday, July 20, 1969; 4:30 pm:

"You know," people kept telling me, "the next issue of AMAZING STORIES, you should put a big headline across the cover: 'WE TOLD YOU SO!'"

That was on June 28th, at the annual Midwestcon in Cincinnati, and the air was full of talk about our forthcoming Apollo 11 mission, then only three weeks away. For science fiction fans, this landing would be a vindication, a justification of all that science fiction and magazines like AMAZING have stood for over the last four decades.

Now Man has successfully landed on the moon. It was a flawless descent, and for the last thirty-odd seconds, Commander Armstrong took the LEM off automatic and *flew* it across "a football-field-sized crater" and surrounding rocks, boulders and rubble, to a safe landing beyond. Thus, not only have we *landed*, but we did it as *men*, not as superfluous adjuncts to machines.

History has been made. Without even waiting for Commander Armstrong to step out upon the surface of the moon, a London bookmaker paid off a one-thousand-to-one bet that man would land upon the moon before 1971. And the late President Kennedy s goal—man on the moon before this decade ended—has been met. History has been made. Should all fail now—very unlikely, in light of the mission's success thus far—we would still have done the unthinkable: annexed the moon to Man's dominion.

Earlier this week I had luncheon with the representative of a New York public relations firm. One of the first things I was asked was, "How do you feel about the Apollo 11? I mean, this is the sort of thing you science fiction people have been talking about for years . . ."

I confessed that I had, at that point, mixed emotions.

When we first orbitted men around the earth in our hesitant Mercury missions, back in the early sixties, I was not among the crowds which lined New York City's streets to honor the returned astronauts. At that time we were still duplicating Russian feats

in miniature. They had put men into orbit before us, and in superior equipment. Their ships had airlocks, for instance; ours still do not. We'd been lagging behind the Russians since 1957 and the shock of Sputnik I—an event I celebrated as a human being, but not as an American—and it struck me in 1962 that the fuss being made over our own low, belated, orbital flights was out of proportion to the event.

We'd had the technology to do it first, but we lacked the will. Back in the forties—in 1947, to be exact—I was one of many at a National Geographic Society lecture at Constitution Hall in Washington, D.C., where films were shown of a V2 launch from White Sands Proving Grounds. I was a young boy then, but that launch thrilled me to the core.

That V2 rocket, and others like it, were the grandparents of our modern Saturn boosters. We had skilled men and the necessary technology at hand to have put our space program at least ten years ahead of where it is today. We *could* have put a man on the moon in *1959!* All it required was money.

As one observes the March of Progress, one grows cynical about the Great Strides we make. Every Stride has a price-tag, and the hands which hold the purse-strings are capricious. It took the national shame we suffered from Sputnik to galvanize our space program. We had to be humiliated first.

The raw power of a rocket launch thrilled me as a boy, and it still thrills me. I suppose that as I watch each televised liftoff there is a tinge of morbidity in me—something of that same morbid curiosity which draws audiences for automobile races: the suspense induced by potential disaster close at hand. If auto racing was 100% safe, they say, the crowds would drop off sharply. Certainly none of us wishes to see a booster explode at liftoff—the loss in both lives and momentum to the space program would be immeasurable—but that *chance* lingers in the backs of our minds. We still hold our breath until the ship is safely up, and Mission Control states, laconically, "All systems are go; you're looking good."

Wednesday, July 16th, my wife and I watched the liftoff of Apollo 11 from the Cape on our television set. I've never seen a launch better televised: there were cameras almost directly under the rocket engines, cameras in the supporting tower, and radar-controlled tracking cameras which caught the in-flight rocket with a steadiness and clarity never before rivalled. It was probably better than *being* there, in fact. But it was not so different, *as a launch*, from those of Apollo 9 and Apollo 10. I had to admit, when questioned, that I could not get that much *more* excited about the launch itself than I had at earlier launches. A little less so, in fact: the sight of that great Saturn rocket lifting majestically into the sky was now no longer novel to me.

"But landing a man on the moon," I said. "That still hits me with a whallop!"

The parallel with Columbus's voyage was brought up.

"It's not the same," I pointed out. "It's not just that no one really had any idea of what Columbus was up to, but also that we've experienced something like a journalistic overkill. We've talked *too* much about this flight—and especially those of us in science fiction who've been talking about it for many years now. We've absorbed so much about the flight, just in the news media, that we're all in danger of going ho-hum about it. It's hard *not* to feel jaded when you find even the tv *commercials* talking about nothing else. Then too, there are the political aspects. As space becomes a political football, the grander details are lost and it becomes just another petty tool of the

(continued on page 142)

Ross Rocklynne published his first science fiction story in the mid-1930's, and has been writing on and off ever since. This is not a unique record, but when you read the following story, as alive and immediate and now *as the Apollo 11 mission—the story was written* first—*you will recognize the rarity of Rocklynne's considerable talents.* Moon Trash *is proof positive that science fiction can not only survive the space-age, but capitalize upon it as well!*

MOON TRASH

ROSS ROCKLYNNE

Illustrated by RALPH REESE

SLIPPING AND SLIDING down the scoriaceous slope of the crater wall, young Tom Hogarth was as usual delighted by the clouds of pyroclastic dust he was kicking up around himself. Here, on the Moon, in the glare of Quanzickey's "evershinin' Sunball," young Tom Hogarth was a hurricane, substituting for weather.

His companion, tethered by the thick golden nylon rope, whined metallically,

"Dam·nit, son, we got work to do! Quit messing around with that dust. Come on!"

Tom stopped batting at the kicked-up pyroclasts and they fell straight down, twisting, and giving off wondrous sparkles as they threw back slanted Sunball shine. Then the dust was gone, as inwardly spinning pillars and pylons of fairy quality seemed to sink straight down through the lunar surface in response to a mysterious lunar call. To Tom, a city sank from sight.

His step-father's grumbling sounded again, and again the cord was yanked. Obediently, Tom clomped more quickly down into the crater toward the blow-holes, following after the wheezing, slant-walking, broadly built red-faced man who was to be Tom's only parent until he was twenty-one. Eleven more years to go, he thought and kicked out at welded tuffs and loose breccia lying along the trail.

They reached the floor of the crater, which was rubbled with the usual pumice, scoria, and here and there chunks of massive glass. They slant-walked across this difficult surface until they came to number three blow-hole, where the older man, whose name was Ben Fountain, leaned with a rasping sigh against a large, cracked pyroclastic block.

"We'll stop here a minute," he panted, his skin-gloved hand unzipping the kit slung at his side. "Then we'll tackle number four hlow-hole and see what we'll see." He was pulling out tubes of food paste, two of which he tossed young Tom.

Tom was not hungry, however. He placed the tubes in his own kit, then sat down cross-legged, surreptitiously studying his step-father. The man punched the food tubes through the proper valves in his face-plate and sucked rapidly, making no attempt to mute the sounds of eating by tuning down his transmitter. His eyes, made

smaller because of fatty tissue around them, roved busily. Suddenly he pointed at the sloping crater walls and exclaimed in a thready, huffing voice,

"We're going to build here, Tom. Sooner or later. All we need is one of those big Moon-dozers they're bootlegging up. We'll undercut the walls and square them off and use the fill to smooth off the crater floor. Then a dorm goes up, big enough for twenty-thousand workers. What do you think of that, boy? What do you think of that for an idea?"

Smacking his lips metallically, and gulping, he crunched the emptied food paste tubes in his fist. Tom watched him, not openly, but looking upward through long lashes while he doodled in the ancient dust of the crater floor. Fountain, apparently feeling he was unobserved, somewhat nervously opened his fist and dropped the crunched tubes soundlessly into a mass of pumiceous particles at the base of the big, cracked pyroclast.

Almost violently, Tom's finger slashed a dusty gorge.

"They won't let us, will they, Dad?" His voice seemed to him to be unpleasantly rasping. "I mean," he said hurriedly, and more politely, "they won't let us—uh—defile the moon craters. Uh—that's what the instructor told me. They don't want us to defile things."

"Defile," said Fountain, expressively. He pushed himself away from the cracked gray boulder. "Come on, you. We got to get at it. Defile!" He laughed loudly.

Tom was practically yanked erect. He scrambled after his slanting companion.

"I mean," said Tom, excitedly refusing to abandon the subject, "I mean, sure you're the engineer in charge and you've got a lot to say about things, but gee! They told me nobody up here gives orders to cut up the

craters. Not even you, Dad, they told me.

"You can't do *nothing* to the Moon without permission from the Committee for the Moon. They told me."

Moving rapidly after his older companion, he produced enough slack in the nylon rope so that he could take time to scoop up the discarded food tubes from the base of the fire-broken boulder. But the slack disappeared too rapidly and pulled Fountain to attention.

"At it again," said Fountain, standing straddle-legged near number four blow-hole facing Tom. Fountain had not shaved that morning. And he'd had his usual drink. Tom could see his slightly puffed and wetted lips uttering a silent profanity. "Damned kid!"

Then Fountain was saying out loud, his voice shaking with accumulated fury, "Look here, Tom! I'm not going to have you following around after me! Cleaning up after me! What the hell do you think you're doing? You're a ten-year old. What do you know? Whaddya going to do, keep the Moon clean for the next ten thousand years? You come back in ten thousand years and you'll find these craters full of old newspapers. There won't be a square foot of the Moon that isn't covered with old Coke bottles and bottle caps. Who's going to clean them up? Not you, not anybody, not your precious Committee For The Moon. Now throw that trash aside and let's try to get a couple of these blow-holes looked at so we can get back here in time for the module to pick us up."

Tom found himself leaning back against the rope, mule-like, the lowly hung Sunball to his left throwing his shadow up the six-foot boulder. Behind the lattice-work of the shielded face-plate, his face, plump and smooth and inclined to dimples, was without freckles. The freckles had disappeared during his three weeks on the Moon, for one formed the habit of never looking at the Sunball. If one did, the magnetic veils built throughout the suit would jump to attention and exclude all radiation, even reflected evershine.

His face therefore was pale, but felt paler still in a stretched-skin way, an anger way. For he was angry, and yet he could not show anger to a grown-up, particularly his pseudo-father.

"Okay," he mumbled hurriedly. "But I'm not supposed to throw no trash on the ground." In his excitement, he was lapsing into an early grammar. He fumbled open his kit and dropped in the tubes. Then he scrambled after Fountain, saying half-pleadingly, "The instructor told us not to leave *no* trash around!"

Fountain contemplated him. "You're a caution," he said briefly. "But I promised your Mom I'd take care of you. I'll do that little thing. But your kind won't last, Tom. Preserve the natural beatuy of the Moon!"

He spoke in a mimicking voice.

"Don't pollute the Moon like Earth's been polluted!"

He blew air through his lips in a half-laughing, half-deriding sound. Then he led the way into number four blowhole.

Before Tom entered the cave, however, his angrily scuffing feet exposed something lying in the dust which Fountain had not seen.

A piece of trash.

Which somebody or something had thrown here about one half-million years before.

The Committee For The Moon, an international organization which acted under the supervision of the United Nations Security Council, jealously controlled the Moon. It took a reasonable view of the situation, however, and accepted applications from corporations which at

their own expense wished to set up investigative research stations with the hope of future profits from their investment. For the present, there were to be no profits. The rule was, as if from the lips of a jealous wife *Look, don't touch.* The Moon was to be protected, guarded, preserved from the irascible greediness of men.

Ben Fountain, the engineer who threw up the small pre-fab city on the plains of the Mare Imbrium when Koh-He Chemical won its research rights from the Committee, went through the six-week intensive at Lunar Instruction School like anyone else; like his step-son Tom. The Lunar brain-washing did not take with him. Glittering in the sky above Earth was a large jewel to be carved amongst the brainy.

Ben Fountain was right. The Moon would never last. It would be gouged, and slashed; bull-dozed. Men were already bootlegging equipment 240,000 miles straight up. Dozers would arrive and workers too would be bootlegged to the Lunar orb. All this was of the future and young Tom Hogarth was of the present, Moon-struck.

The Moon was beautiful enough to break a heart. Those celestial craters, those virgin peaks, the godly dark slash of the Terminator, the mystery of age upon age upon age, was all this cold parched Sunlit beauty to become a dump-site for Man? Time said yes, but Tom said no. He would kick up dust in youthful exuberance or youthful resentment, but along his trail no trash ever would be found.

There were seven cave openings. Three were discovered to be little more than tubular balloons blown into being and frozen in shape when the Moon was young. All the openings were exposed by the original blast from space which made the crater. What the fourth cave revealed probably would be a repetition of the first three.

Except for a half-million year old piece of trash kicked up from six inches of dust in front of the cave by Tom's angry feet.

"What the hell you got there?"

"It's—it's just a piece of something tore off something bigger," said Tom slowly. "Something—uh—threw it away. But it's pretty. It's got a glow inside, Dad. Little racing lights. And it's soft and it bends. But it was tore off something. It was under the dust."

Ben Fountain was standing over him, gazing down at the object and breathing hard.

"Well," he said flatly, "it just couldn't be. We're the first people here. Nobody dropped anything in the Imbrium, we didn't and the Russians didn't. I see what you mean by *something* threw it away. Sure wasn't human."

Gingerly he took the object. It had no meaning to him nor to Tom. It was a scrap of something, a jagged three-cornered scrap, soft and waxy, five centimeters thick, and with tiny active dots of light moving about in definite domino-numbers patterns. One could barely imagine alien eyes "reading" what the patterns said.

Ben Fountain stood weighing the scrap in his gloved hand. His jaw was turning slowly slack. He spoke as if with an effort. "Well, son, looks as if we stumbled onto something. It's big. The first evidence of other life. Somebody's going to make a pile of money out of this."

"Not out of this," said Tom, reaching. "It's mine."

Fountain grunted and started to turn away. "You'd turn it over to Supplies with your other trash," he said with a hint of sarcasm, but Tom's hand shot out and grabbed Fountain's wrist and shook his arm violently to dislodge the artifact. Fountain looked at him with complete astonishment and then yelled angrily and jerked his arm

away. The action pulled Tom suddenly forward and brought him stumbling to his knees inside the cave opening. His face was stretched tight and felt pale and suddenly a tremendous coughing sob blew from his lips.

"It's mine," he tried to say, but his lips only shook. Worse, tears were in his eyes, and that was humiliating. He turned his head won and away from Fountain's sweating, astounded face. Then Fountain was half-gasping, half-mumbling.

"You do that again, boy, you do that again and I'll smash you and I'll show you who keeps what on these expeditions and I'll show you who runs this end of the Moon. I do, boy, and don't you forget it. Now if you want that thing you picked up, you got to work for it and show me you're something more than a ten-year-old nothing."

Fountain turned abruptly and receded into the darkness of the cave mouth. His flood light illuminated the man-sized tunnel that stretched before them, and it was at once evident that this was no ordinary blow-hole. This bubble had been worked on, its sides and floors arched above and squared off underfoot. Fountain's startled gasp tore the air inside Tom's helmet, and suddenly Fountain was running.

Tom perforce had to run to keep u with him, but for the moment he did not notice that he was not in a natural tunnel, but in a corridor fashioned by tool-users. He had decided to let himself cry and even sob a little, with his transmitter off. The device took care of some of his miserable feelings and it brought his rage down to a level where he could handle it.

They were no more than fifty meters into this hewn tunnel when it abruptly broadened with a series of sine wave scallops. Fountain's heavy rasp of breath sounded, and Tom desperately wanted to tell him to turn off his transmitter; but that was against the rules, for safety's sake.

Ahead of Tom, Fountain loomed, a dark outline grown darker as the tunnel ended and the floodlight found a larger area to illuminate. Fountain was half whispering to himself, an eerie rasping unpleasantness broken with deep breathing.

"Come here, son," he was then whispering. "You want to see something, this is it. Boy, we've found it. They're bootlegging hardware up; we can bootleg this stuff down. And once we get it there, we can sell it, And the UN or the Committee can't stop us."

Tom went slowly forward, the slacked nylon rope dragging its loop behind. Fountain's muttered exclamations and tongue-clickings filled his helmet. Already he was depressed, and physically affected by this in the usual way, by a tight band of feeling across his forehead, and a lightness in his head, as if he were not receiving enough oxygen. When he came to stand beside Fountain, the impact of what he saw smashed against him not as the wondrous thing it should have been, but as a fear of loss, so that now his temples throbbed.

So there had been life here; a life form that had come briefly, deposited its treasures, and then vanished, leaving the distillation of its culture behind. The room was not very large, about ten by ten, but disproportionately high, about ten meters also, Even at that, extra space had been scalloped out of the ceiling to accomodate the tallest statues.

They had been a tall race, but not humanoid. The statues reminded one of fanciful figures carved out of soap, and with that same softness. If they had had arms, these were merely ropes, and very long ropes indeed; and they habitually wrapped them around themselves in tightly spiraled patterns starting from the point of origin,

these points of origin being articulated joints which occurred at six different separated areas anywhere on the body. There was clothing, and decoration in the form of looping jewelry. The clothing occurred here and there on the spiraling ropes and nowhere else, and it was a heavy, soapy-jade material falling into graceful folds. The jewelry—actual jewels which reflected back, dimly, an effulgent yellowness—were hung in strands from the left side of the body, retained by horns growing unexpectedly out of the top of the body.

There was a long rod of roughened white metal between floor and ceiling on the right side of each statue; the end of one ropy arm was wrapped laxly around this rod, so that one got the impression the being had very little skeleton to hold him erect.

Of head there was none, but there were two eyes, carved in at the center of the body, and then painted in yellow and mottled green, and lidless, and these eyes watched Ben Fountain and young Tom Hogarth.

There were four of these statues, of heights descending to two meters, and one knew this had been a family of beings.

All watched Ben Fountain and young Tom Hogarth.

Young Tom, depressed, wished the beings were alive, for then they could order these intruding and acquisitive Earthlings to leave. But the eyes were not really alive, they merely caught the light, and in that light one saw in their peaceful blind stare the timeless souls of a cultured race.

That race had been here—how long ago? A half-million years ago—and they had left their signature on the Moon.

"Newspapers," said Ben Fountain hoarsely, pointing to areas between the figures. "I'll swear they are, Tom. Or books. Boy, we've made a find."

The sheets fastened to the wall between the statues were of the same material as the artifact found beyond the cave, and in the full glare of the floodlight they became activated with winking, racing dots of light. The sheets, truly of newspaper size, glittered communicatively. For whom? Not for us of Earth, Tom thought; we'll never read them.

"They're for somebody else," Tom muttered, and Fountain's head jerked and turned down toward him, largely unseen behind the face-plate.

"They're for *us*," Fountain said harshly. "Let's don't have any sermons, son. All right, what is it?"

"They put all this here for somebody else," Tom said, with an effort. "What if they come here and find it ain't—I mean isn't here?"

"Who?"

"I don't know. Somebody." Warning bells were ringing. Fountain didn't want to hear this. Inexorably he had to go on. He said stubbornly and with great difficulty, "Maybe—maybe we shouldn't even be here. It's— it's all Moon."

"It's *what?*"

"It's Moon. Anything Moon, you leave alone. The instructors told us." The air circulator in his suit was revving up because sweat was running from his throbbing temples. This was part of it, this desperate resistance he was putting up against one person; only part of the terrible fight people like himself would have to wage against the despoilers.

For Ben Fountain was a despoiler, only one of many to come. Ben Fountain was a forerunner of the ugly breed who would trail ugliness behind them, would bring Earth to the Moon, would even spill Earth blood in the radia. Who else could stop them except people like himself? Somebody strong—and smart too.

Somebody had to do it, even when it

scared him. You had to stop that first Coke bottle from being thrown into Tycho.

"All right," Ben ountain said resignedly. "You've said it. Now let's don't hear it again." But he was tremendously annoyed, showing his displeasure in the ugly tilt of his lips as he looked through half-gloom down at young Tom Hogarth. He snarled, "Look, Tom. I volunteered to take care of you until you came of age. I didn't have to. I could have left you back on Earth. But you'd have hated me. So I brought you up here. Look, now, you be decent to me; I'll be decent to you. Okay?"

"Okay," said Tom. "All we got to do is be decent."

Fountain looked at him once, hard. Then he turned uncertainly away and led the way down a brief ramp so that the splendor of another civilization surrounded them.

The splendor was there, everywhere around the walls and set into niches, but Tom hardly saw it. He was terribly tired and all he wanted to do was sit down on this ancient smooth floor which was dusted lightly as if it had not been swept clean. He knew enough about the difference between physical and nervous exhaustion to realize it was not the five-mile walk under Lunar gravity from Koh-He City that tired him, but the growing fear that he was mixed up in something too big for him to evaluate. His shoulder blades were hurting from tension, not from the rubbing or weight of his pressure suit.

Ben Fountain's heavy breath, with a trace of a respiratory obstruction in it, was coming unpleasantly through his suit transmitter. Fountain was gloating over sealed paintings in the walls, over mosaics, over frescoes. He was lifting obsidian, gold, copper, and jade figurines of animal life from their niches, fondling them, and then, with a motion of his head which momentarily included Tom in his vision, putting them back.

"We'll just leave those little babies there," he said with a rolling note of joviality. "For the moment, anyway. Anything to keep true blue Tom Swift happy. Okay, Tom, my lad?"

Tom said nothing. Fountain was happy, walking about the room, stopping before a metal shelf which supported a complex array of utensils all of which were designed after the spiraling convolutions of a gastropod Above his head hung an artist's contrivance of bars and thick wires and looping curvatures of thin silver sheets. To his right were the pirate chests.

They looked like pirate chests, in shape at least, but as Fountain's floodlight centered on them they were seen to be of a copper alloy which had collected a patina from exposure to loose oxygen atoms over the hundreds of thousands of years; and they were embossed, and engraved, with fluttering hordes of winged creatures in a forest. Fountain lifted a lid easily, and his gasp sounded.

Tom came to stand beside him, morosely droop-shouldered. Fountain's gloved hand was already scooping through the wealth of gem-studded gold- and platinum-work, bounced light glittering in his eyes to rival the prismatic glitters in the chest. Only a top compartment of the chest showed, and there was no telling what else lay underneath; but this was enough.

Fountain was kneeling beside the chest now. The floodlight reflected off the wall and threw his and Tom's long narrowing shadows across the room diagonally against the looming statues from another universe. Fountain held in his hand a single cut gem with the same yellow body color to be seen in the strands of gems depending from the horn on the "shoulder" of those statues.

Fountain weighed the gem, tried to feel it through his glove, breathed raspingly. He

started to return the gem to its place with the others, then his gloved fist closed around it with a grip as remorseless, and as repulsive to Tom, as rigor mortis.

"I'll be taking this one back with me," Fountain said thoughtfully His upturned fist gripped visibly tighter. "What do you say, boy? Do we take this one back? And you say nothing about it?"

This was the minute, the historic minute, when the corruption of the Moon could start. Young Tom Hogarth gazed blankly and miserably at the symbolic fist of power and corruption, and found himself thinking numbly, It's only one little stone, so what is the difference? Just because the instructor said anything Moon you leave alone?

Fountain suddenly swore, explosively. "Damn!" he said. "Can you tie that? He stands there, in judgement. Who gave you that right, Tom?"

Fountain swung himself around on the jointed padded knees of his pressure suit, and brought his face plate within an inch of Tom's. Tom saw his puffed-up eyes, with the puffed-up flesh around them, the many fine red veins descending from his eyes to the prominence of his cheek bones. He saw the irritated snarling posture of his step-father's lips.

"Who did give you that night, Tom?" Fountain said in a controlled voice. "Who yanked you off the Earth and out of that home you were going to stay in? You were a fat unhappy kid, and by God you're still fat, and I never saw anybody so miserable. I've put up with you, I've tried to change things for you. You do as I say, or I'll send you back."

Fountain drew a deep breath. He raised his fist with the jewel in it, and held his mailed knuckles an inch away from Tom's face-plate. He tapped Tom's face-plate, twice, the second time quite hard. Tom stood there, jaw fallen in flushed consternation while the deadly taps reverberated.

"I'll be decent to you; you be decent to me," Fountain said, in a higher, more rapid voice now. He struggled erect, swept his floodlights about the room. "Look, Tom," he said, panting. "This is a treasure house. I don't want it for myself, I want it for us. Think about that a minute. One of these days you'll be grown up, and you'll think a hell of a lot differently about the Moon.

"What is the Moon? It's a scab. It's not pretty. There isn't anything beautiful about it, not when you're on it. It's a mess. Nobody's going to give a damn about it.

"What do you think Koh-He Chemical is going to find up here? They aren't going to find anything. There isn't anything here, not one damn thing worth developing, it's all scabby rock and cinders. You think I'm going to turn the stuff in this room over to Koh-He Chemical? Hell, I wouldn't even trust the Committee For the Moon. You can bet your life we're not telling anybody. Somehow we're going to cart this stuff back to Earth, if it takes five years, otherwise we lose it."

He loomed over Tom, an overpowering figure of multiple shadows as his floodlight reflected from three walls. His tongue clicked sharply against the roof of his mouth.

"So what about it, boy? Are you with me? Just forget that school stuff." He spoke roughly.

The historic moment of corruption. Tom felt the itch of the dried salt of his crying jag on his cheeks. He was sure his eyes were reddened, and showing a sour disposition. He wanted to sit down, run the back of his hand across his wet forehead, which he couldn't; anything to avoid making a decision. He averted his eyes, and mumbled,

"Couldn't we just leave it all here?"

"Oh," said Fountain coldly.

"I mean—you know, make a museum out of it?" Now he was talking desperately, watching Fountain's deadly fist out of the corner of his eye. So what if Ben Fountain were to pop a hard one into his face-plate? You had to stand up even to that. This was the kind of thing you had to do not only to save the Moon, but Mars too, and every other stone that swung through space. He ironed out the droop in his shoulders and put his hands on his hips and straddled his legs and looked defiantly up at Ben Fountain, daring his jewel-holding fist.

"We ought to just leave it like it is," he said outright. "We shouldn't take nothing."

Fountain grunted deep in his throat. "Then you're out, boy," he snapped. "You go back to Earth. That's it? That's what you want? That's all right, I'll figure it out, if you open your mouth, I'll see that you get hurt, but this is all mine."

He was frustrated and baffled and working himself into a rage. He reached forward with his free left hand and shook Tom's space-suited shoulder. "You've made things hard for me ever since you hit the Moon," he snarled bitterly. "I should have sent you packing the first time there in Koh-He you followed me like a park attendant picking up trash after me. What are you, a crazy kid or something?"

He released his hand with a reaction that sent Tom staggering back. Then he walked rapidly across the room and stood under the third largest of the statues which looked back at him with the penetrating indifference of painted stone eyes.

Ben Fountain reached up, grasped the lower loop of the strand of yellow jewels depending from the hook set into the upper portion of the statue. He jerked and instantly Tom saw the statue pivot and then lean out from the wall. Startled, he yelled, "Hey!" throwing up an arm as if to stop the ponderously tipping mass of stone.

Ben Fountain grinned maliciously at him, and his mutter-of-fact grim voice came through the transmitter: "I take what I want, and no ten-year-old nothing stops me."

He automatically jerked at the strand of jewels the second time, but the laxness of the loop gave him instant warning of a drastic change in the situation. He saw the tipping statue loom over him. He was able to step back a single step, one arm up, a coughing grunt coming from deep in his chest. Then, clearly and breathily as the heavy mass came down on him young Tom Hogarth heard Ben Fountain say, "Gretch!"

The play ended. The curtain came down. Fountain's floodlight, set into his chest plate, was crushed. Tom was trembling violently, hoping it was only a play ending in blackout. Somehow he was bending over Fountain, his own floodlight now on, and he was already at work with the aerosol gun, mothballing Fountain's twisted supine figure.

Air rushing from Fountain's crushed face-plate blew a balloon before the plastic hardened. Three other balloons were growing from three ruptures down the right side of Fountain's pressure suit. Fear the pressure inside the suit would rupture the plastic made Tom lower Fountain's air pressure from seven pounds to three.

He could live with that.

If he was alive.

Then he set himself to the task of rolling the bulk of the statue off the diagonal position it had taken across Fountain. The stone mass was poised, almost off balance, and it rolled easily to the side. There were three more ruptures with air escaping. Tom was beginning to be terribly sick, but he sprayed the ruptures. Then he caught a glimpse of Fountain's face distorted out of

size by the ballooning plastic which sealed the face-plate. There was no mistaking the story to be told from the open eyes, the puffed cheeks, the grin-tight lips.

Tom knew from old experience how not to be sick. He threw himself on the floor of the cave-room and screamed, writhing. He remembered back when he was little, how the screams helped. Afterwards he was clean and fuller where there had been emptiness. Years later at Lunar Instruction a psychologist told him screaming filled up the solar plexus, and that was exactly the way it felt.

The screaming, though, had to be spontaneous, and this was. What a racket in his helmet, though.

Then he remembered his step-father crying out in his last moment, "Gretch!" and the screaming gave way to tears and sobs.

Who was Gretch?

He calmed, lay on his back, breathing, his eyes traveling from the floor up the length of the white metal supporting rod. The tip of the ropy arm still gripped the rod, broken neatly off when the statue fell.

Maybe they had designed it as a trap, for despoilers like Ben Fountain.

No. Pure fancy. Not true.

Finally Tom was on his feet, feeling a mass of grief behind his nose, engorged in his throat, pressing behind his eyes. He got to work, as the antidote. He loosened the nylon rope from its double-buckled hold on the dead man's suit, then looped it under the arm-pits and across the chest and pulled Ben Fountain out of the cave-room.

Carrying his stepfather's body would have been easier, but that enforced intimacy, where there had been no intimacy in life, might decide him to start sobbing again, to keep from getting sick, which you just didn't do in a pressure suit. Too, he could, at least temporarily, smother down a growing sense of guilt by dragging Fountain ten feet behind.

At first he dragged the corpse by walking backward, leaning into the looped rope. He was a third of the way down the hewn blowhole when the eeriness and frightfulness of his position in this universe came in stronger than he wanted it to. Now he was really alone and he would have to live by his wits. He reversed in the loop, walking forward to close the dragging body from sight.

His eyes were staring, he felt, and he knew his teeth were trying to chatter. That was kid stuff, and he stopped it.

First of all, he had to plan *not* to be returned to Earth, where he would have to live in a foster home, if he was lucky enough to find foster parents, and content himself with bitter memories of what his life might have been on another and much better world. As soon as he got back to Koh-He City, therefore, he would lay plans to run away if they so much as looked at him wrong.

He'd run out onto the Moon in a suit with limited air and water and food and low-power batteries for the magnetic deflectors and hysterically threaten to let himself die and fry if they even dreamed of sending him back to Earth.

After they took him back in and promised to let him stay, then he would change his image. Yes, he would study hard. The years would pass, and they would forget he was the fat and neurotic kid they considered him now. He would become an executive in Koh-He.

He would become a man of power and an influence in the Moon's affairs. Then and then only would he "accidentally discover" the Moon crypt and keep it inviolate as a museum protected in perpetuum from the despoilers. There were other things a strong man could do, too. Keep the Moon

beautiful. And clean. And lonely.

Even if he had to use force, to keep too many people from coming.

The rounded white circular glare of the tunnel opening came at him, jumping and wavering in size and color through his sweat-filled eyes. At least, he supposed it was sweat He discovered he was weeping in exhaustion and desperation as he came out into the smiting heat of the evershinin' Sunball and heard his coolers revving up. He plopped, with Ben Fountain's body halfway out of the tunnel, the Sunball already starting to steam it.

Yes, Ben Fountain was steaming.

Young Tom Hogarth with his transmitter tuned down against regulations sobbed and watched the strange sight of Ben Fountain's soul escaping from his body.

It was a brown, spurting gas coming at intervals from the unsealed holes in Fountain's pressure suit. In zero pressure, the liquids in Fountain's body were boiling out through holes in his skin and turning into gases which dissipated in vacuo.

Young Tom knew the truth. Ben Fountain was shriveling away, turning into a piece of old brown wrapping paper. All that was best of Ben Fountain was leaving his body, to whisper into the craters and scross the mares and up the slopes of the lonely virgin peaks, and once in a while in the years to come Tom knew he would feel compelled to say a hello. "Hi, Dad, I'm sorry," he would say, whether Fountain was really there or not, and somehow he wouldn't feel so bad about having helped him kill himself.

Because if it hadn't been for him Ben Fountain wouldn't have gotten so mad.

His receiver crackled. Plaintively Koh-He Control was calling. "Team 5-A. FountainHogarth. Come in. Over."

Tom tuned himself louder. Hurriedly he started to blurt, but in mid-word he stopped himself. Go slow. It's you against them. A ten-year old kid against everybody. After all, what power do I have? They'll send me back, and they'll even be sympathetic, but they'll do it. After this, I have to think.

He began walking hurriedly on his knees toward Ben Fountain while he said in a quavering high voice, "Hogarth! I'm alone! My father's dead!" He wrenched out a snarling sob as he reached Fountain's body.

Silence from Control. "Oh," came the dry comment. "How? Where? You're all right? You're certain he's dead? How did it happen? Over."

There was a weary sigh from Control as the mike clicked off.

Tom said, "Fell." Details to be filled in later. "Down the crater wall." He glanced straight up the wall for a likely path of descent. "I used the aerosol. Foamed the openings, but there were too many. Who's Gretch?"

"Gretch?"

"He said Gretch. He was dying that is, and then he said Gretch."

While he spoke, he opened Fountain's kit and took out the light-darting artifact. With the module coming, he had to hurry.

Control was silent. Then, kindly, "It might have sounded like that, and been something else. Gretch. We're in contact with the module, Tom, but they've got two other teams to pick up, so it won't be for an hour and you can start walking back if you want, with plenty evershine before the Terminator. Tom," said Control, "you know I'm sorry."

"Yessir," said Tom, gulping, and searched for the spot at the opening to the blowhole where he'd kicked the artifact up from under six inches of Moon dust. Having found it, he sat back on his haunches and breathed.

He had an hour. He didn't have to scurry, but he would have to pull his step-father's

(continued on page 29)

As the literacy rate falls off the new prophets of McLuhan are reassuring us . . . this is the electronic age; Johnny doesn't need to learn to read any more. Sure, and some day perhaps the simple ability to read these pages, this story, this very blurb, will be beyond the average citizen. Well, when that day comes, let us hope we are not still around to join that happy (non-denominational) holiday crowd in celebration of—

MERRY XMAS, POST/GUTE

JOHN JAKES

He was old. Or perhaps that was simply illusion created by his poor posture, shabby knee-length plasto nightcoat with bulging pockets, angry red eyes, facial hair, and curious collection of wares. He stood on a carefully chosen corner, hawking in a querulous voice.

Plenty of crowds, to be sure. They alighted down the boulevard in front of the Global Village, a mixedmedia dome. But few ventured near him. They preferred to plunge directly into the flickering stroboscopic yellow and vermilion and hot chartreuse lights that created a dazzling outer wall for the theatre.

As he kept hawking, the snow grew crisper. It congealed into icy pellets that stung his exposed skin. Some of the ink on the smeary enamel sheets in his hand began to run. He cursed under his breath.

Soon the snow slanted, blowing harder. The streets melted it instantly. Shimmering pools reflected the red and green light bubbles floating slowly in the air above the boulevards courtesy the Chamb Com. Each winking bubble contained a slowly rotating dimensional pictograph of a nondenominational Holiday nature.

Out of the strobe yellows and greens a voice blared, "Final presentation, final presentation in twenty minutes, please form a double line—" Those at the previous showing were thronging out. Those waiting pushed forward in their double line. None from either group ventured near him.

An airvan from the night shift of some local grammar school cruised by. Children clamored inside, pointing at him. He snarled defiantly as the teacher stopped the van at the children's insistence. Several got out, carrying various pieces of equipment including hand held tape cameras and multibranched synch lights that flooded him with pitiless white. As he snarled again his image was caught from all angles.

Then the second graders capped their lenses, shut off their lights and climbed back into their van. Someone called, "Happy Holidays!" as the van rolled on.

He waited until the final presentation let

out, hawking in a steadily wheezier voice. Then, after the crowds had all gone and the strobes had all darkened, he admitted to himself that he wasn't going to sell a thing tonight. He turned and shuffled off, raging against the night and the snow and the public indifference in a stream of vile language.

As he neared his filthy Welfare Housing building, he began to hink with a kind of wordless whine of the prize he'd been so desperately trying to sell enough to buy. He'd bought the press—let's see, ten years ago? eight?—by hoarding his dole money instead of spending it for food as he was supposed to do. Now, however, the precious weekly dole went for the various vitaminized foods needed to maintain his flagging strength.

So there was only one way he could buy the genuine Pan Manual Electro-Selectype.

Yes, one still existed. He'd learned that via a verbal message from a Reliefer who'd been hired for a pint of juice to walk all the way from the Pittsadelphia meg at the behest of one of the few remaining members of the brotherhood.

His friend in Pittsadelphia was, as he was, starving. His friend couldn't possibly afford to buy the antique. But if he were interested—

It would have been simpler and faster for the friend to send a conventional message. But sixty seconds at the U. S. Telpost message office was far too expensive too. That was why the friend had impoverished himself to the extent of buying a pint for the drifter messenger. Members of the brotherhood did things like that, what few were left—

The shabby man was now thinking that if he couldn't turn up a credit or two on these nights pre-Xmas, when people—supposedly!—were at their most generous, he couldn't begin to buy the typewriter. Perhaps—awful thought! it came to him most frequently in nightmares—no one wanted what he hawked? That's what many said.

Bosh and tripe! He refused to believe that. Doing so invited madness. Perhaps he just needed a new slant, a new attack. Yes, definitely, that was it. He wouldn't sleep tonight, he'd plan it out, and then tomorrow night—

Oh how he wanted that typewriter. Just to touch its keys, watch it spell—

Enough. He knew he must concentrate on the task ahead. He hurried on, a scrofulous figure in the changing red and green lights. The nondenominational lyric for one of the seasonal songs—*Big Deal at Midnight*—floated after him, amplified by a promotional sound van somewhere in the thickening snow.

Angry-eyed, he presented his pasteboard box to the receptionist floating behind the gravdesk.

"You're a what?" she said.

"I'm an author," he said.

"Aw-what?" she said.

"Author, author!"

"Is that something like a telescribe?"

"Absolutely not. My name is J. Steven Joyce. I have a novel manuscript which I want to present to Mr. Double or Mr. Day, personally, and no runarounds."

The little snip obviously didn't understand him. She gave a queer look at the pasteboard box. Then she pointed her stylus at an alcove in the fantastically luxurious skyscraper reception suite. In the alcove, olfactory kine-busts of two scholarly looking elderly men displaying varying degrees of plasticity as they turned beneath kaleidoscopic lightbeams.

"Oh, but the founders are dead, sir."

"Then who's in charge? Who runs this place? You do have a chief publisher, don't

you?"

"Mr. Frax, sir. Mr. Bennet Frax is in overall charge of all divisions—our teleplay divisions, our syndicated home entertainment tapes division, our educational machine division, our—"

"Is he in charge of the division which publishes books?"

"Books, sir?" The girl avoided his stare by fooling with one of the sprays of plasto holly with which she had decorated the tips of her otherwise unclad bosoms. "I'm afraid I don't under—"

A noisy whooshing sound spun him around. A distinguished-looking older man in a tweedy sport toga emerged from the pulsating tube, sleeking back his youthful red wig and puffing a Maxomillion brand maryjane. The sec tried to signal him away frantically and covertly but failed. The handsome, dignified man with intelligent eyes leaped into the path of the new arrival, brandishing his pasteboard box:

"You're Frax, I can tell from the way she's trying to warn you off!"

The other recoiled. "Why, that's right, I—" Too late he recognized the menace to his false status implicit in the first man's keen, determined stare. "Excuse me, a conference—"

"No, you read this! I demand you read this! You do publish, don't you?"

"We have various electronic programmes and tapes as you are certainly—"

"Books, books!" cried the other. "You know? With spines? Pages? With words on them? Set from metal type?"

Bennet Frax gave him a weird stare. "Oh. A few. For the subliterate parts of Africa. Mostly Juju-and-Jane readers, that sort of passe item for educational markets that aren't yet hooked into a telenet. We're planning to close that division entirely next August. It's unprofitable. We're the last firm hanging on because of an outmoded sense of tradition." A withering stare at the busts. Then Frax tried to pass on, as if his remarks had settled the matter.

But the man named Joyce wouldn't let him go. Blocked him, forcing the pasteboard box on him with a low cry:

"You've got to read it! It's a fine book, a novel! A novel for adult readers, surely there are some left—'!"

"Not in frontof *my* broker's telly," laughed Frax. He pushed at Joyce's arm.

"But, but—"

"Wake up, fellow. This *is* the post-Gutenberg age. You must excuse me."

He shoved Joyce's arm harder. The seams of the pasteboard box popped, spilling crinkled yellow sheets all over the thick carpet. Joyce shrieked, the cry of an animal that has been cruelly and stupidly abused. Suddenly he pulled a pocket laser.

"You deserve this, you and all the rest of the electronic jackals like you!"

His eyes shone like an avenging angel's as he beamed Bennet Frax through the head, also destroying the revolving busts. Then he turned and killed the immoral, illiterate sec. Then he ran to the lift and took it all the way down. As he rushed across the lobby he heard a sustained rumbling.

He hurried into the street. It was all golden with a sudden Dec warm snap. Crowds barred his way. They made the rumbling, which became wild cheering at the sight of him.

He brandished the laser. "I killed Frax!"

They cheered all the harder.

Young, beautiful girls rushed up to him, tearing the clothing from their upper bodies and panting romantic offers. The thunder of cheering boomed back and forth between the spires while officers in Police bubbles floating at the second and third storey levels looked on in dull-witted, insensitive bewilderment. Someone in the crowd exclaimed:

(continued on page 146)

Howard L. Myers is a name new to these pages, but you may know him by his penname, Verge Foray. As Foray, he wrote smooth, sharp-edged stories. Under his own name, he unveils a new maturity as a writer, beginning with this story about an unusual spaceman, an unusual goat, and a most unusual quest. I predict it will haunt you for long after you finish reading it.

QUESTOR

HOWARD L. MYERS

Illustrated by Jeff Jones

MORGAN'S POSITION in the fighting formation of the Komenan raid brigade was well back, but on what would be the Earthward flank. Certainly he was not out of harm's way, but neither was he particularly in it. It was important that, when the Arman defenders studied the records of the coming skirmish, Morgan should not look special in any way.

His left ear hissed softly as the ultralight carrier came on, and he heard the voice of the brigade's navigator: "*Delay in warp exit, three point four two seven seconds. Reset cut-outs for delay in warp exit of three point four two seven seconds . . . . Exit now due in eighty-five seconds. Prediction: Combat will commence four point five seconds after exit.*"

Morgan reset the timing of his cut-out and twisted his head for a moment to gaze toward the navigator's position. He couldn't see him, of course. The distance between the two men was something over twenty-three hundred miles, and also normal vision was of scant use at superlight velocities.

But he looked anyway as he thought half sympathetically of the navigator, as burdened with equipment as an ancient was with clothing. Morgan glanced down at his own well-muscled body, bare and exposed to space except for his black minishorts, his weapons belt, and his low boots.

For an instant he entertained himself with his daydream of encountering a famed ancient, mysteriously transported forward in time about a thousand years from the Early Interstellar Age, back when men still traveled in ships. How astonished that worthy would be to see almost naked men zipping routinely about the galaxy! And how puzzled by the microchemical mysteries of a modern life-support system!

The thought made him aware of his breathing, and of the pounding of his heart which was speeding up in anticipation of the coming battle in spite of his efforts to think of other things. He inhaled deeply and slowly, conscious of the oxygen and nitrogen coming out of combination with the chemicals lining certain nasal passages to fill his lungs. Then he exhaled, and other doped surfaces, mostly in the lower throat, quickly absorbed the gases and almost as quickly broke down the carbon dioxide. After three breaths, he would be using the same oxygen over again.

Meanwhile, he had not neglected to draw both of his zerburst guns and wave them

about a bit to loosen his arm muscles. His comrades of the brigade, randomly spaced with an average separation of fifteen hundred yards, were doing the same thing. Most of these men would fight the Arman defenders of Earth for fourteen long, furious seconds . . . and probably live to tell about it.

Morgan expected to be out of the fight within six seconds.

The brigade made warp exit less than a million miles out from Earth, and automatically went semi-inert. A quick glance at the ancestral planet assured Morgan that the navigator hadn't blundered; the brigade's trajectory was carrying it Earthward in a slanting, curving power dive that would peri at maybe two thousand miles from the surface.

And the defenders were coming in a swarm! Satellite bases were ejecting Arman guardsmen like slugs from antique tommy guns, precisely aimed to intercept and parallel the course of the raiders of Komen.

The battle was quickly joined. Zerburst terminals flowered in deadly beauty in both formations as the first shots were exchanged. Pale purple lances of light . . . the beams along which zerburst energy poured from gun to terminal point . . . criss-crossed the narrowing gap between the formations.

Morgan got off a few shots in rapid succession, less conscious of his aim than his position relative to the rapidly swelling Earth. Also, he needed a terminal for cover—one not close enough to terminate *him*, but one sufficiently near that, with luck on the side of the Arman gunner, some vital area of his life-support could conceivably be knocked out.

He felt the glare on his back of the terminal he needed two seconds before the time to make his move. That time came.

Instantly he went full inert and tumbled Earthward from the raider formation, a pinwheel of flailing arms and legs that quickly spread-eagled as if his pressor system were giving away and exposing him to the effects of space vacuum. In fact, the pressors did weaken sufficiently to assure the spread-eagling did not look faked.

That far, all was according to plan. But then came the unexpected . . . the statistically possible but improbable accident.

He was holed by a zerburst lance. It could have been fired by friend or foe, and could not have been aimed at him. It terminated too many hundreds of miles away for him to pick out its flare among all the others. He felt the intense burning pain as it drilled a neat quarter-inch hold in his side, and looked down to see blood spraying out of him.

His life-support went to work on the injury immediately. Localized pressor intensity stopped the blood loss, and internal reagents threw up sturdy walls of pseudo-tissues to contain organ ruptures for the hour that would be needed for normal healing.

But that lance of energy had punctured more than human flesh. From the way the injury felt, Morgan suspected it had also holed a major life-support packet carried in that part of his body.

Which could prove disasterous.

When he hit the upper fringes of the atmosphere he discovered what the damage was. His re-entry field came on full, taking up the heat of impact with the air and braking his fall. But he did not go semi-inert for an instant! The inertial unit had been smashed.

It could have been worse, he told himself. With his re-entry field fully extended for maximum atmospheric retardation he could slow for a reasonably soft landing. But he was going to take a battering from G-forces on the way down, with no control of his inertia.

At least his life-support wouldn't let him black out, and would give brain damage priority attention. He had to remain alert to pick out a landing site where he might expect some privacy for a while, since he was going to be in bad shape.

His target area was in the northern Rockies, on the dawn line and just breaking out of Earth's unmodified winter season. That area was, perhaps, the key spot in the galaxy, so far as the future of humanity was concerned, but if the Armans suspected nothing there shouldn't be a human within eighty miles at this time of year.

At an altitude of ten miles his ionization trail began to dim as he slowed, and soon vanished. Unless there was a very close tracking antenna, the Armans would not be able to pinpoint the remainder of his descent. He tilted himself to slant his fall slightly north of vertical as soon as he picked out the place he wanted to ground.

It was at the south end of a high valley, on a slope where snow lingered in—he hoped—a heavy drift. He wanted to snow not for softness but for concealment, because his body was overwhelming him with painful distress signals. He was quite sure that, once he was on the ground, he would not be able to move about, seeking cover, for quite some time.

He killed his re-entry field a split-second before hitting, to avoid making a broad dent in the snow. There was an icy crust on top which shattered easily with his impact, and his body came to a halt several feet below the surface. Gratefully, he blacked out.

His revival came slowly, like a drowsy awakening. For a minute he remained motionless, monitoring his body sensations and considering his position. He had been

out for a little more than two hours—a dangerously long time if the Armans were making a serious effort to find him. Since he was still buried under the snow and not in captivity, it seemed a reasonable assumption that the Armans had disregarded him, thinking he was merely one more dead or dying Komenan whose inert trajectory had happened to intercept Earth. Or at most, they had made a cursory search from the air, and given up when they found no clear trace of him, perhaps assuming that his re-entry system had failed and he had burned like a meteor in the final stage of his fall.

For the moment, then, he was probably safe.

He pushed against the weight of snow that had caved on top of him, to come to his hands and knees. Then he began wriggling and crawling, pushing his way downhill through the drift.

Finally his head contacted harder stuff, and he butted through the icy crust and into the morning sunlight. As he looked around he felt his breathing mode change, his life-support having automatically sampled the air and found it suitable—with minor nasal warming—for human respiration. Now he could smell as well as see the snow and, not many yards away, the stunted trees and early growth of grass of this high and rugged valley. Off to his left somewhere he could hear the roar of water.

He pulled himself free of the snowdrift and ate two rations from his food pouch. It was an easy, well-prepared-for task of a few seconds to modify the appearance of his boots, weapons belt, and shorts to pass for an ordinary Arman citizen. Then he turned his attention to the scars left by the zerburst lance.

Mentally he constructed an image of the area through which the lance of energy had passed, and ran a straight line for scar to scar. The line passed through the center of the inertial control complex of the life-support packet, but touched nothing else of importance.

However, the damage done was important enough. Without inertial control, his entire transport system was of little practical use. His repulsors wouldn't raise him a millimeter off the ground against full inertia; nor, if he should manage somehow to get into space, could he go into warp.

If he hoped to get home, he would have to stun or kill an Arman, and take the inertial-control complex from the enemy's body.

But that could be dealt with when the opportunity arose, or when it became necessary. What he had to do now was get out of this valley and start his quest.

He walked toward the sound of water and soon came to the rushing, swollen stream, with the intention of following its course down through the southwest end of the valley. The going was difficult, at times through a solid jumble of boulders, and after a mile Morgan found his route blocked completely. The valley narrowed to a steepwalled canyon. He could neither follow the stream nor climb the wall.

For a moment he eyes the water speculatively, but it was a rolling rapid, and even with the protection of his skin-field he could be battered into a lifeless pulp if he tried swimming down it.

It was annoying indeed to be impeded this way by such petty trivialities as a minor river and a rock wall! But without inertial-control, which would let him leap over such obstacles without a thought . . . well, he would have to find another way out.

He turned back upstream, found a place where he could cross the water by leaping from boulder to boulder, and began exploring along the western slope of the valley which was free of snow and appeared

less steep than the eastern side. At several promising looking spots he tried to climb, but always he was stopped by a blank stretch of rock where he could find no further holds for hands or feet.

Finally he halted, sat down on a boulder, and tried to evolve a solution to his problem. In the distant past, he knew, men had climbed mountains often—perhaps because they could not fly. Mountains far higher than the walls of this valley, and steeper too. But they had used equipment of some sort, judging by pictures he had seen: ropes, and spikes which could be driven into stone.

He glanced down at the items attached to his weapons belt, but raiders traveled light. He had nothing that could be improvised into a rope or spike. Of course, if he had kept his zerburst guns he could blast his way out—and take a chance on attracting Armans to the energy release—but he had let his primary weapons go flying when he pretended to be wounded. His remaining gun was a stunner, effective enough on a human enemy at close range, but no hewer of stone.

His eyes swept the valley, in search of anything that might prove useful.

A stone clattered loudly behind him.

He refused to let himself go tense. He turned, more with the appearance of alert curiosity than startled fright.

But it wasn't an enemy, nor even a man. It was merely a mountain goat, standing high on the rim of the valley and looking down at him. Such creatures were thought to be numerous in these mountains, he recalled. In fact, the Armans had set aside most of the Rockies as a wildlife preserve for such animals as this one.

Morgan started to look away just as the goat moved. It began descending toward him with an ease and agility he found hard to believe, its hooves locating firm footings where he would have sworn his fingertips would have found nothing but blank stone.

As the animal came closer to the floor of the valley, he ceased to marvel at its movements and began to puzzle at its purpose. He frowned. Wild animals had territorial instincts. Did this one consider him an invader to be attacked? He did not wish to inflict pain and injury on the animal, but he drew his stunner to use if he had to.

The shaggy beast stopped ten feet away and regarded the man curiously. Morgan watched and waited.

"Looks like you got in a hole, mister," said the goat in rough but perfectly understandable Universal. "What's your name?"

The man blinked. A talking goat was no great cause for surprise. Men had experimented with genetic modification of several animal species. It was puzzling, however, to find an intelligent goat living in the wild. Also, this animal's skull was no bigger than that of an unmodified goat.

"I'm Morgan," he replied.

"And I'm called Ezzy," said the goat.

"Where do you carry your brain, Ezzy?" Morgan asked.

"Under the shoulder hump," said Ezzy. "A goat's skull ain't the place for a brain. Takes too many licks. But like I was saying, Morgan, looks like you got in a hole."

"You mean this valley? Yes, I'm having a little trouble getting out. Is there a path?"

"Afraid not," said Ezzy.

"Well, where can I climb out?"

"If you can't do it at them places I watched you try, you can't do it nowhere," said Ezzy. Morgan was sure the goat was grinning at him.

"I hope I'm not violating your territory," he said rather stiffly.

"Matter of fact, you are," said the goat. "but that's okay, I saw you don't want to stay. I guess this place don't look much like

home to you, does it? What Komenan planet you from, anyhow?"

Morgan's grip on the stunner tightened. "What makes you think I'm a Komenan?" he demanded.

"Cause you landed way up here, and cause you ain't calling for help. I guess some of your stuff ain't working, or you could get out, but some of it is, or you'd be freezing. So you could get help if you wanted to call the Armans."

This goat had a brain all right, Morgan thought tensely. But . . . although it could *guess* he was Komenan, it could not be certain. Maybe it was trying to verify its suspicions by tricking him into admitting his identity, after which it would curry favor with its Arman masters by reporting his presence.

Morgan grinned. "With all respect for your territorial preferences, what would a Komenan be doing in such a nowhere place as this?"

The goat waggled its head. "Humans hang around a lot of nowhere places. Like where there ain't even air."

There was a long pause.

At last Morgan said, "Your reasoning about my identity could be right, Ezzy. But it's also possible that I hesitate to call for help because my predicament is a silly one to be in, and I would be embarrassed to let my friends know a mere mountainside bested me."

The goat appeared to consider this possibility before saying, "That don't tell why you lit here to start with."

"Sheer accident," said Morgan. "I misjudged the terrain."

"Well, it ain't much business of mine, nohow," said Ezzy. "I guess you want me to help you get out."

"I would appreciate it if you'll tell me the way."

"There *ain't* no way Like I said, where you was climbing is as good places as any, and you couldn't make it." The goat looked him over—rather belittlingly, Morgan thought. "Guess I'll have to tug you out."

"Tug me?"

"Yep. You take ahold of my hind quarters and jest hang on tight."

Morgan visualized what Ezzy was suggesting, then glanced up the steep slope. Maybe the goat could do it, but did the goat really *mean* to help him? Morgan realized that, once the climb was started he would be utterly dependent on Ezzy's good intentions. A sudden backlash from those sharp rear hooves and Morgan would be dislodged from goat and ground alike. He would tumble back to the valley floor. And his life-support system had not been intended to solve this kind of problem in this manner. It would afford him little protection during such a tumble.

"No, thanks, Ezzy. I don't care to risk it."

"Up to you," the goat said airily. "I don't mind having you for company, so long's you don't eat no grass." Ezzy turned away from him and began muching the spring greenery.

Morgan kept a cautious eye on the goat as it wandered slowly away, but its sole interest appeared to be in filling its belly. And his own interest should be in getting out of the valley, he reminded himself. And there was no reason to take the goat's word that he couldn't get out without help. After all, a rough, tumbled valley like this . . . *surely* there was some way!

He resumed his search along the western slope, moving slowly up the valley floor, attempting to ascend at every promising break in the wall. It was arduous and tiring work which left him exhausted within a few fruitless hours.

He stopped, drank from the stream, ate a ration, and sat down to rest a while.

"Hey, Morgan!"

He turned to face the approaching goat. "What is it, Ezzy?

"I been thinking, Morgan. You don't trust me, do you?"

"Not much," the man admitted.

"Can't blame you for that. This here's an Arman world, and you'd be foolish to trust anybody on it. Particular if they didn't level with you."

"Didn't you level with me?" asked Morgan, half amused.

"I reckon not. Thing is, Morgan, I know who you are, and what brings you to these parts. There was Armans all over these hills, eight years ago just about, for the same reason. I know, cause I helped 'em what I could, showing where the old diggings and things are, stuff like that, and hearing them talk about what they was after. So I got that reason I didn't tell you about to know you come from the Komenans."

Morgan had grown tense. "That search eight years ago. How did it turn out?" he demanded.

"They didn't have no luck. Guess there weren't nothing to find. Least, that's what they finally figured. Morgan, you give yourself away with that question, and the way you ask it. Why don't you quit butting the ground?"

"You assume I'm hunting for what the other search failed to find?" asked the man.

"That's all I can figure," said the goat.

"And what was that?"

"Sometimes they called it the Grail," Ezzy replied.

Morgan paused, then nodded. Why not talk about it? The goat obviously had helpful information and—if the goat became a threat in any way—it could be killed.

"The Grail is as good a name as any, I suppose," he said. "Or it can be called cornucopia, or Aladdin's Lamp—or perhaps Pandora's Box. Its precise appearance and function is uncertain. The only certain information is that it has vast power, and has been around a long time."

The goat chortled. "That's what them Armans was after, all right. That's just like they talked about it. They was sure it was around here in the mountains somewheres. Said it had to be. I never could tell jest how they figured that."

"Historical investigation," said Morgan. "Evidently they saw the same pattern our own historians discovered—the similarity of legendary evidence that couldn't be satisfactorily accounted for in terms of human imagination alone. The Arman historians seem to have been a few years ahead of ours."

"Well, it didn't do them no good," said Ezzy. "Maybe it ain't for me to say, being just a goat, but I wonder about them historians sometimes. You sure they ain't chewing on cobweb?"

Morgan shook his head. "Historical investigation is an exact science, limited only by the completeness and accuracy of available information. And information weakness can be taken into ample consideration in making a historical evaluation. In this instance, the probability that the so-called 'Grail' object is now located within fifty miles of this spot is . . ." He hesitated, reluctant to disclose the 95.3 per cent figure to a creature of the Armans. " . . . is very high," he finished.

"That's what the Armans thought," said Ezzy. "They talked about something called fortune-shifts, way I recollect, that showed how the thing was carried about in ancient times. They figured it was in a place called France for a while, but was brung over the ocean by the first Yankans."

"Between 1720 and 1750, probably," agreed Morgan.

"And they figure it's got to be right around here," the goat continued, "cause

this is where the Yankans hung on in their diggings in whichever year that was."

"In 2106," said Morgan. "The key fact there, of course, was that the Yankans were in an impossible position but managed to win that war just the same. Their victory is the strongest single piece of evidence in favor of the 'Grail' object's reality."

Ezzy chortled again. "It sure beats me. All the fancy molecules and things you humans got, to fly you in space, or so you can walk on places like Jupiter. Looks to me like if you wanted a Grail thing, you ought to jest figure out and build yourself one. Anything all them thousands of years old I reckon is easy for you to build, cause you learned so much."

Morgan frowned at this speech. Ezzy's vocabulary seemed limited, and his sentence structures clumsy, which left the man with occasional doubts of the goat's meaning.

"As I said before," he explained slowly, "we don't know what it does, much less how it works. Thus, we don't know how to start building one. We only know it appears to assure the survival and success of whatever society has it in possession."

"So the Komen League wants it," said the goat.

"Of course. And not just for our own benefit. You see, Ezzy, our war with the Confederacy of Arma has lasted for centuries, but almost always the fighting has adhered strictly to a set of unwritten rules which keeps the damage to both sides down to an acceptable level. Some people call it a game, but it is a *serious* game. And the Armans are slowly but definitely losing it.

"At some stage, and perhaps soon," the man continued, "the Armans will become desperate enough to throw out the rule book. We will have total war, and that could spell the end of interstellar civilization. *Unless* the 'Grail' object, in our hands, can prevent it. In fact, it's possible that the Armans, knowing that we possessed the object, would be deterred from total war. So, for everybody's good, Komen must have it."

The goat was chewing a wad of grass, and swallowed it before speaking. "Got my own angle on that, Morgan. Don't want the war moving in on me."

"But if the Armans go all-out," said the man, "we may have to attack Earth."

"Yeah. That's what I figure. Especial if you think that Grail's around somewheres. That's how come I offered to help you up the rocks. Morgan. If you can find the thing and tote it off the Earth, or satisfy yourself and the Komenans that it ain't here to start with, I figure on being a lot safer."

Morgan considered this at length. "Don't you feel any loyalty to the Armans?" he asked.

"Well, maybe a little. But it ain't my fight."

The man nodded thoughtfully. "I wonder," he mused, "how a prehistoric Greek would have felt, watching the war of the Gods and the Titans. Or a Norseman the battle of his Gods and the Frost Giants. You're in a similar situation, Ezzy."

"Then I reckon the way they felt was, they didn't want no stray lightning bolts hitting them," said the goat.

Morgan made his decision and stood up. "All right, Ezzy. Get me out of this valley, and I'll do what I can to keep lightning bolts out of the Rockies."

But Morgan did not escape the valley that day. Even hanging onto the haunches of the sure-footed Ezzy did not make the ascent easy. He was constantly in the goat's way, and Ezzy had to climb with unaccustomed caution, making no jumps and being careful not to put a rear hoof on the man's foot or in

his groin.

Morgan spent the night on a fairly comfortable ledge about halfway up. When they reached the spot he threw himself on the ground and said, "I don't know how you made it, Ezzy."

"Weren't easy," the goat replied. "Some places I had to use my fingers. Don't never do that very much."

"Fingers?" said the man.

"Yeah." The goat lifted a foreleg, and Morgan watched the hoof snap into two heavy, horn-backed fingers and a similar opposing thumb. Ezzy flexed the digits a few times, then closed them into a fist once more and put the hoof down. "I reckon you humans figure if they give us big brains, they got to give us hands, too. Like they have to go together. I ain't real sure of that, myself. Don't hardly ever use it." The goat paused, then finished, "I'm going back down where the water and grass is. Be back about sunrise."

With a couple of leaps Ezzy was out of sight. Morgan sighed with misgiving. He had to trust the goat to return. But finally he slept.

And Ezzy was back with the sun, and the climb was resumed.

They reached the crest shortly before midday.

"I reckon you can make it without me from here," the goat said.

The man studied the terrain for a moment and nodded. "Yes. Many thanks, Ezzy."

"Weren't nothing," said the goat. "Where you figure to head?"

"I have to find a way into the old caverns."

Ezzy said, "Well, I showed the Armans how to get in, so I reckon I could do the same for you. Got a map?"

Morgan nodded, drew a sheet from his belt pouch and unfolded it. The goat studied it and then put a finger on a spot. "Right there. It's a tight crevice with a hole in the side. Nothing close to mistake it for. Best way to get there from here is like this." The horn-backed finger described a route across the map as the man watched closely.

"Good," he said, "and thanks again."

"Well, but don't figure on finding nothing," warned the goat. "I don't reckon there's something there to find. The Armans is already looked."

"That's my problem, Ezzy. Don't worry about it. Goodbye."

The goat stood on the crest watching the Komenan questor depart in search of the Grail.

Komenans and Armans . . . they were pretty much the same. All shared Earth as their ancestral home . . . a home they had grown up and left. Even the Arman citizens who resided on the planet weren't Earthmen. Not really. Like all other humans, they were . . .

The goat paused in his thought.

. . . They were Spacemen. Or Starmen. Or Galaxymen.

Were they like the ancient Gods and Titans and Frost Giants mentioned by Morgan? Ezzy had not heard of those mythological races before; no Arman had ever happened to mention them to a goat. But it could be, he meditated, that long ago other creatures had matured and left the Earth, to fight battles in the sky. And primitive man waited in awed fear for the chance blow that would doom him . . .

Now, however, man was in the sky and goats were on the ground. In times still distant, would goats be stupid and forgetful, and follow the same pattern?

Ezzy lifted a foreleg, studied the hand man had given his kind, and made an annoyed sound in his throat.

But the distant future would have to take

care of itself. Ezzy had his duty to perform in the present, to perhaps assure the survival of his kind.

There was no question of where the Grail object really belonged. Not with the Armans, and not with the Komenans. They had passed beyond Earthiness. And Whoever or Whatever had endowed this planet with the object had meant it for Earth's creatures, not for conquerers of the universe. Else, why was the object still here after all the ages?

Also, there was no question of who really needed the object's protection. *Earthlings* needed it.

Ezzy turned to survey the valley from which he had assisted Morgan, and felt a mild pride in a job diplomatically done. He had been worried for a while, because the man had chosen this particular spot to land. But that was mere happenstance. Morgan had suspected nothing, and had been very glad indeed to leave the valley empty-handed, to do his questing elsewhere.

Once more Ezzy turned to look in the direction the man had taken and caught sight of him passing over a ridge about a mile away, following the route Ezzy had suggested.

Then the goat trod northward along the crest, continuing his watchful guarding of the Valley of the Grail.

—Howard L. Myers

(continued from page 16)

body out of the blowhole and make sure nobody went inside; he would have to surround the body with some of the extrusive debris on the crater floor, particularly some of the larger agglomerates and chunks of black glass and rhyolite flows, the sort of thing that would be found on the crater rim where Fountain presumably fell from. Then he could sit back and think and plan to tell them convincing stories like the number four blowhole was just another blowhole and make up other lies, all so he could keep all this to himself and sneak back here in a few weeks and somehow get the statues back in place and clean up the cave-room and leave things the way they were.

And then make schemes when he grew up to become a man of iron with the Moon in his control.

Yes, he would have to learn to sneak and lie and break rules, and somehow save the Moon; nothing else to do.

"Gretch," said Control. "Your father used to sing a song, Tom. Gretchen von Vechen, You iss so fetchin'. Something like that, I didn't pay much attention. Alone in his room. It sounded maybe sad, I remember."

"Oh," said Tom, kneeling at the spot where he would re-bury the artifact. Now, with the Sunball reflecting from his skiny suit-back, a chill was in his bones. The iron band of tension lay across his forehead. Ben Fountain's strange unknown soul swirled around him, and tears were in young Tom Hogarth's eyes.

"You want to start walking back, Tom?" Control was unhappy with its task. "Later we'll send the ship out for your father, son."

"Nosir." Tom sniffled sharply. Steam no longer puffed its brown excrescences from what used to be Ben Fountain. "I'll stay here, sir, until you come for us, if you don't mind. Besides—" He mumbled something indistinguishable even to himself.

"What was that, Tom?"

"Nothing," said Tom. His voice was a dull mutter. Just now he was learning something unpleasant about himself and everybody up here. Alone in soundless brilliance with an empty browning rag of a thing in a pressure suit, he wondered if he could possibly have heard himself correctly, "Can't leave no trash laying around on the Moon."

—Ross Rocklynne

We'd built a simulacrum of Abraham Lincoln—a job so convincing that even it thought it was real! But our real problem wasn't building the simulacra—it was what to do with them!

A. LINCOLN, SIMULACRUM

PHILIP K. DICK

Second of Two parts

Illustrated by MICHAEL HINGE

SYNOPSIS

My name is LOUIS ROSEN, and with my partner, MAURY ROCK, I own MASA ASSOCIATES. MASA stands for Multiplex Acoustical System of America, a made-up electronics type name which we developed due to our electronic organ factory. We manufacture and sell electronic organs and spinet pianos.

Our sales technique was perfected in the early 1970's. First we put an ad in a local newspaper, in the classified:

> *Spinet piano, also electronic organ, repossessed, in perfect condition, SACRIFICE. Cash or good credit risk wanted in this area, to take over payments rather than transport back to Oregon. Contact Frauenzimmer Piano Company, Mr. Rock Credit Manager, Ontario, Ore.*

For years we've run this ad in newspapers in one town after another, all up and down the western states and as far inland as Colorado. We use maps and have four turbine-powered trucks out on the road constantly. We developed the whole system scientifically.

It was my partner Maury who originally came up with the Frauenzimmer Piano Company, since as a name it fitted our trucking operation better. Frauenzimmer is Maury's original old-country name; he picked his new name, Rock, at random from an encyclopedia.

The problem was, Maury felt our fine spinets and organs were no longer competitive. I mean, it's 1981, and a Hammerstein Mood Organ, which directly stimulates the hypothalamus in the brain, is simply going to reach a wider audience. Most people today aren't interested in making their own music, *after all; they just want to find new moods and emotions by chording their Mood Organs, even though there is absolutely nothing creative about it.*

So Maury—without telling me about it—had gone and started a new project, sinking a lot of MASA Associates' money

into it. With the help of BOB BUNDY, an engineer we'd hired from NASA, and his daughter, PRIS FRAUENZIMMER, Maury had developed and built a simulacrum.

Maury had this idea in his head—which I later decided he'd gotten from Pris—that what the whole country was really hung up about was the Civil War—the War of 1861. One hundred twenty years dead, but he gets the idea it should be recreated. But, this time with simulacra. *To start the ball rolling, he has built a simulacrum of EDWIN M. STANTON, Lincoln's Secretary of War. When he showed it to me, there was this elderly-looking gentleman with eyes shut and a white beard, wearing archaically-styled clothing, his hands folded over his chest. When he turned it on, its face assumed a grumpy, taciturn expression and its first words were, "My friend, remove your fingers from my body, if you will." It was an unqualified success, at least from Maury's point of view. Me, I had doubts.*

We introduced it to my father, JEROME, and my brother, CHESTER. (Chester is one of those mutants; a product of the bomb-tests of the 1950's, his features are not properly arranged on his face; his eyes are where his mouth should be, and vice-versa. But hell; that's not his *fault, and we've never had any trouble about it in our family.) My father and the Stanton discussed philosophy, and Dad was entirely taken in by it until Maury turned it off. Then he tried to sell my dad on the project of expanding the company to include simulacra for this big Civil War project of his.*

I think what bothered me most about the project was that it was really Pris' idea. Pris is still in her teens, but she is by no means an ordinary teenaged girl. When she was in her third year in highschool a routinely administered test picked up her "dynamism of difficulty," as the psychiatrists called

it—more popularly, her schizophrenic condition.

In 1975, the Federal Government passed the McHeston Act, which provides free and manditory care for the mentally disturbed. The most common test is the Benjamin Proverb Test, although the Vigotsky-Luria colored blocks test is also used. In Pris' case, it had been coming for a long time, but, as Maury put it, "We deluded ourselves. We told ourselves she was merely neurotic. Phobias and rituals and the like..."

Pris spent several years in the Kasanin Clinic in Kansas City, a ward of the Federal Bureau of Mental Health. But she was out now; had been out for some time actually, Maury told me. "I would say," Maury explained to me, "from what they said at Kasanin when I picked her up, that right now she wouldn't be classified as a schizophrenic. She was that for only three years, more or less. They've rolled her condition back to before that point, or her level of integration of about her twelfth year. And that's a non-psychotic state and hance not under the McHeston Act. It's what they call a typical *development or latent or borderline psychosis. It can develop either into a neurosis, the obsessional type, or it can flower into full schizophrenia, which it did in her case before."*

When I met her again I saw a little hard, heart-shaped face, with a widow's peak, black hair, and due to her odd makeup, eyes outlined in black, a Harlequin effect, and almost purple lipstick; the whole color scheme making her appear unreal and doll-like. The skinniness of her body put the capper on the effect: she looked to me like a dance of death creation animated in some weird way. For my money, she looked less normal than the Stanton. And she'd designed its appearance.

Talking to her, I discovered that what she really had in mind was to make an impression upon a man named SAM K. BARROWS, a multi-millionaire who made his loot in real estate speculation. A slum-lord, actually, he'd invested heavily in land on the Moon—fighting through the courts for the right. Pris had gone to see him for a job—which she hadn't gotten, although she had *managed to get to meet him in person—and now she seemed determined to set up this whole business with the Stanton and all in order to convince him of her importance.*

She wrote him a letter about the simulacra, on her own initiative, and that brought one of Barrows' people, COLLEEN NILD, a short, plump, dark-haired woman, down from Seattle to see us.

Mostly Miss Nild seemed to be sizing us up, although her ostensible purpose was to give us a carbon of Barrows' reply to Pris. From his reply, I gathered he was not aware that Pris was making him a business proposition, but thought the Civil War idea was some sort of non-profit patriotic come-on, for which he had neither the time nor the money.

But Pris had the bit in her teeth, and she wouldn't let go. Over my objections, she and Bundy and Maury began work on a second simulacrum, this one of Abraham Lincoln. And I found myself spending more time with Pris. Sick as she was, she fascinated me. Maybe it was her fanatic zeal, or maybe just the boldness of her vision. Maury and I, we were just ordinary businessmen, and we had no more imagination than most businessmen. Pris was something else.

Then suddenly events began to mesh. We'd just finished the Lincoln when the Stanton disappeared. Maury was about to call Barrows to tell him about the Lincoln—hoping that would convince him—when Barrows called us *to tell us the*

Stanton had come to Seattle and seen him. *He was impressed; that was obvious. And he, Miss Nild, and his attorney, DAVID BLUNK, flew down to our office in Ontario, Oregon.*

We went out to dinner We introduced Barrows and his staff to the Lincoln. We talked. And as we talked we became aware of the fact that this whole operation was not going to go as we'd hoped. Barrows had no interest in our Civil War plans.

He had a better idea for our simulacra: he wanted to use them to help populate the Moon.

I could see Barrows' position. He had to persuade people in the mass that emigration to the Moon was desirable; his economic holdings hinged on it. And perhaps the end would justify the means: the human race had to conquer its fear, its squeamishness, and enter an alien environment for the first time in its history. This might help entice it; there is comfort in solidarity. Heat and air domes protecting the great tracts would be built . . . living would not be physically bad—it was only the psychological reality which was terrible, the aura of the Lunar environment. Nothing living, nothing growing . . . changeless forever. A brightly-lit house next door, with a family seated at their breakfast table, chatting and enjoying themselves: Barrows wanted to provide them, as he would provide air, heat, houses and water.

I had to hand it to the man. From my point of view it was fine, but for one big joker: obviously, every effort had to be made to keep the simulacra a secret. If news got out about them, if people found out those friendly neighbors next door on the Moon were fakes, Barrows would undoubtedly face financial ruin and maybe even jail. And we'd go with him. I couldn't help wondering, as we talked with the bam and pondered his proposal, how much else in Barrows empire had been concocted in this manner. How much else had he built up over a fake facade?

I had the horrible presentiment that this man Barrows was dragging us in over our heads.

ten.

At that point we managed to call a halt for the night.

"Nice meeting you, Mr. Barrows," I said, holding out my hand to him.

"Likewise." He shook hands with me, then with Maury and Pris. The Lincoln stood a little apart, watching in its sad way . . . Barrows did not offer to shake hands with it, nor did he say goodbye to it.

Shortly, the four in our group were walking back up the dark sidewalk to MASA ASSOCIATES, taking in deep breaths of clear cold night air. The air smelled good and it cleansed our minds.

As soon as we were back in our office, without the Barrows crew anywhere around, we got out the Old Crow using Dixie cups, we poured ourselves bourbon and water.

"We're in trouble," Maury said.

The rest of us nodded.

"What do you say?" Maury asked the simulacrum. "What's your opinion about him?"

The Lincoln said, "He is like the crab, which makes progress forward by crawling sideways."

"Meaning?" Pris said.

"I know what he means," Maury said. "The man has forced us down so far we don't know what we're doing. We're babes. Babes! And you and I—" He gestured at me. "We call ourselves salesmen. Why, we've been taken to the cleaners; if we hadn't adjourned he'd have the place, lock,

stock and barrel right now."

"My dad," I began.

"Your dad!" Maury said bitterly. "He's stupider than we are. I wish we never had gotten mixed up with this Barrows. Now we'll never get rid of him—not until he gets what he wants."

"We don't have to do business with him" Pris said.

"We can tell him to go back to Seattle," I said.

"Don't kid me! We can't tell him anything' he'll be knocking at the door bright and early tomorrow, like he said. Grinding us down, hounding us—" Maury gaped at me.

"Don't let him bother you," Pris said.

I said, "I think Barrows is a desperate man. His vast economic venture is failing, this colonizing the Moon; don't you all feel that? This is not a powerful, successful man we're facing. It's a man who put everything behind buying real estate on the Moon and then subdividing it and building domes to hold in heat and air, and building converters to turn ice into water—and he can't get people to go there. I feel sorry for him."

They all regarded me intently.

"Barrows has turned to this fraud as a last-ditch effort," I said, "this fakery of setting up villages of simulacra posing as human settlers. It's a scheme hatched out of despair. When I first heard it I thought possibly I was hearing another one of those bold visions that men like Barrows get, that the rest of us never have because we're mere mortals. But now I'm not sure at alll I think he's running scared, so scared that he's lost his senses. This idea isn't reasonable. He can't hope to fool anyone. The Federal Government would catch on right away."

"How?" Maury asked.

"The Department of Health inspects every person who intends to emigrate. It's the Government's business. How's Barrows even going to get them off Earth?"

Maury said, "Listen. It's none of our business how sound this scheme of his is. We're not in a position to judge. Only time will tell and if we don't do business with him even time won't tell."

"I agree," Pris said. "We should confine ourselves to deciding what's in it for us."

"Nothing's in it for us if he's caught and goes to prison," I said. "Which he will. Which he deserves to be. I say we've got to disengage, not do business with this man of any kind. It's shaky, risky, dishonest, and downright stupid. Our own ideas are nutty enough."

The Lincoln said, "Could Mr. Stanton be here?"

"What?" Maury said.

"I think we would be advantaged if Mr. Stanton were here and not in Seattle, as you tell me hs is."

We all looked at one another.

"He's right," Pris said. "We ought to get the Edwin M. Stanton back. He'd be of use to us; he's so inflexible."

"We need iron," I agreed. "Backbone. We're bending too much."

"Well, we can get it back," Maury said. "Tonight, even. We can charter a private plane, fly to the Sea-Tac Airfield outside Seattle, drive into Seattle and search until we find it and then come back here. Have it tomorrow morning when we confront Barrows."

"But we'd be dead on our feet,' I pointed out, "at best. And it might take us days to find it. It may not even be in Seattle, by now; it may have flown on to Alaska or to Japan—even taken off for one of Barrows' subdivisions on the Moon."

We sipped our Dixie cups of bourbon morosely, all but the Lincoln; it had put its aside.

"Have you ever had any kangaroo tail

soup?" Maury said.

We all looked at him, including the simulacrum.

"I have a can around here somewhere," Maury said. "We can heat it up on the hotplate; it's terrific. I'll make it."

"Let me out," I said.

"No thanks," Pris said.

The simulacrum smiled its gentle, wan smile.

"I'll tell you how I happened to get it," Maury said. "I was in the supermarket, in Boise, waiting in line. The checker was saying to some guy. 'No, we're not going to stock any kangaroo tail soup any more.' All of a sudden from the other side of the display—it was boxes of cereal or something—this hollow voice issues: 'no more kangaroo tail soup? *Ever?*' And this guy comes hurrying around with his cart to buy up the last cans. So I got a couple. Try it' it'll make you all feel better."

I said, "Notice how Barrows worked us down. He calls the simulacra automatons first and then he calls them gimmicks and then he winds up calling them dolls."

"It's a technique," Pris said, "a sales technique. He's cutting the ground out from under us."

"words," the simulacrum said, "are weapons."

"Can't you say anything to him?" I asked the simulacrum. "All you did was debate with him."

The simulacrum shook its head no.

"Of course it can't do anything," Pris said. "Because it argues fair, like we did in school. That's the way they debated back in the middle of the last century. Barrows doesn't argue fair, and there's no audience to catch him. Right, Mr. Lincoln?"

The simulacrum did not respond, but its smile seemed—to me—to become even sadder, and its face longer and more lined with care.

"Things are worse now than they used to be," Maury said.

But, I thought, we still have to do something. "He may have the Stanton under lock and key, for all we know. He may have it torn down on a bench somewhere, and his engineers are making one of their own slightly redesigned so as not to infringe on our patens." I turned to Maury. "Do we actually have patents?"

"Pending," Maury said. "You know how it works." He did not sound encouraging. "I don't doubt he can steal what we have, now that he's seen our idea. It's the kind of thing that if you know it can be done, you can do it yourself, given enough time."

"Okay," I said, "so it's like the internal combustion engine. But we've got a headstart; let's start manufacturing them at the Rosen factory as soon as possible. Let's get ours on the market before Barrows does."

They all looked at me wide-eyed.

"I think you've got something there," Maury said, chewing his thumb. "What else can we do anyhow? You think your dad could get the assembly line going right away? Is he pretty fast on converting over, like this?"

"Fast as a snake," I said.

Pris said derisively, "Don't put us on. Old Jerome? It'll be a year before he can make dies to stamp the parts out with, and the wiring'll have to be done in Japan—he'll have to fly to Japan to arrange for that, and he'll want to take a boat, like before."

"Oh," I said, "you've thought about it, I see."

"Sure," Pris said sneeringly. "I actually considered it seriously."

"In any case," I said, "it's our only hope; we've got to get the goddam things on the retail market—we've wasted enough time as it is."

"Agreed," Maury said. "What we'll do is,

tomorrow we'll go to Boise and commission old Jerome and your funny brother Chester to start work. Start making die stampers and flying to Japan—but what'll we tell Barrows?"

That stumped us. Again we were all silent.

"We'll tell him," I announced, "that the Lincoln busted. That it broke down and we've withdrawn it from market. And then he won't want the thing so he'll go back home to Seattle.

Maury, coming over beside me, said in a low voice. "You mean cut the switch on it. Shut it off."

I nodded.

"I hate to do that," Maury said. We both glanced at the Lincoln, which was regarding us with melancholy eyes.

"He'll insist on seeing it for himself," Pris pointed out. "Let him back on it a couple of times, if he wants to. Let him shake it like a gum machine; if we have it cut off it won't do a thing."

"Okay," Maury agreed.

"Good," I said. "Then we've decided."

We shut off the Lincoln then and there. Maury, as soon as the deed was done, went downstairs and out to his car and drove home, saying he was going to bed. Pris offered to drive me to my motel in my Chevvy, taking it home herself and picking me up the next morning. I was so tired that I accepted her offer.

As she drove me through closed-up Ontario she said, "I wonder if all wealthy, powerful men are like that."

"Sure. All those who made their own money—not the ones who inherit it, maybe."

"It was dreadful," Pris said. "Shutting the Lincoln off. To see it—stop living, as if we had killed it again. Don't you think?"

"Yes."

"Later, when she drew up before my motel, she said, "Do you think that's the only way to make a lot of money? To be like him?" Sam K. Barrows had changed her; no doubt of that. She was a sobered young woman.

I said, "Don't ask me. I draw seven-fifty a month, at best."

"But one has to admire him."

"I knew you'd say that, sooner or later. As soon as you said *but* I knew what was going to follow."

Pris sighed, "So I'm an open book to you."

"No, you're the greatest enigma I've ever run up against. It's just in this one case I said to myself, 'Pris is going to say but one has to admire him' and you did say it."

"And I'll bet you also believe I'll gradually go back to the way I used to feel until I leave off the 'but' and just admire him, period."

I said nothing. But it was so.

"Did you notice," Pris said, "that I was able to endure the shutting down of the Lincoln? If I can stand that I can stand anything. I even enjoyed it although I didn't let it show, of course."

"You're lying to beat hell."

"I got a very enjoyable sense of power, an ultimate power. We gave it life and then we took the life right back—snap! As easy as that. But the moral burden doesn't rest on us anyhow; it rests on Sam Barrows, and he wouldn't have had a twinge, he would have gotten a big kick out of it. Look at the strength there, Louis. We really wish we were the same way. I don't regret turning it offl I regret being emotionally upset. I disgust myself for being what I am. No wonder I'm down here with the rest of you and Sam Barrows is up at the top. You can see the difference between him and us; it's so clear."

She was quiet for a time, lighting a

cigarette and sitting with it.

"What about sex?" she said presently.

"Sex is worse yet, even than turning off nice simulacra."

"I mean sex changes you. The experience of intercourse."

It froze my blood, to hear her talk like that.

"What's wrong?" she said.

"You scare me."

"Why?"

"You talk as if—"

Pris finished for me, "As if I was up there looking down even on my own body. I am. It's not me. I'm a soul."

"Like Blunk said, 'Show me.' "

"I can't, Louis, but it's still true' I'm not a physical body in time and space. Plato was right."

"What about the rest of us?"

"Well, that's your business. I perceive you as bodies, so maybe you are; maybe that's all you are. Don't you know? If you don't know I can't tell you." She put out her cigarette. "I better go home, Louis."

"Okay," I said, opening the car door. The motel, with all its rooms, was dark; even the big neon sign had been shut off for the night. The middle-aged couple who ran the place were no doubt tucked safely in their beds.

Pris said, "Louis, I carry a diaphragm around in my purse."

"The kind you put inside you? Or the kind that's in the chest and you breathe in and out by."

"Don't kid. This is very serious for me, Louis. Sex, I mean."

I said, "Well, then give me funny sex."

"Meaning what?"

"Nothing. Just nothing." I started to shut the car door after me.

"I'm going to say something corny," Pris said, rolling down the window on my side.

"No you're not, because I'm not going to listen. I hate corny statements by deadly serious people. Better you should stay a remote soul that sneers at suffering animals; at least—" I hesitated. But what the hell. "At least I can honestly soberly hate you and fear you."

"How will you feel after you hear the corny statement?"

I said, "I'll make an appointment with the hospital tomorrow and have myself castrated or whatever they call it."

"You mean," she said slowly, "that I'm sexually desirable when I'm cruel and schizoid, but if I becomeMAUDLIN, THEN I'm not even that."

"Don't say 'even.' That's a hell of a lot."

"Take me into your motel room," Pris said, "and screw me."

"There is, somehow, in your language, something, which I can't put my finger on, that somehow leaves something to be desired."

"You're just chicken."

"No," I said.

"Yes."

"No, and I'm not going to prove it by doing so. I really am not chicken; I've slept with all sorts of women in my time. Honest. There isn't a thing about sex that could scare me; I'm too old. You're talking about college-boy stuff, first box of contraceptives stuff."

"But you still won't screw me."

"No," I agreed, "because you're not only detached' you're brutal. And not with just me but with yourself, with he physical body you despise and claim isn't you. Don't you remember that discussion between Lincoln—the Lincoln simulacrum, I mean—and Barrows and Blunk? An animal is close to being man and both are made out of flesh and blood. That's what you're trying not to be."

"Not *trying*—am not."

"What does that make you? A machine."

"But a macine has wires. I have no wires."

"Then waht?" I said. "What do you think you are?"

Pris said, "I know what I am. The schizoid is very common in this century, like hysteria was in the nineteenth. It's a form of deep, pervasive, subtle psychic alienation. I wish I wasn't, but I am . . . you're lucky, Louis Rosen; you're old-fashioned. I'd trade with you. I'm worried that my language regarding sex is crude. I scared you off with it. I'm very sorry about that."

"Not crude. Worse. Inhuman. You'd—I know what you'd do. If you had intercourse with someone—if you've had." I felt confused and tired. "You'd observe, the whole goddam time; mentally, spiritually, in every way. Always be conscious."

"Is that wrong? I thought everyone did."

"Goodnight." I started away from the car.

"Goodnight, coward."

"Up yours," I said.

"Oh, Louis," she said, with a shiver of anguish.

"Forgive me," I said.

Sniffling, she said, "What an awful thing to say."

"For christ's sake, forgive me," I said, "you have to forgive me. I'm the sick one, for saying that to you; it's like something took hold of my tongue."

Still sniffling, she nodded mutely. She started up the motor of the car and turned its lights on.

"Don't go," I said. "Listen, you can chalk it up to a demented subrational attempt on my part to reach you, don't you see? All your talk, your making yourself admire Sam Barrows even more than ever, that drove me out of my mind. I'm very fond of you, I really am; seeing you open up for a minute to a warm, human view, and then going back—"

"Thanks," she said in a near whisper, "for trying to make me feel better." She shot me a tiny smile.

"Don't let this make you worse," I said, holding onto the door of the car, afraid she would leave.

"I won't. In fact it barely touched me."

"Come on inside," I said. "Sit for a moment, okay?"

"No. Don't worry—it's just the strain on us all. I know it upset you. The reason I use such crude words is that I don't know any betterl nobody taught me how to talk about the unspeakable things."

"It just takes experience. But listen, Pris' promise me something, promise me you won't deny to yourself that I hurt you. It's good to be able to feel what you felt just now, good to—"

"Good to be hurt."

"No, I don't mean that; I mean it's encouraging. I'm not trying merely to make up for what I did. Look, Pris, the fact that you suffered so acutely just now because of what I—"

"The hell I did."

"You did," I said. "Don't lie."

"All right, Louis, I did; I won't lie." She hung her head.

Opening the car door I said, "Come with me, Pris."

She shut off the motor and car lights and slid out; I took hold of her by the arm.

"Is this the first step in delicious intimacy?" she asked.

"I'm acquainting you with the unspeakable."

"I just want to be able to talk about it, I don't want to have to do it. Of course you're joking; we're going to sit side by side and then I'll go home. That's best for both of us, in fact it's the only course open."

We entered the dark little motel room and I switched on the light and then the heat and then the TV set.

"Is that so no one will hear us panting?" She shut off the TV set. "I pant very lightly;

it isn't necessary." Removing her coat she stood holding it until I took it and hung it in the closet. "Now tell me where to sit and how. In that chair?" She seated herself in a straight chair, folded her hands in her lap and regarded me solemnly. "How's this? What else should I take off? Shoes? All my clothes? Or do you like to do it? If you do, my skirt doesn't unzip; it unbuttons, and be careful you don't pull too hard or the top button will come off and then I'll have to sew it back." She twisted around to show me. "There the buttons are, on the side."

"All this is educational," I said, "but not illuminating."

"Do you know what I'd like?" Her face lit up. "I want you to drive out somewhere and come back with some kosher corned beef and Jewish bread and ale and some halvah for dessert. That wonderful thin-sliced corned beef that's tow-fifty a pound."

"I'd like to," I said, "but there's no place within hundreds of miles to get it."

'Can't you get it in Boise?"

"No." I hung up my own coat. "It's too late for kosher corned beef anyhow. I don't mean too late in the evening. I mean too late in our lives." Seating myself across from her I drew my chair close and took hold of her hands. They were dry, small and quite hard. From all her tile-cutting she had developed sinewy arms, strong fingers. "Let's run off. Let's drive south and never come back, never see the simulacra again or Sam Barrows or Ontario, Oregon." "No," Pris said. "We're compelled to tangle with Sam; can't you feel it around us, in the air? I'm surprised at you, imagining that you can hop in the car and drive off. It can't be evaded."

"Forgive me," I said.

"I forgive you but I can't understand you; sometimes you seem like a baby, unexposed to life."

"What I've done," I said, "is 'ive hacked out little portions of reality here and there and familiarized myself with them, somewhat on the model of a sheep who's learned a route across a pasture and never deviates from that route."

"You feel safe by doing that?"

"I feel safe *mostly*, but never around you."

She nodded. "I'm the pasture itself, to you."

"That expresses it."

With a sudden laugh she said, "It's just like being made love to be Shakespeare. Louis, you can tell me you're going to crop, browse, graze among my lovely hills and valleys and in particular my divinely-wooded meadows, you know, where the fragrant wild ferns and grasses wave in profusion. I don't need to spell it out, do I?" Her eyes flashed. "Now for christ's sake, take off my clothes or at least make the attempt to." She began to pull off her shoes.

"No," I eaid.

"Haven't we gotten through the poetry stage long ago? Can't we dispense with more of that and get down to the real thing?" She started to unfasten her skirt, but I took hold of her hands and stopped her.

"I'm too ignorant to proceed," I said. "I just don't have it, Pris. Too ignorant and too awkward and too cowardly. Things have already gone far beyond my limited comprehension. I'm lost in a realm I don't understand." I held on tightly to her hands. "The best I can think of to do, the best I can manage at this time, would be to kiss you. Maybe on the cheek, if it's okay."

"You're old," Pris said. "That's it. You're part of a dying world of the past." She turned her head and leaned toward me. "As a favor to you I'll let you kiss me."

I kissed her on the cheek.

"Actually," Pris said, "if you want to know the facts, the fragrant wild ferns and grasses don't wave in profusion; there's a couple of wild ferns and about four grasses

and that's it. I'm hardly grown, Louis. I only started wearing a bra a year ago and sometimes I forget it even now; I hardly need it."

"Can't I kiss you on the mouth?"

"No," Pris said, "that's too intimate."

"You can shut your eyes."

"Instead, you turn off the lights." She drew her hands away, rose and went to the wall switch. "I'll do it."

"Stop," I eaid. "I have an overwhelming sense of foreboding."

At the wall switch she stood hesitating. "It's not like me to be indecisive. You're undermining me, Louis. I'm sorry. I have to go on." She switched off the light, the room disappeared into darkness. I could see nothing at all.

"Pris," I said, "I'm going to drive to Portland, Oregon and get the kosher corned beef."

"Where can I put my skirt?" Pris said from the darkness. "So it won't get wrinkled."

"This is all some crazed dream."

"No," Pris said, "it's bliss. Don't you know bliss when it runs into you and butts you in the face? Help me hang up my clothes. I have to go in fifteen minutes. Can you talk and make love at the same time or do you devolve to animal gruntings?" I could hear her rustling around in the darkness, disposing of her clothes, groping about for the bed.

"There is no bed," I said.

"Then the floor."

"It scrapes your knees."

"Not my knees; yours."

"I have a phobia," I said. "I have to have the lights on or I get the fear I'm having intercourse with a thing made out of strings and piano wire and my grandmother's old orange quilt."

Pris laughed. "That's me," she said from close by. "That perfectly describes my essence. I almost have you," she said, banging against something. "You won't escape."

"Stop it," I said. "I'm turning on the light." I managed to find the switch; I pressed it and the room burst back into being, blinding me, and there stood a fully-dressed girl. She had not taken off her clothes at all, and I stared at her in astonishment while she laughed silently to see my expression.

"It's an illusion," she said. "I was going to defeat you at the final moment, I just wanted to drive you to a pitch of sexual desire and then—" She snapped her fingers. "Goooooodnight."

I tried to smile.

"Don't take me seriously," Pris said. "Don't become emotionally involved with me. I'll break your heart."

"So who's involved?" I said, hearing my voice choke. "It's a game people play in the dark. I just wanted to tear off a piece, as they say."

"I don't know that phrase." She was no longer laughing; her eyes were no longer bright. She regarded me coolly. "But I get the idea."

"I'll tell you something else. Get ready. They do have kosher corned beef in Boise. I could have picked it up any time with no trouble."

"You bastard," she said. Seating herself she picked up her shoes and put them on.

"There's sand coming in the door."

"What?" She glanced around. "What are you talking about?"

"We're trapped down here. Somebody's got a mound going above us, we'll never get out."

Sharply she said, "Stop it."

"You never should have confided in me."

"Yes, you'll use it against me to torment me." She went to the closet for her coat.

"Wasn't I tormented?" I said, following after her.

"Just now, you mean? Oh heck, I might

not have run out, I might have stayed."

"If I had done just right."

"I hadn't made up my mind. It depended on you, on your ability. I expect a lot. I'm very idealistic." Having found her coat she began putting it on; reflexively I assisted her.

"We're putting clothes back on," I said, "without having taken them off."

"Now you regret," Pris said. "Regrets—that's all you're good for." She gave me a look of such loating that I shrank back.

"I could say a few mean things about, you," I said.

"You won't, though, because you know if you do I'll come back so hard with a reply that you'll drop dead on the spot."

I shrugged, unable to speak.

"It was fear," Pris said. She walked slowly down the path, toward her parked car.

"Fear, right," I said, accompanying her. "Fear based on the knowledge that a thing like that has to come out of the mutual understanding and agreement of two people. It can't be forced on one by the other."

"Fear of jail, you mean." She opened the car door and got in, to sit behind the wheel. "What you ought to have done, what a real mean would have done, would be to grab me by the wrist, carry me to the bed and without paying any attention to what I had to say—"

"If I had done that, you would never have stopped complaining, first to me, then to Maury, then to a lawyer, then to the police, then in a court of law to the world at large."

We were both silent, then.

"Anyhow," I said, "I got to kiss you."

"Only on the cheek."

"On the mouth," I said.

"That's a lie."

"I remember it as on the mouth," I said, and shut the car door after her.

Rolling down her window she said, "So that's going to be your story, that you got to take liberties with me."

"I'll remember it and tr3asure it, too," I said. "In my heart." I put my hand to my chest.

Pris started up the motor, switched on the lights and drove away.

I stood for a moment and then I walked back down the path to my motel room. We're cracking up, I said to myself. We're so tired. so demoralized, that we're at the end. Tomorrow we've got to get rid of Barrows. Pris—poor Pris is getting it the worst. And it was shutting off the Lincoln that did it. The turning point came there.

Hands in my pockets I stumbled back to my open door.

The next morning there was plenty of warm sunlight, and I felt a good deal better without even getting up from my bed. And then, after I had gotten up and shaved, had breakfast at the motel cafe of hotcakes and bacon and coffee and orange juice and had read the newspaper, I felt as good as new. Really recovered.

It shows what breakfast does, I said to myself. Healed, maybe? I'm back in there a whole, well man again?

No. We're better but not healed. Because we weren't well in the first place, and you can't restore health where there wasnit any health to begin with. *What is this sickness?*

Pris has had it almost to the point of death. And it has touched me, moved into me and lodged there. And Maury and Barrows and after him all the rest of us until my father; my father has it the least.

Dad! I had forgotten; he was coming over.

Hurrying outside, I hailed a taxi.

I was the first to reach the office of MASA ASSOCIATES. A moment later, from the office window, I saw my Chevrolet Magic Fire parking. Out stepped Pris. Today she

woere a blue cotton dress and a long-sleeved blouse; her hair was tied up and her face was scrubbed and shiny.

As she entered the office she smiled at me. "I'm sorry I used the wrong word last night. Maybe next time. No harm done."

"No harm done," I said.

"Do you mean that, Louis?"

"No," I said, returning her smile.

The office door opened and Maury entered. "I got a good night's rest. By god, buddy boy, we'll take this nogoodnik Barrows for every last cent he's got."

Behind him came my dad, in his dark, striped, train-conductor's suit. He greeted Pris gravely, then turned to Maury and me. "Is he here, yet?"

"No, Dad," I said. "Any time now."

Pris said, "I think we should turn the Lincoln back on. We shouldn't be afraid of Barrows."

"I agree," I said.

"No," Maury said, " and I'll tell you why. It whets Barrows' appetite. Isn't that so? Think about it."

After a time I said, "Maury's right. We'll leave it off. Barrows can kick it and pound it, but let's not turn it back on. It's greed that motivates him." And, I thought, it's fear that motivates us; so much of what we've done of late has been inspired by fear, not by common sense . . .

There was a knock at the door.

"He's here," Maury said, and cast a flickering glance at me.

The door opened. There stood Sam K. Barrows, David Blunk, Mrs. Nild, and with them stood the somber, dark figure of Edwin M. Stanton.

"We met it down the street," Dave Blunk boomed cheerfully. "It was coming here ad we gave it a lift in our cab."

The Stanton simulacrum looked sourly at all of us.

Good lord, I said to myself. We hadn't expected his—does this make a difference? Are we hurt and if so how bad?

I did not know. But in any case we had to go on, and this time to a showdown. One way or the other.

eleven

Barrows said amiably, "We parked down a little ways and had a talk with Stanton, here. We've come to what we seem to feel is an understanding, at least of sorts."

"Oh?" I said. Beside me, Maury had assumed a set, harsh expression. Pris shuddered visibly.

Holding out his hand my dad said, "I am Jerome Rosen, owner of the Rosen spinet and electronic organ plant of Boise, Idaho. Do I have the honor of meeting Mr. Samuel Barrows?"

So we each have a surprise for the other side, I said to myself. You managed, sometime during the night, to round up the Stanton; we for our part—if it's roughly equivalent—managed to obtain my dad.

That Stanton. As the Britannica had said: he had connived with the enemy for his own personal advantage. The skunk! And the idea swept over me: *probably he was with Barrows the entire time in Seattle; he had not gone off at all to open a law office or see the sights.* They had no doubt been talking terms from the start.

We had been sold out—by our first simulacrum.

A shocking omen it was.

At any rate, the Lincoln would never do that. And, realizing that, I felt a good deal better.

We had better get the Lincoln back on again, I said to myself.

To Maury I said, "Go ask Lincoln to come up here, will you?"

He raised his eyebrow.

"We need him," I said.

"We do," Pris agreed.

"Okay." Nodding, Maury went off.

We had begun. But begun what?

Barrows said, "When we first ran into Stanton, here, we treated it as a mechanical contraption. But then Mr. Blunk reminded me that you maintain it to be alive. I'd be curious to know what you pay the Stanton fellow, here."

Pay, I thought wildly.

"There are peonage laws," Blunk said.

I gaped at him.

"Do you have a work contract with Mr. Stanton?" Blunk asked. "And if you do I hope it meets the Minimum Wage law's requirements. Actually we've been discussing this with Stanton and he doesn't recall signing any contract. I therefore see no objection to Mr. Barrows hiring him at say six dollars an hour. That's a more than fair wage, you'll agree. On that basis Mr. Stanton has agreed to return with us to Seattle."

We remained silent.

The door opened and Maury entered. With him shambled the tall, hunched, dark-bearded figure of the Lincoln simulacrum.

Pris said, "I think we should accept his offer."

"What offer?" Maury said. "I haven't heard any offer." To me he said, "Have you heard any offer?"

I shook my head.

"Pris," Maury said, "have you been talking with Barrows?"

Barrows said, "Here's my offer. We'll let MASA be assessed at a worth of seventy-five thousand dollars. I'll put up—"

"Have you two been talking?" Maury interrupted.

Neither Pris nor Barrows said anything. But it was clear to me and to Maury, clear to all of us.

"I'll put up one hundred and fifty thousand," Barrows said. "And I'll naturally have a controlling interest."

Maury shook his head no.

"May we discuss this among ourselves?" Pris said to Barrows.

"Surely," Barrows said.

We withdrew to a small supply room across the hall.

"We're lost," Maury said, his face gray. "Ruined."

Pris said nothing. But her face was tight.

After a long time my father said, "Avoid this Barrows. Don't be part of a corporation in which he holds control; this I know."

I turned to the Lincoln, who stood there quietly listening to us. "You're an attorney—in the name of god, help us."

The Lincoln said, "Louis, Mr. Barrows and his compatriots hold a position of strength. No deception lies in his acts ... he is the stronger party." The simulacrum reflected, then it turned and walked to the window to look out at the street below. All at once it swung back toward us; the heavy lips twisted and it said, with pain in its face but a spark glowing in its eyes, "Sam Barrows is a businessman but so are you. Sell MASA ASSOCIATES, your small firm, to Mr. Jerome Rosen, here, for a dollar. Thereby it becomes the property of the Rosen spinet and organ factory, which has great assets. To obtain it, Sam Barrows must buy the entire establishment, including the factory, and he is not prepared to do that. As to Stanton. I can tell you this; Stanton will not cooperate with them much further. I can speak to him, and he will be persuaded to return. Stanton is temperamental, but a good man. I have known him for many years; he was in the Buchanan Administration, and against much protest I elected to keep him on, despite his machinations. Although quick-tempered and concerned with his own position, he is honest. He will not, in the end, consort with rascals. He does not want to open a law office and return to his law practice; he wishes a position of public power, and in

that he is responsible—he makes a good public servant. I will tell him that you wish to make him Chairman of your Board of Directors, and he will stay."

Presently Maury said softly, "I never would have thought of that."

Pris said, "I—don't agree. MASA shouldn't be turned over to the Rosen family; that's out of the question. And Stanton won't buy an offer like that."

"Yes he will," Maury said. My father was nodding and I nodded, too. "We'll make him a big man in our organization—why not? He has the ability. My good god, he can probably turn us into a illion-dollar business inside a year."

The Lincoln said gently, "You will not regret placing your trust, and your business, in Mr. Stanton's hands."

We filed back into the office. Barrows and his people awaited us expectantly.

"Here is what we have to say," Maury said, clearing his throat. "Uh, we've sold MASA to Mr. Jerome Rosen." He indicated my father. "For one dollar."

Blinking, Barrows said, "Have you? Interesting." He glanced at Blunk, who threw up his hands in a gesture of rueful, wry resignation.

The Lincoln said to the Stanton, "Edwin, Mr. Rock and the two Mr. Rosens wish you to join their newly-formed corporation as Chairman of its Board of Directors."

The sour, embittered, harsh features of the Stanton simulacrum faltered; emotions appeared, disappeared. "Is that the actual fact of the matter?" it said questioningly to the group of us.

"Yes sir," Maury said. "That's a firm offer. We can use a man of your ability; we're willing to step down to make way for you."

"Right," I said.

My father said, "This I agree to, Mr. Stanton. And I can speak for my other son, Chester. We are sincere."

Seating himself at one of MASA's old Underwood electric typewriters, Maury inserted a sheet of paper and began to type. "We'll put it in writing; we can sign it right now and get the barge towed out into the river."

Pris said in a low, cold voice, "I consider this a deceitful betrayal of not only Mr. Barrows but everything we've striven for."

Staring at her, Maury said in a shocked voice, "Shut up."

"I won't go along with this because it's wrong," Pris said. Her voice was absolutely under control; she might have been ordering clothes over the telephone from Macy's. "Mr. Barrows and Mr. Blunk, if you want me to come along with you, I will."

We—including Barrows and Blunk—could not believe our ears.

However, Barrows recovered quickly. "You, ah, helped build the two simulacra. You could build another, then?" He eyed her.

"No she couldn't," Maury said. "All she did was draw the face. What does she know about the electronic part? Nothing!" He continued to stare at his daughter.

Pris said, "Bob Bundy will go with me."

"Why?" I said. My voice wavered. "Him, too?" I said. "You and Bundy have been—" I couldn't finish.

"Bob is fond of me," Pris said remotely.

Reaching into his coat pocket, Barrows brought out his billfold. "I'll give you money for the flight," he said to Pris. "You can follow us. So there won't be any legal complications ... we'll travel separately."

"Good enough," Pris said. "I'll be in Seattle in a day or so. But keep the money; I have my own."

Nodding to Dave Blunk, Barrows said, "Well, we've concluded our business here. We might as well get started back." To

Stanton, he said, "We'll leave you here, Stanton; is that your decision?"

In a grating voice the Stanton simulacrum said, "It is, sir."

"Good day," Barrows said to all of us. Blunk waved at us in a cordial fashion. Mrs. Nild turned to follow Barrows—and they were gone.

"Pris," I said, "you're insane."

"That's a value judgment," Pris said in a faraway voice.

"Did you mean that?" Maury asked her, ashen-faced. "About going over to Barrows? Flying to Seattle to join him?"

"Yes."

"I'll get the cops," Maury said, "and restrain you. You're just a minor. Nothing but a child. I'll get the mental health people in on this; I'll get them to put you back in Kasanin."

"No you won't," Pris said. "I can do it, and the Barrows organization will help me. The mental health people can't hold me unless I go back in voluntarily, which I won't, or unless I'm psychotic, which I'm not. I'm managing my affairs very ably. So don't go into one of your emotional tantrums; it won't do any good."

Maury licked his lip, stammered, then became mute. No doubt she was right; it could all be successfully arranged. And the Barrows people would see that there were no legal loopholes; they had the know-how and they had a lot to gain.

"I don't believe Bob Bundy will leave us on your account," I said to her. But I could tell by her expression that he would. She knew. It was one of those things. How long had it been that way between them? No way to tell. It was Pris' secret; we had to it. To the Lincoln I said, "You didn't expect this, did you?"

It shook its head no.

Maury said brokenly, "Anyhow we got rid of them. We kept MASA ASSOCIATES. We kept the Stanton. They won't be back. I don't give a damn about Pris and Bob Bundy; if the two of them want to go join them, good luck to them." He glared at her wretchedly. Pris returned his glare with the same dispassion as before; nothing ruffled her. In a crisis she was even colder, more efficient, more in command, than ever.

Maybe, I said bitterly to myself, we're lucky she's leaving. We would not have been able to cope with her, finally—at least not me. Can Barrows? Perhaps he may be able to use her, exploit her ... or she may damage, even destroy him. Or both. But then they also have Bundy. And between Pris and Bundy they can build a simulacrum with no trouble. They don't need Maury and they certainly don't need me.

Leaning toward me the Lincoln said in a sympathetic voice, "You will benefit from Mr. Stanton's ability to make firm decisions. He, with his enormous energy, will assist your enterprise almost at once."

The Stanton grumbled, "My health isn't as good as it ought to be." But it looked confident and pleased nonetheless. "I'll do what I can."

"Sorry about your daughter," I said to my partner.

"Christ," he muttered, "how could she do it?"

"She will come back," my dad said, patting him on the arm. "They do; the Kindern always do."

"I don't want her back," Maury said. But obviously he did.

I said, "Let's go downstairs and across the street and have a cup of coffee." There was a good breakfast type cafe, there.

"You go ahead," Pris said. "I think I'll drive on home; I have a good deal to get done. Can I take the Jaguar?"

"No," Maury said.

She shrugged, picked up her purse, and

left the office. The door closed after her. She was gone, then and there.

As we sat in the cafe having our coffee I thought to myself, The Lincoln did us plenty of good, back there with Barrows. It found a way to get us off the hook. And after all, it wasn't its fault that events wound up as they did ... there was no way for it to know how Pris would jump. Nor could it know about her and Bundy, that she had our engineer in the palm of her hand by the use of her age-old equipment. I hadn't guessed and Maury hadn't either.

The waitress had been gazing at us and now she came over. "This is that window dummy of Abraham Lincoln, isn't it?"

"No, actually it's a window dummy of W.C. Fields," I said. "But it has a costume on, a Lincoln costume."

"We, my boyfriend and I, saw it demonstrating the other day. It's sure real-looking. Can I touch it?"

"Sure," I said.

She reached out cautiously and touched the Lincoln's hand. "Ooh, it's even warm!" she exclaimed. "And jeez, it's drinking coffee!"

We got her to go off, finally, and were able to resume our melancholy discussion. I said to the simulacrum, "You certainly have made a profound adjustment to this society. Better than some of us."

In a brusque tone the Stanton spoke up. "Mr. Lincoln has always been able to come to terms with everyone and everything—by the one stale method of telling a joke."

The Lincoln smiled as it sipped its coffee.

"I wonder what Pris is doing now," Maury said. "Packing, maybe. It seems awful, her not here with us. Part of the team."

We lost a lot of people back there in the office, I realized. We got rid of Barrows, Dave Blunk, Mrs. Nild, and to our surprise, Pris Frauenzimmer and our vital sole engineer, Bob Bundy. I wonder if we'll ever see Barrows again. I wonder if we'll ever see Bob Bundy again. I wonder if we'll ever see Pris again, and if we do, will she be changed?

"How could she sell us out like that?" Maury wondered aloud. "Going over to the other side—that clinic and that Doctor Horstowski did nothing, exactly nothing, for all that time and money. What loyalty did she show? I mean, I want all that money back I've shelled out. But her; I don't care if I ever see her again—I'm through with her. I mean it."

To change the subject I said to the Lincoln, "Do you have any other advice for us, sir? As to what we should do?"

"I fear I did not help you as much as I had hoped to," the Lincoln said. "With a woman there is no prediction; fate enters in a capricious form ... however, I suggest you retain me as your legal counsel. As they retain Mr. Blunk."

"A terrific idea," I said, getting out my checkbook. "How much do you require as a retainer?"

"Ten dollars is sufficient," the Lincoln said. So I wrote the check out for that amount; he accepted it and thanked me.

Maury, deep in his brooding, glanced up to say, "The going retainer is at least two hundred these days; the dollar isn't worth what it used to be."

"Ten will do," the Lincoln said. "And I will begin to draw up the papers of sale of MASA ASSOCIATES to your piano factory at Boise. As to ownership. I suggest that a limited corporation be formed, much like Mr. Barrows suggested, and I will look into the law these days to see how the stock should be distributed. It will take me time to do research, I fear, so you must be patient."

"That's okay," I said. The loss of Pris had

certainly deeply affected us, especially Maury. Loss instead of gain; that was how we had fared at Barrows' hands. And yet—was there any way we could have escaped? The Lincoln was right. It was the unpredictable at work in our lives; Barrows had been as surprised as we were.

"Can we build simulacra without her?" I asked Maury.

"Yeah. But not without Bob Bundy."

"You can get somebody to replace him," I said.

But Maury did not care about Bundy; he was still thinking only about his daughter. "I'll tell you what wrecked her," he said. "That goddam book *Marjorie Morningstar*."

"Why?" I said. It was terrible to see Maury slipping away like this, into these random, pointless expostulations. It resembled senility. The shock had been that great.

"That book," Maury said, "gave Pris the idea she could meet someone rich and famous and handsome. Like you know who. Like Sam K. Barrows. It's an old-country idea about marriage. Cold-blooded, marrying because it's to your advantage. The kids in this country marry for love, and maybe that's sappy, but at least it's not calculating. When she read that book she began to get calculating about love. The only thing that could have saved Pris—if she had fallen head over heels in love with some boy. And now she's gone." His voice broke. "Let's face it; this isn't a business only. I mean, it's a business all right. But not the simulacrum business. She wants to sell herself to him and get something back; you know what I mean, Louis." He shook his head, gazing at me hopelessly. "And he can give her what she wants. And she knows it."

"Yeah," I said.

"I should never have let him come near her. But I don't blame him; it's her fault. Anything that happens to her now is her fault. Whatever she does and becomes around him. We better watch the newspapers, Louis. You know how they always write up what Barrows does. We can find out about Pris from the goddam newspapers." He turned his head away and drank noisily from his coffee cup, not letting us see his face.

We were all embarrassed. We all hung our heads.

After a time the Stanton simulacrum said, "When do I assume my new duties as Chairman of the Board?"

"Any time you want," Maury said.

"Is that agreeable with you other gentlemen?" the Stanton asked us. My dad and I nodded; so did the Lincoln. "Then I will take it that I hold that post now, gentlemen." It cleared its throat, blew its nose, fussed for a time with its whiskers. "We must begin the work ahead of us. A merger of the two companies will bring about a new period of activity. I have given thought to the product which we shall manufacture. I do not believe it would be wise to bring into existence more Lincoln simulacra, nor more—" It reflected, and a caustic, sardonic grimace passed over its features. "More Stantons, for that matter. One of each is enough. For the future let us bring forth something more simple. It will ameliorate our mechanical problems, as well; will it not? I must examine the workmen and equipment and see if all is as it ought to be ... nevertheless, even now I am confident that our enterprise can produce some simple, worthy product desired by all, some simulacra not unique or complex and yet needed. Perhaps workers who can themselves produce more simulacra."

It was a good—but frightening—idea, I thought.

"In my opinion," the Stanton said, "we should design, execute, and begin to build at once a standard, uniform item. It will be the first official simulacrum produced by our enterprise, and long before Mr. Barrows has made use of Miss Frauenzimmer's knowledge and talents we will have it on the market and fully advertised."

We all nodded.

"I suggest specifically," the Stanton said, "a simulacrum which does one simple task for the home, and on that basis sell it: a babysitter. And we should relieve the complexity of it so that it may sell for as low a figure as possible. For example, forty dollars."

We glanced at each other; it wasn't a bad idea at all.

"I have had the opportunity of seeing this need," the Stanton continued, "and I know that if it were adequate to mind the children of a family at all times, it would be an instantly saleable item, and we would have in the future no problems of a financial nature. So I shall ask for a vote as to that proposal. All those favoring it say 'Aye.'"

I said, "Aye."

Maury said, "Aye."

After a moment of consideration my father said, "I, too."

"Then the motion has been carried," the Stanton declared. It sipped its coffee for a moment, and then, putting the cup down on the counter, it said in a stern, confident voice, "The enterprise needs a name, a new name. I propose we call the enterprise R AND R ASSOCIATES OF BOISE, IDAHO; is that satisfactory?" It glanced around at us. We were nodding. "Good." It patted its mouth with its paper napkin. "The let us begin at once; Mr. Lincoln, as our solicitor, will you be good enough as to see to it that our legal papers are in order? If necessary, you may obtain a younger lawyer more experienced in the current legalities; I authorize you to do that. We shall begin our work at once; our future is full of honest, active endeavor, and we shall not dwell on the past, on the unpleasantness and setbacks which we have experienced so recently. It is essential, gentlemen, that we look ahead, not back—can we do that, Mr. Rock? Despite all temptation?"

"Yeah," Maury said. "You're right, Stanton." From his coat pocket he got matches; stepping from his stool he went up to the cash register at the counter and fished about in the cigar boxes there. He returned, with two long gold-wrapped cigars, one of which he gave to my dad. "Elconde de Guell," he said. "Made in the Phillippines." He unwrapped his and lit up; my father did the same.

"We will do well," my father said, puffing away.

"Right," Maury said, also puffing.

The others of us finished our coffee.

twelve

I had been afraid that Pris' going over to Barrows would weigh Maury down so much that he would no longer be worth much as a partner. But I was wrong. In fact he seemed to redouble his efforts: he answered letters about organs and spinets, arranged shipments from the factory to every point in the Pacific Northwest and down into California and Nevada and New Mexico and Arizona—and in addition he threw himself into the new task of designing and beginning production of the simulacra babysitters.

Without Bob Bundy we could develop no new circuits; Maury found himself in the position of having to modify the old. Our babysitters would be an evolution—an offspring, so to speak—of the Lincoln.

Years ago in a bus Maury had picked up a science fiction magazine called *Thrilling*

"It was so long ago," Maury said. "The magazine doesn't exist any more and probably the author's dead."

"Ask our attorney."

After careful consideration Mr. Lincoln decided that the notion of titling a mechanical children's attendant Nanny was now public domain. "For I notice," he pointed out, "that the group of you know without having read the story from whence comes this name."

So we called our simulacra babysitters Nannies. But the decision cost us several valuable weeks, since, to make his decision, the Lincoln had to read the Peter Pan book. He enjoyed it so much that he brought it to board meetings and read it aloud, with many chuckles, particularly the parts which especially amused him. We had no choice; we had to endure the readings.

"I warned you," the Stanton told us, after one lengthy reading had sent us to the men's room for a smoke.

"What gets me," Maury said, "is that it's a goddam kids' book; if he has to read aloud, why doesn't he read something useful like the New York *Times?*"

Meanwhile, Maury had subscribed to the Seattle newspapers, hoping to find out about Pris. He was positive that an item would appear shortly. She was there, all right, because a moving van had arrived at the house and picked up the rest of her possessions, and the driver had told Maury that he was instructed to transport it all to Seattle. Obviously Sam K. Barrows was paying the bill; Pris did not have that kind of money.

"You could still get the cops," I pointed out to Maury.

Gloomily he said, "I have faith in Pris. I know that of her own accord she'll find the right path and return to me and her mother. And anyhow let's face it; she's a ward of the Government—I'm no longer legally her guardian."

For my part I still hoped that she would *not* return; in her absence I had felt a good deal more relaxed and at good terms with the world. And it seemed to me that despite his appearance of gloom Maury was getting more out of his work. He no longer had the bundle of worries at home to gnaw at him. And also he did not have Doctor Horstowski's staggering bill each month.

"You suppose Sam Barrows has found her a better out-patient analyst?" he asked me, one evening. "I wonder how much it's costing him. Three days a week at forty dollars a visit is a hundred and twenty a week; that's almost five hundred a month. Just to cure her fouled-up psyche!" He shook his head.

I was reminded of that mental health slogan which the authorities had pasted up in every post office in the U.S., a year or so ago.

LEAD THE WAY TO MENTAL HEALTH—

BE THE FIRST IN YOUR FAMILY TO ENTER A MENTAL HEALTH CLINIC!

And school kids wearing bright badges had rung doorbells in the evenings to collect funds for mental health research; they had overpowered the public, wrung a fortune from them, all for the good cause of our age.

"I feel sorry for Barrows," Maury said. "I

Wonder Stories and in it was a story about robot attendants who protected children like huge mechanical dogs; they were called "Nannies," no doubt after the pooch in Peter Pan. Maury liked the name and when our Board of Directors met—Stanton presiding, plus myself, Maury, Jerome and Chester, with our attorney Abraham Lincoln—he advanced the idea of using it.

"Suppose the magazine or the author sues," I said.

hope for his sake she's got her back in it, designing a simulacrum body for him, but I doubt it. Without me she's just a dabbler; she'll fool around, make pretty drawings. That bathroom mural—that was one of the few things she's ever brought to completion. And she's got hundreds of bucks worth of material left over."

"Wow," I said, once more congratulating myself and the rest of us on our good luck: that Pris was no longer with us.

"Those creative projects of hers," Maury said, "she really throws herself into them, at least at the start." Admonishingly he said, "Don't ever sell her short, buddy boy. Like look how well she designed the Stanton and Lincoln bodies. You have to admit she's good."

"She's good," I agreed.

"And who's going to design the Nanny package for us, now that Pris is gone? Not you; you don't have a shred of artistic ability. Not me. Not that thing that crept up out of the ground which you call your brother."

I was preoccupied. "Listen, Maury," I said suddenly, "*what about Civil War mechanical babysitters?*"

He stared at me uncertainly.

"We already have the design," I went on. "We'll make two models, one a babysitter in Yankee blue, the other in Rebel gray. Pickets, doing their duty. What do you say?"

"I say what's a picket?"

"Like a sentry, only there're a lot of them."

After a long pause Maury said, "Yes, the soldier suggests devotion to duty. And it would appeal to the kids. It'd get away from that robot type design; it wouldn't be cold and impersonal." He nodded. "It's a good idea, Louis. Let's call a meeting of the Board and lay our idea, or rather your idea, right out, so we can start work on it. Okay?" He hurried to the door, full of eagerness. "I'll call Jerome and Chester and I'll run downstairs and tell Lincoln and Stanton." The two simulacra had separate quarters on the bottom floor of Maury's house; originally he had rented the units out, but now he kept them for this use. "You don't think they'll object, do you? Especially Stanton; he's so hardheaded. Suppose he thinks it's—blasphemy? Well, we'll just have to set fire to the idea and push it out in the river."

"If they object," I said, "we'll keep plugging for our idea. In the end we'll be able to get it because what could there possibly be against it? Except some weird puritanical notion on Stanton's part."

And yet, even though it was my own idea, I felt a strange weary sensation, as if in my moment of creativity, my last burst of inspiration, I had defeated us all and everything we were trying for. Why was that? Was it too easy, this idea? After all, it was simply an adaptation of what we—or rather Maury and his daughter—had originally started out with. In the beginning they had dreamed their dream of refighting the entire Civil War, with all the millions of participants; now we were enthusiastic merely at the notion of a Civil War type mechanical servant to relieve the housewife of her deadly daily chores. Somewhere along the line we had lost the most valuable portion of our ideas.

Once more we were just a little firm out to make money; we had no grand vision, only a scheme to get rich. We were another Barrows but on a tiny, wretched scale; we had his greed but not his size. We would soon, if possible, commence a schlock Nanny operation; probably we would market our product by some phony sales pitch, some gimmick comparable to the

classified "repossession" ad which we had been using.

"No," I said to Maury. "It's terrible. Forget it."

Pausing at the door he yelled, "WHY? It's terrific."

"Because," I said, "it's—" I could not express it. I felt worn out and despairing—and, even more than that, lonely. For who or what? For Pris Frauenzimmer? For Barrows ... for the entire gang of them, Barrows and Blunk and Colleen Nild and Bob Bundy and Pris; what were they doing, right now? What crazy, wild, impractical scheme were they hatching out? I longed to know. We, Maury and I and Jerome and my brother Chester, we had been left behind.

"Say it," Maury said, dancing about with exasperation. "Why?"

I said, "It's—corny."

"Corny! The hell it is." He glared at me, baffled.

"Forget the idea. What do you suppose Barrows is up to, right this minute? You think they're building the Edwards family? Or are they stealing our Centennial idea? Or hatching out something entirely new? Maury, we don't have any vision. That's what's wrong. No vision."

"Sure we do."

"No," I said. "*Because we're not crazy.* We're sober and sane. We're not like your daughter, we're not like Barrows. Isn't that a fact? You mean you can't feel it? The lack of that, here in this house? Some lunatic clack-clacking away at some monstrous nutty project until all hours, maybe leaving it half done right in the middle and going on to something else, something equally nutty?"

"Maybe so," Maury said. "But god almighty, Louis; we can't just lie down and die because Pris went over to the other side. Don't you imagine I've had thoughts of this kind? I knew her a lot better than you, buddy, a hell of a lot better. I've been tormented every night, thinking about them all together, but we have to go on and do the best we can. This idea of yours; it may not be equal to the electric light or the match, but it's good. It's small and it's saleable. It'll work. And what do we have that's better? At least it'll save us money, save us having to hire some outside designer to fly out here and design the body of the Nanny, and an engineer to take Bundy's place—assuming we could get one. Right, buddy?"

Save us money, I thought. Pris and Barrows wouldn't have bothered to worry about that; look at them sending that van to carry her things all the way from Boise to Seattle. We're small-time. We're little.

We're beetles.

Without Pris—without her.

What did I do? I asked myself. Fall in love with her? A woman with eyes of ice, a calculating, ambitious schizoid type, a ward of the Federal Government's Mental Health Bureau who will need psychotherapy the rest of her life, an ex-psychotic who engages in catatonic-excitement harebrained projects, who vilifies and attacks everyone in sight who doesn't give her exactly what she wants when she wants it? What a woman, what a *thing* to fall in love with. What terrible fate is in store for me now?

It was as if Pris, to me, were both life itself—and anti-life, the dead, the cruel, the cutting and rending, and yet also the spirit of existence itself. Movement: she was motion itself. Life in its growing, planning, calculating, harsh, thoughtless actuality. I could not stand having her around me; I could not stand being without her. Without Pris I dwindled away until I became nothing and eventually died like a bug in the backyard, unnoticed and unimportant;

around her I was slashed, goaded, cut to pieces, stepped on—yet somehow I lived: in that, I was real. Did I enjoy suffering? No. It was that it seemed as if suffering was part of life, part of being with Pris. Without Pris there was no suffering, nothing erratic, unfair, unbalanced. But also, there was nothing alive, only small-time schlock schemes, a dusty little office with two or three men scrabbling in the sand...

God knew I didn't want to suffer at Pris' hands or at anyone else's. But suffering was an indication that reality was close by. In a dream there is fright, but not literal, slow, bodily pain, the daily torment that Pris made us endure by her very presence. It was not something which she did to us deliberately; it was a natural outgrowth of what she *was*.

We could evade it only by getting rid of her, and that was what we had done: we had lost her. And with her went reality itself, with all its contradictions and peculiarities; life now would be predictable: we would produce the Civil War Soldier Nannies, we would have a certain amount of money, and so forth. But what did it mean? What did it matter?

"Listen," Maury was saying to me. "We have to go on."

I nodded.

"I mean it," Maury said loudly in my ear. "We can't give up. We'll call a meeting of the Board, like we were going to do; you tell them your idea, fight for your idea like you really believed in it. Okay? You promise?" He wacked me on the back. "Come on, goddam you, or I'll give you a crack in the eye that'll send you to the hospital. Buddy, come on!"

"Okay," I said, "but I feel you're talking to someone on the other side of the grave."

"Yeah, and you look like it, too. But come on anyhow and let's get going; you go downstairs and talk Stanton into it; I know Lincoln won't give us any trouble—all he does is sit there in his room and chuckle over *Winnie the Pooh*."

"What the hell is that? Another kids' book?"

"That's right, buddy," Maury said. "So go on down there."

I did so, feeling a little cheered up. But nothing would bring me back to life, not really, except for Pris. I had to deal with that fact and face it with greater force every moment of the day.

The first item which we found in the Seattle papers having to do with Pris almost got by us, because it did not seem to be about Pris at all. We had to read the item again and again until we were certain.

It told about Sam K. Barrows—that was what had caught our eye. And a stunning young artist he had been seen at nightclubs with. The girl's name, according to the columnist, was Pristine Womankind.

"Jeezus!" Maury screeched, his face black. "That's her name; that's a translation of Frauenzimmer. But it isn't. Listen, buddy; I always put everybody on about that, you and Pris and my ex-wife. Frauenzimmer doesn't mean womankind; it means ladies of pleasure. You know. Streetwalkers." He reread the item incredulously. "She's changed her name but she doesn't know; hell, it ought to be Pristine Streetwalkers. What a farce, I mean, it's insane. You know what it is? That *Marjorie Morningstar;* her name was Morgenstern, and it meant Morningstar; Pris got the idea from that, too. And Priscilla to Pristine. I'm going mad." He paced frantically around the office, rereading the newspaper item again and again. "I know it's Pris; it has to be. Listen to the description. You tell me if this isn't Pris:

'Seen at Swami's: None other than

Sam (The Big Man) Barrows, escorting what for the kiddies who stay up late we like to call his "new protege,"
a sharper-than-a-sixth-grade-teacher's-grading-pencil chick, name of—if you can swallow this—Pristine Womankind, with a better-than-this-world expression, like she doesn't dig us ordinary mortals, black hair, and a figure that would make those old wooden fronts of ships (y'know the kind?) greeen with envy. Also in the company, Dave Blunk, the attorney, tells us that Pris is an artist, with other talents which you CAN'T see . . . and, Dave grins, maybe going to show up on TV one of these years, as an actress, no less!. . .'

"God, what rubbish," Maury said, tossing the paper down. "How can those gossip columnists write like that? They're demented. But you can tell it's Pris anyhow. What's that mean about her going to turn up as a TV actress?"

I said, "Barrows must own a TV station or a piece of one."

"He owns a dogfood company that cans whale blubber," Maury said. "And it sponsors a TV show once a week, a sort of circus and variety piece of business. He's probably butting the bite on them to give Pris a couple of minutes. But doing what? She can't act! She has no talents! I think I will call the police. Get Lincoln in here; I want an attorney's advice."

I tried to calm him down; he was in a state of wild agitation.

"He's sleeping with her! That beast is sleeping with my daughter Pris! He's corruption itself!" Maury began calling the airfield at Boise, trying to get a rocket flight to Seattle. "I'm going there and arrest him," he told me between calls. "I'm taking a gun along; the hell with going to the police. That girl's only eighteen; it's a felony. We've got a prima facie case against him—I'll wreck his life. He'll be in the can for twenty-five years."

"Listen," I said. "Barrows has absolutely thought it through, as we've said time and again; he's got that lawyer Blunk tagging along. They're covered; don't ask me how, but they've thought of everything there is. Just because some gossip columnist chose to write that your daughter is—"

"I'll kill her, then," Maury said.

"Wait. For god's sake shut up and listen. Whether she's sleeping, as you put it, with him or not I don't know. Probably she is his mistress. I think you're right. But proving it is another matter altogether. Now, you can force her to return here to Ontario, but there's even a way he can eventually get around that."

"I wish she was back in Kansas City; I wish she had never left the mental health clinic. She's just a poor ex-psychotic child!" He calmed a little. "How could he get her back?"

"Barrows can have some punk in his organization marry her. And once that happens no one has authority over her. Do you want that?" I had talked to the Lincoln and I knew; the Lincoln had already shown me how difficult it was to force a man like Barrows who knew the law to do *anything*. Barrows could bend the law like a pipecleaner. For him it was not a rule or a hindrance; it was a convenience.

"That would be terrible," Maury said. "I see what you mean. As a legal pretext to permit him to keep her in Seattle." His face was gray.

"And then you'll never get her back."

"And she'll be sleeping with two men, her punk husband, some goddam messenger boy from some factory Barrows owns, and—Barrows, too." He stared at me wild-

eyed.

"Maury," I said, "we have to face facts. Pris probably slept with boys already, for instance in school."

His expression became more distorted.

"I hate to tell you this," I said, "but the way she talked to me one night—"

"Okay," Maury said. "We'll let it go."

"Sleeping with Barrows won't kill her, and it won't kill you. At least she won't become pregnant; he's smart enough to make sure of that. He'll see she takes her shots."

Maury nodded. "I wish I was dead," he said.

"I feel the same way. But remember what you told me not more than two days ago? That we had to go on, no matter how badly we felt? Now I'm telling you the same thing. No matter how much Pris meant to either of us—isn't that so?"

"Yeah," he said at last.

We went ahead, then, and picked up where we had left off. At the Board meeting the Stanton had objected to any of the Nannies wearing the Rebel gray; it was willing to go along with the Civil War theme, but the soldiers had to be loyal Union lads. Who, the Stanton demanded, would trust their child with a Reb? We gave in, and Jerome was told to begin tooling up the Rosen factory; meanwhile we at Ontario, at the R & R ASSOCIATES business office, began making the layouts, conferring with a Japanese electronics engineer whom we had called in on a part-time basis.

Several days later a second item appeared in a Seattle newspaper. This one I saw before Maury did.

Miss Pristine Womankind, scintillating raven-haired young starlet discovered by the Barrows organization, will be on hand to award a gold baseball to the Little League champions, Irving Kahn, press secretary for Mr. Barrows, told representatives of the wire services today. Since one game of the Little League play-offs remains yet to be played, it is still

So Sam K. Barrows had a press agent at work, as well as Dave Blunk and all the others. Barrows was giving Pris what she had long wanted; he was keeping his end of whatever bargain they had made—no doubt of that. And I had no doubt that she was keeping her end as well.

She's in good hands, I said to myself. Probably there isn't a human being in North America more qualified to give Pris what she wants out of life.

The article was titled BIG LEAGUE AWARDS GOLD BASEBALL TO LITTLE LEAGUERS, Pris being "big league," now. A further study of it told me that Mr. Sam K. Barrows had paid for the uniforms of the Little League club expected to win the gold baseball—needless to say, Barrows was providing the gold baseball—and on their backs appeared the words:

BARROWS ORGANIZATION

On the front, of course, appeared the name of their team, whatever area or school it was the boys came from.

I had no doubt that she was very happy. After all Jayne Mansfield had begun by being Miss Straight Spine, picked by the chiropractors of America back in the 'fifties; that had been her first publicity break. She had been one of those health food addicts in those days.

So look what may lie ahead for Pris, I said to myself. First she hands out a gold baseball to a kids' ballteam and from there she goes rapidly to the top. Maybe Barrows can get a spread of nude shots of her into *Life;* it's not out of the question, they do

have their nude spread each week. That way her fame would be great. All she would have to do is take off her clothes in public, before an expert color photographer, instead of merely in private before the eyes of Sam K. Barrows.

Then she can briefly marry President Mendoza. He's been married, what is it, forty-one times already, sometimes for no longer than a week. Or at least get invited to one of the stag gatherings at the White House or out on the high seas in the Presidential yacht, or for a weekend at the President's luxurious vacation satellite. Especially those stag gatherings; the girls who are invited to perform there are never the same again—their fame is assured and all sorts of careers are open to them, especially in the entertainment field. For if President Mendoza wants them, every man in the U.S. wants them, too, because as everybody knows the President of the United States has incredibly high taste as well as having the first choice of—

I was driving myself insane with these thoughts.

How long will it take? I wondered. Weeks? Months? Can he do this right away or does it take a lot of time?

A week later, while browsing through the TV guide, I discovered Pris listed in the weekly show sponsored by Barrows' dogfood comapny. According to the ad and the listing she played the girl in a knife-throwing act; flaming knives were thrown at her while she danced the Lunar Fling wearing one of the new transparent bathing suits. The scene had been shot in Sweden, such a bathing suit still being illegal at beaches in the United States.

I did not show the listing to Maury, but he came across it on his own anyhow. A day before the program he called me over to his place and showed me the listing. In the magazine there was a small shot of Pris, too, just her head and shoulders. It had, however, been taken in such a way as to indicate that she wore nothing at all. We both gazed at it with ferocity and despair. And yet, she certainly looked happy. Probably she was.

Behind her in the picture one could see green hills and water. The natural, healthy wonders of Earth. And against that this laughing black-haired slender girl, full of life and excitement and vitality. Full of—the future.

The future belongs to her, I realized as I examined the picture. Whether she appears nude on a goat-hair, vegetable-dye rug in *Life* or becomes the President's mistress for a weekend or dances madly, naked from the waist up, while flaming knives are hurled at her during a kiddies' TV program—she is still real, still beautiful and wonderful, like the hills and the ocean, and no one can destroy that or spoil that, however angry and wretched they feel. What do Maury and I have? What can we offer her? Only something moldy. Something that reeks—not of tomorrow—but of yesterday, the past. Of age, sorrow, and old death.

"Buddy," I said to Maury, "I think I'm going to Seattle."

He said nothing; he continued reading the text in the TV guide.

"I frankly don't care any more about simulacra," I said. "I'm sorry to say it but it's the truth; I just want to go to Seattle and see how she is. Maybe afterward—"

"You won't come back. Either of you."

"Maybe we will."

"Want to bet?"

I bet him ten bucks. That was all I could do; there was no use making him a promise which I probably could not—and would not—keep.

"It'll wreck R & R ASSOCIATES," Maury said.

"Maybe so, but I still have to go."

That night I began packing my clothes. I made a reservation on a TWA Boeing 900 rocket flight for Seattle; it left the following morning at ten-forty. Now there was no stopping me; I did not even bother to telephone Maury and tell him anything more. Why waste my time? He could do nothing. Could I? That remained to be seen.

My Service .45 was too large, so instead of it I packed a smaller pistol, a .38, wrapped in a towel with a box of shells. I had never been much of a shot but I could hit another human being within the confines of an ordinary-sized room, and possibly across the space of a public hall such as a nightclub or theater. And if worst came to worst I could use it on myself; surely I could hit that—my own head.

There being nothing else to do until the next morning I settled down with a copy of *Marjorie Morningstar* which Maury had loaned me. It was his own, and quite possibly it was the identical copy which Pris had read years ago. By reading it I hoped to get more of an insight into Pris; I was not reading it for pleasure.

The next morning I rose early, shaved and washed, ate a light breakfast, and started for Boise and the airfield.

thirteen

If you wonder what San Francisco would have looked like had there been no earthquake and fire, you can find out by going to Seattle. It's an old seaport town built on hills, with windy, canyon type steets; nothing is modern except the public library, and in the slum part you'll see cobblestone and red brick, like parts of Pocatello, Idaho. The slums extend for miles and are rat-infested. In the center of Seattle there is a prosperous genuine city-like shopping area built near one or two great old hotels such as the Olympus. The wind blows in from Canada, and when the Boeing 900 sets down at the Sea-Tac Airfield you catch a glimpse of the mountains of origin. They're frightening.

I took a limousine into Seattle proper from the airport, since it cost only five dollars The lady driver crept at snail's pace through traffic for miles until at last we had reached the Olympus Hotel. It's much like any good big-city hotel, with its arcade of shops below ground level; it has all services which a hotel must have, and the service is excellent. There're several dining rooms; in fact you're in a dark, yellow-lit world of your own at a big city hotel, a world made up of carpets and ancient varnished wood, people well-dressed and always talking, corridors and elevators, plus maids cleaning constantly.

In my room I turned on the wired music in preference to the TV set, peeped out the window at the street far below, adjusted the ventilation and the heat, took off my shoes and padded about on the wall-to-wall carpeting, then opened my suitcase and began to unpack. Only an hour ago I had been in Boise; now here I was on the West Coast almost at the Canadian border. It beat driving. I had gone from one large city directly to another without having to endure the countryside inbetween. Nothing could have pleased me more.

You can tell a good hotel by the fact that when you have any sort of room service the hotel employee when he enters never looks at you. He looks down, through and beyond; you stay invisible, which is what you want, even if you're in your shorts or naked. The employee comes in very quietly, leaves your pressed shirt or your tray of food or newspaper or drink; you hand him the money, he makes a murmuring thank you noise, and he goes. It is almost Japanese, the way they don't stare. You feel as if no one

had been in your room ever, even the previous guest; it is absolutely yours, even when you meet up with cleaning women in the hall outside. They—the hotel people—have such absolute respect for your privacy it's uncanny. Of course when it's time to settle up at the desk at the end, you pay for all that. It costs you fifty dollars instead of twenty. But don't ever let anyone tell you it isn't worth it. A person on the brink of a psychotic breakdown could be restored by a few days in an authentic first-class hotel, with its twenty-four hour room service and shops; believe me.

By the time I had been in my room at the Olympus for a couple of hours I wondered why I had ever felt agitated enough to make the trip in the first place. I felt as if I were on a well-deserved vacation and rest. I could have lived there, eating the hotel food, shaving and showering in my private bathroom, reading the paper, shopping in the 'shops, until my money ran out. But nonetheless I had come on business. That's what's so hard, to leave the hotel, to get out on those drafty, windy, cold, gray sidewalks and hobble along on your errand. That's where the pain enters. You're back in a world where no one holds the door for you; you stand on the corner with other people equal to yourself, all good as you, waiting for the lights to change, and once again you're an ordinary suffering individual, prey to any passing ailment. It's a sort of birth trauma all over again, but at least you can finally scuttle back to the hotel, once your business is done.

And, by using the phone in the hotel room, you can conduct some of your business without stirring outside at all. You do as much as you can that way; it's instinct to do that. In fact you try to get people to come and see you there, rather than the other way.

This time my business could not be conducted within the hotel, however; I did not bother to make the try. I simply put it off as long as I could: I spent the rest of the day in my room and at nightfall I went downstairs to the bar and then one of the diningrooms, and after that I strolled about the arcade and into the lobby and then back among the shops once more. I loitered wherever I could loiter without having to step outdoors into the cold, brisk, Canadian type night.

All this time I had the .38 in my inside coat pocket.

It was strange, coming on an illegal errand. Perhaps I could have done it all legally, through Lincoln found a way of getting Pris out of Barrows' hands. But on some deep level I enjoyed this, coming up here to Seattle with the gun in my suitcase and now in my coat. I liked the feeling of being alone, knowing no one, about to go out and confront Mr. Sam Barrows with no one to help me. It was like an epic or an old western TV play. I was the stranger in town, armed, and with a mission.

Meanwhile, I drank at the bar, went back up to my room, lay on the bed, read the newspapers, looked at TV, ordered hot coffee from the room service at midnight. I was on top of the world. If only it could last.

Tomorrow morning I'll go look up Barrows, I said to myself. This must end. But not quite yet.

And then—it was about twelve-thirty at night and I was getting ready to go to bed—it occurred to me, Why don't I phone Barrows right now? Wake him up, like the Gestapo used to? Not tell him where I am, just say *I'm coming, Sam.* Put a real scare in him; he'll be able to tell by the nearness of my voice that I'm somewhere in town.

Neat!

I had had a couple of drinks; heck, I had

had six or seven. I dialed and told the operator, "Get me Sam K. Barrows. I don't know the number." It was the hotel operator, and she did so.

Presently I heard Sam's phone ringing.

To myself, I practiced what I was going to say. "Give Pris back to R & R ASSOCIATES," I would tell him. "I hate her, but she belongs with us. She's life itself, as far as we're concerned." The phone rang on and on; obviously no one way home, or no one was up and going to answer. Finally I hung up the receiver.

What a hell of a situation for grown men to be in, I said to myself as I roamed aimlessly around my hotel room. How could something on the order of Pris begin to represent life itself to us, as I was going to tell Sam Barrows? Are we that warped? Are we warped at all? Isn't that nothing but an indication of the nature of life, not of ourselves? Yes, it's not our fault life's like that; we didn't invent it. Or did we?

And so on. I must have spent a couple of hours roaming about, with nothing more on my mind than such indistinct preoccupations. I was in a terrible state. It was like a virus flu, a kind that attacks the metabolism of the brain, the next state from death. Or anyhow, so it seemed to me during that interval. I had lost all contact with healthy normal reality, even that of the hotel; I had forgotten room service, the arcade of shops, the bars and the dining rooms—I even gave up, for a while, stopping by the window of the room to look out at the lights and deep, illuminated streets. That's a form of dying, that losing contact with the city like that.

At one o'clock—while I was still pacing around the room—the phone rang.

"Hello," I said into it.

It was not Sam K. Barrows. It was Maury, calling me from Ontario.

"How did you know I'd be at the Olympus?" I asked. I was totally baffled; it was as if he had used some occult power to track me down.

"I knew you were in Seattle, you moron. How many big hotels are there? I knew you'd want the best; I bet you've got the bridal suite and some dame there with you and you're going at it like mad."

"Listen, I came here to kill Sam K. Barrows."

"With what? Your hard head? You're going to run at him and butt him in the stomach and rupture him to death?"

I told Maury about the .38 pistol.

"Listen, buddy," Maury said in a quiet voice. "If you do that all of us are ruined."

I said nothing.

"This call is costing us plenty," Maury said, "so I'm not going to spend an hour pleading with you like those pastors. You get some sleep and tomorrow call me back, you promise? Promise or I'll call the Seattle police department and have you arrested in your room, so help me god."

"No," I said.

"You have to promise."

I said, "Okay, Maury. I promise not to do anything tonight." How could I? I had tried and failed already; I was just pacing around.

"Good enough. Listen, Louis. This won't get Pris back. I already thought about it. It'll only wreck her life if you go over there and blast away at the guy. Think about it and I know you'll see. Don't you imagine I'd do it if I thought it would work?"

I shook my head. "I dunno." My head ached and I felt bone-weary. "I just want to go to bed."

"Okay, buddy. You get your rest. Listen. I want you to look around the room. You see if there isn't a table with drawers of some sort. Right? Look in the top drawer. Go on, Louis. Do it right now, while I'm on the

phone. Look in it."

"For what?"

"There's a Bible, there. That society puts it there."

I slammed the phone down.

The bastard, I said to myself. Giving me advice like that.

I wished I had not come to Seattle at all. I was like the Stanton simulacrum, like a machine: propelling itself forward into a universe it did not comprehend, searching Seattle for a familiar corner in which it could perform its customary act. In the Stanton's case, opening a law office; in my case—what in my case? Trying somehow to reestablish a familiar environment, however unpleasant. I was used to Pris and her cruelty; I had even begun to get used—to expect to encounter—Sam K. Barrows and his doxie and his attorney. My instincts were propelling me from the unfamiliar back to the known. It was the only way I could operate. It was like a blind thing flopping along in order to spawn.

I know what I want! I said to myself. I want to join the Sam K. Barrows organization! I want to be a part of it, like Pris; I don't want to shoot him at all!

I'm going over to the other side.

There must be a place for me, I told myself. Maybe not doing the Lunar Fling; I'm not after that. I don't want to go on TV; I'm not interested in seeing my name in lights. I just want to be useful. I want to have my abilities made use of by the big cheese.

Picking up the phone I asked the operator for Ontario, Oregon. I got the operator at Ontario and gave her Maury's home phone number.

The phone rang, and then Maury sleepily answered.

"What did you do, go to bed?" I asked. "Listen, Maury. I had to tell you this, it's right you should know. I'm going over to the other side; I'm joining up with Barrows and the hell with you and my dad and Chester and the Stanton, which is a dictator anyhow and would make life unendurable for us. The only one I regret doing this to is Lincoln. But if he's so all-wise and understanding he'll understand and forgive, like Christ."

"Pardon?" Maury said. He did not seem to comprehend me.

"I sold out," I said.

"No," Maury said, "you're wrong."

"How can I be wrong? What do you mean I'm wrong?"

"If you go over to Barrows, there won't be any R & R ASSOCIATES, so there won't be anything to sell out. We'll simply fold, buddy. You know that." He sounded perfectly calm. "Isn't that a fact?"

"I don't give a damn. I just know that Pris is right; you can't meet a man like Sam Barrows and then forget you met him. He's a star; he's a comet. You either tag along in his wake or you cease for all intents and purposes to exist. It's an emotional hunger inside me, irrational but it's real. It's an instinct. It'll hit you, too, one of these days. He's got magic. Without him we're snails. What's the purpose of life anyhow? To drag along in the dust? You don't live forever. If you can't raise yourself up to the stars you're dead. You know the .38 pistol I have with me? If I can't make it with the Barrows organization I'm going to blow my goddam brains out. I'm not going to be left behind. The instincts inside a person—instincts to live!—are too strong."

Maury was silent. But I could hear him there at the other end.

"Listen," I said, "I'm sorry to wake you up but I had to tell you."

"You're mentally ill," Maury said. "I'm going to—listen, buddy. I'm going to call Doctor Horstowski."

"What for?"

"Have him call you there at your hotel."

"Okay," I said. "I'll get off the line." I hung up, then.

I sat on the bed waiting and sure enough, not twenty mintues later, at about one-thirty in the morning, the phone rang once more.

"Hello," I said into it.

A far-off voice. "This is Milton Horstowski."

"Louis Rosen, Doctor."

"Mr. Rock called me." A long pause. "How are you feeling, Mr. Rosen? Mr. Rock said you seemed upset about something."

"Listen, you Government employee," I said, "this is no business of yours. I had a beef with my partner, Maury Rock, and that's it. I'm now in Seattle on my way to linking up with a much bigger and more progressive organization; you recall my mentioning Sam K. Barrows?"

"I know who he is."

"Is that so crazy?"

"No," Doctor Horstowski said. "Not on the face of it."

"I told that about the gun to Maury just to get his goat. It's late and I'm a little stewed. Sometimes when you break up a partnership it's hard psychologically." I waited but Horstowski said nothing. "I guess I'll turn in now. Maybe when I get back to Boise I'll drop in and see you; this is all very hard on me. Pris went and joined the Barrows organization, you know."

"Yes I know. I'm still in touch with her."

"She's quite a girl," I said. "I'm beginning to think I'm in love with her. Could that be? I mean, a person of my psychological type?"

"It's possible."

"Well, I guess that's probably what's happened. I can't live without Pris, so that's why I'm in Seattle. But I still say I made up that about the gun; you can quote me to Maury to that effect if it'll calm him. I was just trying to show him I'm serious. You get it?"

"Yes, I think so," Doctor Horstowski said.

We talked on to no point for a while longer, and then he rang off. As soon as I had hung up I said to myself, The guy'll probably phone the Seattle police or the FBMH here. I can't take the chance; he just might.

So I began packing my things as fast as I could. I got everything into the suitcase and then I left the room; I took the elevator downstairs to the main floor, and, at the desk, I asked for my bill.

"You weren't displeased with anything, were you, Mr. Rosen?" the night clerk asked me as the girl computed the charges.

"Naw," I said. "I managed to contact the person I came here to meet and he wants me to spend the night at his place."

I paid the bill—it was quite moderate—and then called a taxi. The doorman carried my suitcase out and stuffed it in the trunk of the cab; I tipped him a couple of dollars and a moment later the cab shot out into the surprisingly dense traffic.

When we passed a likely-looking modern motel I took note of the location; I had the cab stop a few blocks beyond it, paid the driver, and then on foot walked back. I told the motel owner that my car had broken down—I was driving through Seattle on business—and I registered under the name James W. Byrd, a name I made up on the spot. I paid in advance—eighteen-fifty—and then, with the motel key in my hand, set off for room 6.

It was pleasant, clean and bright, just what I wanted; I at once turned in and was soon sound asleep. They won't get me now, I remember saying to myself as I drifted off. I'm safe. And tomorrow I'll get hold of Sam Barrows and give him the news that I'm coming over.

And then, I remember thinking, I'll be

back with Pris again; I'll get in on her rise to fame. I'll be there to see the whole thing. Maybe we'll get married. I'll tell her how I feel about her, that I'm in love with her. She's probably twice as beautiful now as she was before, now that Barrows has gotten hold of her. And if Barrows competes with me, I'll wipe him out of existence. I'll atomize him with methods hitherto unglimpsed. He won't stand in my way; I'm not kidding.

Thinking that, I drifted off.

The sun woke me at eight o'clock, shining in on me and the bed and the room. I had not pulled the curtains. Cars parked in a row outside gleamed and reflected the sun. It looked like a nice day.

What had I thought the night before? My thoughts while going to sleep came back to me. Nutty, wild thoughts, all about marrying Pris and killing Sam Barrows, kid's thoughts. When you're going to sleep you revert to childhood, no doubt of it. I felt ashamed.

And yet, basically I stuck to my position. I had come to get Pris and if Barrows tried to stand in my way—too bad for him.

I had run amock, but I did not intend to back down. Sanity prevailed, now that it was daylight; I padded into the bathroom and took a long cold shower, but even the light of day did not dispel my deep convictions. I just worked them about until they were more rational, more convincing, more practical.

First, I had to approach Barrows in the proper manner; I had to conceal my actual feelings, my real motive. I had to hide anything to do with Pris; I would tell him that I wanted to go to work for him, maybe help design the simulacrum—bring all the knowledge and experience I had built up from my years with Maury and Jerome. But no hint about Pris because if he caught even the slightest note, there—

You're shrewd, Sam K. Barrows, I said to myself. But you can't read my mind. And it won't show on my face; I'm too experienced, too much a professional, to give myself away.

As I dressed, tying my tie, I practiced in front of the mirror. My face was absolutely impassive; no one would have guessed that inside me my heart was being gnawed away, eaten at by the worm of desire: love for Pris Frauenzimmer or Womankind or whatever she called herself now.

That's what's meant by maturity, I said to myself as I sat on the bed shining my shoes. Being able to concelyour real feelings, being able to erect a mask. Being able even to fool a big man like Barrows. If you can do that, you've made it.

Otherwise, you're finished. The whole secret's there.

There was a phone in the motel room. I went out and had breakfast, ham and eggs, toast, coffee, everything including juice. Then, at nine-thirty I returned to my motel room and got out the Seattle phonebook. I spent a good long time examining the listings of Barrows' various enterprises, until I found the one at which I thought he would be. I then dialed.

"Northwest Electronics," the girl said brightly. "Good morning."

"Is Mr. Barrows in yet?"

"Yes sir, but he's on the other phone."

"I'll wait."

The girl said brightly, "I'll give you his secretary." A long pause and then another voice, also a woman's but much lower and older-sounding.

"Mr. Barrows' office. Who is calling, please?"

I said, "I'd like an appointment to see Mr. Barrows. This is Louis Rosen, I flew into Seattle from Boise last night; Mr. Barrows knows me."

"Just a moment." A long pause. Then the woman again. "Mr. Barrows will speak with you now; go ahead, sir."

"Hello," I said.

"Hello," Barrows' voice came in my ear. "How are you, Rosen? What can I do for you?" He sounded cheerful.

"How's Pris?" I said, taken by surprise to find myself actually speaking to him.

"Pris is fine. How're your father and brother?"

"Fine."

"That must be interesting, to have a brother whose face is on upside down; I wish I could have met him. Why don't you drop by for a moment, while you're here in Seattle? Around one this afternoon."

"Around one," I said.

"Okay. Thanks and bye-bye."

"Barrows," I said, "are you going to marry Pris?"

There was no answer.

"I'm going to shoot you," I said.

"Aw, for god's sake!"

"Sam, I've got a Japanese-made all-transistorized encephalotropic floating anti-personnel mine in my possession." That was how I was thinking of my .38 pistol. "And I'm going to release it in the Seattle area. Do you know what that means?"

"Uh, no not exactly. Encephalotropic ... doesn't that have something to do with the brain?"

"Yes, Sam. *Your* brain. Maury and I recorded your brain-pattern when you were at our office in Ontario. That was a mistake on your part to go there. The mine will seek you out and detonate. Once I release it there's no holding it back; it's curtains for you."

"Awfrgawdsake!"

"Pris is in love with me," I said. "She told me one night when she drove me home. Get away from her or you're finished. You know how old she is? You want to know?"

"Eighteen."

I slammed down the phone.

I'm going to kill him, I said to myself. I really am. He's got my girl. God knows what he's doing with her and to her.

Dialing the phone once more I got the same bright-voiced switchboard operator. "Northwest Electronics, good morning."

"I was just talking to Mr. Barrows."

"Oh, were you cut off? I'll put you through again, sir; just a moment."

"Tell Mr. Barrows," I said to her, "that I'm coming to get him with my advanced technology. Will you tell him that? Goodbye." Once more I hung up.

He'll get the message, I said to myself. Maybe I should have told him to bring Pris over here, or something like that. Would he do that, to save his hide? Goddam you, Barrows!

I know he would do that, I said to myself. He'd give her up to save himself; I could get her back any time. She didn't mean that much to him; she was just another pretty young woman to him. I was the only one really in love with her for what she actually, uniquely was.

Once more I dialed.

"Northwest Electronics, good morning."

"Put me through to Mr. Barrows again, please."

A series of clicks.

"Miss Wallace, Mr. Barrows' secretary. Who is calling?"

"This is Louis Rosen. Let me talk to Sam again."

A pause. "Just a moment, Mr. Rosen."

I waited.

"Hello, Louis." Sam Barrows' voice. "Well, you're really stirring up things, aren't you?" He chuckled. "I called the Army arsenal down the Coast and there really is such a thing as an encephalotropic mine. How'd you get hold of one? I'll bet you don't have one really."

"Turn Pris over to me," I said, "and I'll spare you."

"Come on, Rosen."

"I'm not spoofing." My voice shook. "You think this is a game? I'm at the end of my rope; I'm in love with her and nothing else matters to me."

"Jesus Christ."

"Will you do that?" I yelled. "Or do I have to come and get you?" My voice broke; I was screeching. "I've got all kinds of Service weapons here with me, from when I was overseas; I mean business!" In the back of my mind a calm part of me thought, The bastard will give her up; I know what a coward he is.

Barrows said, "Calm down."

"Okay, I'm coming to get you, and with all the technological improvements at my disposal."

"Now listen, Rosen. I suppose Maury Rock egged you into this. I talked it over with Dave and he assured me that the statutory rape charge has no meaning if—"

"I'll kill you if you raped her," I screamed into the phone. And, in the back of my mind, the calm, sardonic voice was smirking and saying, That's giving it to the bastard. The calm, sardonic voice laughed delightedly; it was having a grand time. "You hear me?" I screamed.

Presently Barrows said, "You're psychotic, Rosen. I'm going to call Maury; at least he's sane. Look, I'll call him and tell him Pris is flying back to Boise."

"When?" I screamed.

"Today. But not with you. And I think you should see a Government psychiatrist, you're very ill."

"Okay," I said, more quietly. "Today. But I'm staying here until Maury calls me and says she's in Boise." I hung up, then.

Wow.

I tottered away from the phone, went into the bathroom and washed my face with cold water.

So behaving in an irrational and uncontrolled manner paid off! What a thing to learn at my age. I had gotten Pris back! I had scared him into believing I was a madman. And wasn't that actually the truth? I really was out of my head; look at my conduct. The loss of Pris had driven me insane.

After I had calmed down I returned to the phone and called Maury at the factory in Boise. "Pris is coming back. You call me as soon as she arrives. I'll stay here. I scared Barrows; I'm stronger than he is."

Maury said, "I'll believe it when I see her."

"The man's terrified of me. Petrified—he couldn't wait to get her off his hands. You don't realize what a raving maniac I was turned into by the terrible stress of the situation." I gave him the phone number of the motel.

"Did Horstowski call you last night?"

"Yes," I said, "but he's incompetent. You wasted all that money, as you said. I've got nothing but contempt for him and when I get back I'm going to tell him so."

"I admire your cool poise," Maury said.

"You're right to admire it; my cool poise, as you call it, got Pris back. Maury, I'm in love with her."

After a long silence Maury said, "Listen, she's a child."

"I mean to marry her. I'm not another Sam Barrows."

"I don't care who or what you are!" Now Maury was yelling. "You can't marry her; she's a baby. She has to go back to school. Get away from my daughter, Louis!"

"We're in love. You can't come between us. Call me as soon as she sets foot in Boise; otherwise I'm going to give it to Sam K. Barrows and maybe her and myself, if I have to."

"Louis," Maury said in a slow, careful

voice, "you need Federal Bureau of Mental Health help, honest to god, you do. I wouldn't let Pris marry you for all the money on Earth or for any other reason. I wish you had let things lie. I wish you hadn't gone to Seattle. I wish she was staying with Barrows; yes, better Pris should be with Barrows than you. What can you give her? Look at all the things Sam Barrows can give a girl!"

"He made her into a prostitute, that's what he gave her."

"I don't care!" Maury shouted. "That's just talk, a word, nothing more. You get back here to Boise. Our partnership is off. You have to get out of R & R ASSOCIATES. I'm calling Sam Barrows and telling him I have nothing to do with you; I want him to keep Pris."

"Goddam you," I said.

"You as my son-in-law? You think I gave birth to her—in a manner of speaking—so she could marry you? What a laugh. You're absolutely nothing! Get out of here!"

"Too bad," I said. But I felt numb. "I want to marry her," I repeated.

"Did you *tell* Pris you're going to marry her?"

"No, not yet."

"She'll spit in your face."

"So what."

"So what? So who wants you? Who needs you? Just your defective brother Chester and your senile father. I'm talking to Abraham Lincoln and finding out how to end our relationship forever." The phone clicked; he had hung up on me.

I could not believe it. I sat on the unmade bed, staring at the floor. So Maury, like Pris, was after the big time, the big money. Bad blood, I said to myself. Carried by the genes.

I should have known. She had to get it somewhere.

What do I do now? I asked myself.

Blow my brains out and make everyone happy; they can do fine without me, like Maury said.

But I did not feel like doing that; the cold calm voice inside me, the instinctive voice, said no. *Fight them all,* it said. *Take them all on* ... Pris and Maury, Sam Barrows, Stanton, the Lincoln; stand up and fight.

What a thing to find out about your partner: how he really feels about you, how he looks at you secretly. God, what a dreadful thing—the truth.

I'm glad I found out, I said to myself. No wonder he threw himself into the Civil War Soldier Babysitter simulacrum; he was *glad* his daughter had gone off to be Sam K. Barrows' mistress. He was proud. He read that *Marjorie Morningstar,* too.

Now I know what makes the world up, I said to myself. I know what people are like, what they prize in this life. It's enough to make you drop down dead right on the spot, or at least go and commit yourself.

But I won't give up, I said to myself. I want Pris and I'm going to get her away from Maury and Sam Barrows and all the rest of them. Pris is mine, she belongs to me. I don't care what she or they or anybody else thinks. I don't care what evil prize of this world they're busy hungering after; all I know is what my instinctive inner voice says. It says: Get Pris Frauenzimmer away from them and marry her. She was destined from the start to be Mrs. Louis Rosen of Ontario, Oregon.

That was my vow.

Picking up the phone I once more dialed.

"Northwest Electronics, good morning."

"Give me Mr. Barrows again. This is Louis Rosen."

A pause. Then the deeper-voiced woman. "Miss Wallace."

"Let me talk to Sam."

"Mr. Barrows has gone out. Who is calling?"

"This is Louis Rosen. Tell Mr. Barrows to have Miss Frauenzimmer—"

"Who?"

"Miss Womankind, then. Tell Barrows to send her over to my motel in a taxi." I gave her the address, reading it from the doorkey. "Tell him not to put her on a plane for Boise. Tell him if he doesn't I'm coming in there and get her."

There was silence. Then Miss Wallace said, "I can't tell him anything because he's not here, he went home, he honestly did."

"I'll call him at home, then. Give me his number."

In a squeaky voice Miss Wallace gave me the phone number. I knew it already; I had called it the night before.

I jiggled the hook and called that number.

Pris answered the phone.

"This is Louis," I said. "Louis Rosen."

"For goodness sakes," Pris said, taken by surprise. "Where are you? You sound so close." She seemed nervous.

"I'm here in Seattle. I flew in by TWA last night; I'm here to rescue you from Sam Barrows."

"Oh my god."

"Listen, Pris. Stay where you are; I'm driving right on over. Okay? You understand?"

"Oh no," Pris said. "Louis—" Her voice became hard. "Wait just a second. I talked to Horstowski this morning; he told me about you and your catatonic rampage; he warned me about you."

"Tell Sam to put you in a cab and send you over here," I said.

"I thought you were Sam calling."

"If you don't come with me," I said, "I'm going to kill you."

"No you're not," she said in a hard calm voice; she had regained her deadly cold poise. "You just try. You low-class creep."

I was stunned. "Listen," I began.

"You prole. You goofball. Drop dead, if you think you're going to horn in. I know all about what you're up to; you fat-assed fart-faces can't design your simulacrum without me, can you? So you want me back. Well go to hell. And if you try to come around here I'll scream you're raping me or killing me and you'll spend the rest of your life in jail. So think about that." She ceased, then, but she did not hang up; I could hear her there. She was waiting, with relish, to hear what I had—if anything—to say.

"I'm in love with you," I told her.

"Go take a flying fling. Oh, here's Sam at the door. Get off the phone. And don't call me Pris. My name's Pristine, Pristine Womankind. Go back to Boise and dabble with your poor little stunted secondrate simulacra, as a favor to me, please?" Again she waited and again I could think of nothing to say; nothing anyhow that was worth saying. "Goodbye, you low-class poor ugly nothing," Pris said in a matter-of-fact voice. "And please don't annoy me with phone calls in the future. Save it for some greasy woman who wants you to paw her. If you can manage to find one that greasy, ugly and low-class." This time the phone clicked; she had at last hung up, and I shook with relief. I trembled and quaked at having gotten off the phone and away from her, away from the calm, stinging, accusing, familiar voice.

Pris, I thought. I love you. Why? What have I done to be driven toward you? What twisted instinct is it?

I sat down on the bed and closed my eyes.

fourteen

There was nothing to do but return to Boise.

I had been defeated—not by powerful, experienced Sam K. Barrows, not by my partner Maury Rock, either, but by

eighteen-year-old Pris. There was no use hanging around Seattle.

What lay ahead for me? Back to R & R ASSOCIATES, make peace with Maury, resume where I had left off. Back to work on the Civil War Soldier Babysitter. Back to working for harsh, grim, bad-tempered Edwin M. Stanton. Back to having to put up with interminable readings-aloud by the Lincoln simulacrum from *Winnie the Pooh* and *Peter Pan*. Once more the smell of Corina Lark cigars, and now and then the sweeter smell of my father's A & Cs. The world I had left, the electronic organ and spinet factory at Boise, our office in Ontario...

And there was always the possibility that Maury would not let me come back , that he was serious about breaking up the partnership. So I might find myself without even the same drab world I had known and left; I might not even have that to look forward to.

Maybe now was the time. The moment to get out the .38 and blow off the top of my head. Instead of returning to Boise.

The metabolism of my body was speeding up and slowing down; I was breaking up due to centrifigal force and at the same time I groped out, trying to catch hold of everything near me. Pris had me, and yet in the instant of having me she flung me away, ejected me in a fit of cursing and retching. It was as if the magnet attracted particles which it simultaneously repelled; I was caught in a deadly oscillation.

Meanwhile Pris continued on without noticing.

The meaning of my life was at last clear to me. I was doomed to loving something beyond life itself, a cruel, cold and sterile thingthing—Pris Frauenzimmer. It would have been better to hate the entire world.

In view of the near-hopelessness of my situation I decided to try one final measure. Before I gave up I would try the Lincoln simulacrum. It had helped before; maybe it could help me now.

"This is Louis again," I said when I had gotten hold of Maury. "I want you to drive the Lincoln to the airfield and put it on a rocket flight to Seattle right now. I want the loan of it for about twenty-four hours."

He put up a rapid, frantic argument; we fought it out for half an hour. But at last he gave in; when I hung up the phone I had his promise that the Lincoln would be on the Seattle Boeing 900 by nightfall.

Exhausted, I lay down to recover. If it can't find this motel, I decided, it probably wouldn't be of use anyhow . . . I'll lie here and rest.

The irony was that Pris had designed it.

Now we'll make back some of our investment, I said to myself. It cost us plenty to build and we didn't manage to make a deal with Barrows; all it does is sit around all day reading aloud and chuckling.

Somewhere in the back of my mind I recalled an anecdote having to do with Abe Lincoln and girls. Some particular girl he had had a crush on in his youth. Successful? For God's sake; I couldn't recall how he had come out. All I could dredge up was that he had suffered a good deal because of it.

Like me, I said to myself. Lincoln and I have a lot in common; women have given us a bad time. So he'd be a sympathetic.

What should I do until the simulacrum arrived? It was risky to stay in my motel room... go to the Seattle public library and read up on Lincoln's courtship and his youth ? I told the motel manager where I'd be if someone looking like Abraham Lincoln came by looking for me, and then I called a cab and started out. I had a large amount of time to kill; it was only ten o'clock in the morning.

There's hope yet, I told myself as the cab carried me through traffic to the library. I'm

not giving up!

Not while I have the Lincoln to help bail me out of my problems. One of the finest presidents in American history, and a superb lawyer as well. Who could ask for more?

If anybody can help me, Abraham Lincoln can.

The reference books in the Seattle public library did not do much to sustain my mood. According to them, Abe Lincoln had been turned down by the girl he loved. He had been so despondent that he had gone into a near-psychotic melancholia for months ; he had almost done away with himself, and the incident had left emotional scars on him for the remainder of his life.

Great, I thought grimly as I closed the books. Just what I need: someone who's a bigger failure than I am.

But it was too late; the simulacrum was on its way from Boise.

Maybe we'll both kill ourselves, I said to myself as I left the library. We'll look over a few old love letters and then—blam, with the .38.

On the other hand, he had been sucessful afterward; he had become a President of the United States. To me, that meant that after nearly killing yourself with grief over a woman you could go on, rise above it, although of course never forget it. It would continue to shape the course of your life; you'd be a deeper, more thoughtful person. I had noticed that melancholy in the Lincoln. Probably I'd go to my grave the same sort of figure.

However, that would take years, and I had right now to consider.

I walked the streets of Seattle until I found a bookstore which sold paperbacks; there I bought a set of Carl Sandburg's version of Lincoln's life and carried it back to my motel room, where I made myself comfortable with a six-pack of beer and a big sack of potato chips.

In particular I scrutinized the part dealing with Lincoln's adolescence and the girl in question, Ann Rutledge. But something in Sandburg's way of writing kept blurring the point; he seemed to talk around the matter. So I left the books, the beer and the potato chips, and took a cab back to the library and the reference books there. It was now early in the afternoon.

The affair with Ann Rutledge. After her death from malaria in 1835—at the age of nineteen—Lincoln had fallen into what the Britannica called "a state of morbid depression which appeared to have given rise to the report that he had a streak of insanity. Apparently he himself felt a terror of this side of his make-up, a terror which is revealed in the most mysterious of his experiences, several years later." That "several years later" was the event in 1841.

In 1840 Lincoln got engaged to a good-looking girl named Mary Todd. He was then twenty-nine. But suddenly, on January first of 1841, he cut off the engagement. A date had been set for the wedding. The bride had on the usual costume; all was in readiness. Lincoln, however, did not show up. Friends went to see what happened. They found him in a state of insanity. And his recovery from this state was very slow. On January twenty-third he wrote to his friend John T. Stuart:

> I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on the earth. Whether I shall ever be better I can not tell; I awfully forebode I shall not. To remain as I am is impossible; I must die or be better, it appears to me.

And in a previous letter to Stuart, dated January 20, Lincoln says:

> I have, within the last few days, been making a most discreditable exhibition of myself in the way of hypochondriacism and thereby got an impression that Dr. Henry is necessary to my existence. Unless he gets that place he leaves Springfield. You therefore see how much I am interested in the matter.

The "matter" is getting Dr. Henry appointed as Postmaster, at Springfield, so he can be around to keep tinkering with Lincoln in order to keep him alive. In other words, Lincoln, at that point in his life, was on the verge of suicide or insanity or both together.

Sitting there in the Seattle public library with all the reference books spread out around me, I came to the conclusion that Lincoln was what they now call a manic-depressive psychotic.

The most interesting comment is made by the Britannica, and goes as follows:

> All his life long there was a certain remoteness in him, a something that made him not quite a realist, but which was so veiled by apparent realism that careless people did not perceive it. He did not care whether they perceived it or not, was willing to drift along, permitting circumstances to play the main part in determining his course and not stopping to split hairs as to whether his earthly attachments sprang from genuine realistic perceptions of affinity or from approximation more or less to the dreams of his spirit.

And then the Britannica commences on the part about Ann Rutledge. It also adds this:

> They reveal the profound sensibility, also the vein of melancholy and unrestrained emotional reaction which came and went, in alternation with boisterous mirth, to the end of his days.

Later, in his political speeches, he engaged in biting sarcasm, a trait, I discovered after research, found in manic-depressives. And the alternation of "boisterous mirth" with "melancholy" is the basis of the manic-depressive classification.

But what undermines this diagnosis of mine is the following ominous note.

> Reticence, degenerating at times into secretiveness, is one of his fixed characteristics.

And:

> ...His capacity for what Stevenson called "a large and genial idleness" is worth considering.

But the most ominous part of all deals with his indecision. Because that isn't a symptom of manic-depression; that's a symptom—if it's a symptom at all—of the introverted psychosis. Of schizophrenia.

It was now five-thirty in the afternoon, time for dinner; I was stiff and my eyes and head ached. I put the reference books away, thanked the librarian, and made my way out onto the cold, wind-swept sidewalk, in search of a place to eat dinner.

Clearly, I had asked Maury for the use of one of the deepest, most complicated humans in history. As I sat in the restaurant

that evening eating dinner—and it was a good dinner—I mulled it over in my mind.

Lincoln was exactly like me. I might have been reading my own biography, there in the library; psychologically we were as alike as two peas in a pod, and by understanding him I understood myself.

Lincoln had taken everything hard. He might have been remote, but he was not dead emotionally; quite the contrary. So he was the opposite of Pris, of the cold schizoid type. Grief, emotional empathy, were written on his face. He fully felt the sorrows of the war, every single death.

So it was hard to believe that what the Britannica called his "remoteness" was a sign of schizophrenia. The same with his well-known indecision. And in addition, I had my own personal experience with him—or to be more exact, with his simulacrum. I didn't catch the *alienness*, the otherness, with the simulacrum that I had caught with Pris.

I had a natural trust and liking for Lincoln, and that was certainly the opposite to what I felt toward Pris. There was something innately good and warm and human about him, a vulnerability. And I knew, by my own experience with Pris, that the schizoid was not vulnerable; he was withdrawn to safety, to a point where he could observe other humans, could watch them in a scientific manner without jeopardizing himself. The essence of someone like Pris lay in the matter of distance. Her main fear, I could see, was of closeness to other people. And that fear bordered on suspicion of them, assigning motives to their actions which they didn't actually have. She and I were so different. I could see she might switch and become paranoid at any time; she had no knowledge of authentic human nature, none of the easy, day-to-day encounter with people that Lincoln had acquired in his youth. In the final analysis, that was what distinquished the two of them. Lincoln knew the paradoxes of the human soul, its great parts, its weak parts, its lusts, its nobility, all the odd-shaped pieces that went to make it up in its almost infinite variety. He had bummed around. Pris—she had an iron-clad rigid schematic view, a blueprint, of mankind. An abstraction. And she lived in it.

No wonder she was impossible to reach.

I finished my dinner, left the tip, paid the bill, and walked back outside onto the dark evening sidewalk. Where now? To the motel once more. I attracted a cab and soon I was riding across town.

When I reached the motel I saw lights on in my room. The manager hurried out of his office and greeted me. "You have a caller. My god, he sure does look like Lincoln, like you said. What is this, a gag or something? I let him in."

"Thanks," I said, and went on into the motel room.

There, in a chair, leaning back with his long legs stuck out before him, sat the Lincoln simulacrum. He was engrossed, unaware of me; he was reading the Carl Sandburg biography. Beside him on the floor rested a little cloth bag: his luggage.

"Mr. Lincoln," I said.

Presently he glanced up, smiled at me. "Good evening, Louis."

"What do you think of the Sandburg book?"

"I have not yet had time to form an opinion." He marked his place in the book, closed it and put it aside. "Maury told me that you are in grave difficulty and required my presence and advice. I hope I have not arrived too lately on the scene."

"No, you made good time. How did you like the flight from Boise?"

"I was taken with astonishment to observe the fast motion of the landscape

beneath. We had hardly risen, when we were already here and landing; and the shepherdess told me that we had gone over a thousand miles."

I was puzzled. "Oh. Stewardess."

"Yes. Forgive my stupidity."

"Can I pour you a drink?" I indicated the beer, but the simulacrum shook its head no.

"I would prefer to decline. Why don't you present me with your problems, Louis, and we will see at once what is to be done." With a sympathetic expression the simulacrum waited to hear.

I seated myself facing him. But I hesitated. After what I had read today I wondered if I wanted to consult him after all. Not because I did not have faith in his opinions—but because my problem might stir up his own buried sorrows. My situation was too much like his own with Ann Rutledge.

"Go ahead, Louis."

"Let me fix myself a beer, first." With the opener I set to work on the can; I fooled with that for a time, wondering what to do.

"Perhaps I should speak, then. During my trip from Boise I had certain meditations on the situation with Mr. Barrows." Bending, he opened his overnight bag and brought out several lined pages on which he had written in pencil. "Do you desire to put great force to bear against Mr. Barrows? So that he will of his own will send back Miss Frauenzimmer, no matter how she may feel about it?"

I nodded.

"Then," the simulacrum said, "telephone this person." He passed me a slip of paper; on it was a name.

SILVIA DEVORAC

I could not for the life of me place the name. I had heard it before but I couldn't make the connection.

"Tell her," the simulacrum went on softly, "that you would like to visit her in her home and discuss a matter of delicacy. A topic having to do with Mr. Barrows ... that will be enough; she will at once invite you over."

"What then?"

"I will accompany you. There will be no problem, I think. You need not resort to any fictitious account with her; you need only describe your relationship with Miss Frauenzimmer, that you represent her father and that you have profound emotional attachments toward the girl yourself."

I was mystified. "Who is this Silvia Devorac?"

"She is the political antagonist of Mr. Barrows; it is she who seeks to condemn the Green Peach Hat housing which he owns and from which he derives enormous rents. She is a socially-inclined lady, given to worthy projects." The simulacrum passed me a handful of newspaper clippings from Seattle papers. "I obtained these through Mr. Stanton's assistance. As you can see from them, Mrs. Devorac is tireless. And she is quite astute."

"You mean," I said, "that this business about Pris being under the age of consent and a mentally-ill ward of the Federal Government—"

"I mean, Louis, that Mrs. Devorac will know what to do with the information which you bring to her."

After a moment I said, "Is it worth it?" I felt weighed down. "To do a thing like that..."

"Only God can be certain," the simulacrum said.

"What's your opinion?"

"Pris is the woman whom you love. Is that not the actual fact of the matter? What is there in the world more important to you? Wouldn't you stake your life in this contest? I think you have already, and perhaps, if Maury is correct, the lives of others."

"Hell," I said, "love is an American cult. We take it too seriously; it's practically a national religion."

The simulacrum did not speak. It rocked back and forth instead.

"It's serious to me," I said.

"Then that is what you must consider, not whether it is properly serious to others or not. I think it would be inhuman to retire to a world of rent-values, as Mr. Barrows will do. Is it not the truth that he stands opposite you, Louis? You will succeed precisely on that point: *that to him his feeling for Miss Pris is not serious*. And is that good? Is that more moral or rational? If he felt as you do he would let Mrs. Devorac obtain her condemnation notice; he would marry Pris, and he would, in his own opinion, have obtained the better bargain. But he does not, and that sets him apart from his humanity. You would not do that, you would—and are—staking all in this. To you, the person you love matters over everything else, and I do think you are right and he wrong."

"Thank you," I said. "You know, you certainly have a deep understanding of what the proper values in life are; I have to hand it to you. I've met a lot of people but I mean, you go right to the core of things."

The simulacrum reached out and patted me on the shoulder. "I think there is a bond between us, Louis. You and I have much in common."

"I know," I said. "We're alike."

We were both deeply moved.

fifteen

For some time the Lincoln simulacrum coached me as to exactly what I should say on the phone to Mrs. Silvia Devorac. I practiced it again and again, but a dreadful foreboding filled me.

However at last I was ready. I got her number from the Seattle phonebook and dialed. Presently a melodious, cultivated, middle-aged type of woman's voice said in my ear.

"Yes?"

"Mrs. Devorac? I'm sorry to bother you. I'm interested in Green Peach Hat and your project to have it torn down. My name is Louis Rosen and I'm from Ontario, Oregon."

"I had no idea our committee had attracted notice that far away."

"What I was wondering is, can I drop over with my attorney for a few minutes to your house and chat with you?"

"Your attorney! Oh goodness, is anything wrong?"

"There is something wrong," I said, "but not with your committee. It has to do—" I glanced at the simulacrum; it nodded yes to me. "Well," I said heavily, "it has to do with Sam K. Barrows."

"I see."

"I know Mr. Barrows through an unfortunate business association which I had with him in Ontario. I thought possibly you could give me some assistance."

"You do have an attorney, you say ... I don't know what I could do for you that he can't." Mrs. Devorac's voice was measured and firm. "But you're welcome to drop by if we can keep it down to, say, half an hour; I have guests expected at eight."

Thanking her, I rang off.

The Lincoln said, "That was satisfactorily done, Louis." It rose to its feet. "We shall go at once, by cab." It started toward the door.

"Wait," I said.

At the door it glanced back at me.

"I can't do it."

"Then," the simulacrum said, "let us go for a walk instead." It held the door open for me. "Let us enjoy the night air, it smells of mountains."

Together the two of us walked up the dark sidewalk.

"What do you think will become of Miss Pris?" the simulacrum asked.

"She'll be okay. She'll stay with Barrows; he'll give her everything she wants out of life."

At a service station the simulacrum halted. "You will have to call Mrs. Devorac back to tell her we are not coming." There was an outdoor public phonebooth.

Shutting myself in the booth I dialed Mrs. Devorac's number once more. I felt even worse than I had earlier; I could hardly get my finger into the proper slots.

"Yes?" the courteous voice came in my ear.

"This is Mr. Rosen again. I'm sorry but I'm afraid I don't have my facts completely in order yet, Mrs. Devorac."

"And you want to put off seeing me until a later time?"

"Yeah."

"That's perfectly all right. Any time that's convenient for you. Mr. Rosen, before you ring off—have you ever been to Green Peach Hat?"

"Naw."

"It is quite bad."

"I'm not surprised."

"Please try to visit it."

"Okay, I will," I told her.

She rang off. I stood holding the receiver and then at last I hung it up and walked out of the phonebooth.

The Lincoln was nowhere in sight.

Has he gone off? I asked myself. Am I alone, now? I peered into the darkness of the Seattle night.

The simulacrum sat inside the building of the service station, in a chair opposite the boy in the white uniform; rocking the chair back and forth it chatted amiably. I opened the door. "Let's go," I said. The simulacrum said goodnight to the boy and together the two of us walked on in silence.

"Why not drop by and visit Miss Pris?" the simulacrum said.

"Oh no," I said, horrified. "There may be a flight back to Boise tonight; if so we should take it."

"She frightens you. In any case we would not find her and Mr. Barrows home; they no doubt are out enjoying themselves in the public eye. The lad in the fuel station tells me that world-famous people of the entertainment arts, some even from Europe, appear in Seattle and perform. I believe he said that Earl Grant is here now. Is he esteemed?"

"Very."

"The lad said they generally appear but one night and then fly on. Since Mr. Grant is here tonight I would suppose he was not here last night, and so possibly Mr. Barrows and Miss Pris are attending him perform."

"He sings," I said, "and very well."

"Do we have enough money to go?"

"Yes."

"Why not, then?"

I gestured. Why not? "I don't want to," I said.

The simulacrum said softly, "I journeyed a great distance to be of assistance to you, Louis. I think in exchange you should do me a favor; I would enjoy hearing Mr. Grant rendering the songs of the day. Would you be obliging enough to accompany me?"

"You're deliberately putting me on the spot."

"I want you to visit the place where you will most likely see Mr. Barrows and Miss Pris."

Evidently I had no choice. "All right, we'll go." I began to look up and down the street for a taxi, feeling bitter.

An enormous crowd had turned out to hear the legendary Earl Grant; we were barely able to squeeze in. However, there

was no sign of Pris and Sam Barrows. We seated ourselves at the bar, ordered drinks, and watched from there. They probably won't show up, I said to myself. I felt a little better. One chance in a thousand...

"He sings beautifully," the simulacrum said, between numbers.

"Yeah."

"The Negro has music in his bones."

I glanced at it. Was it being sarcastic? That banal remark, that cliche—but it had a serious expression on its face. In its time, perhaps, the remark had not meant what it did now. So many years had gone by.

"I recall," the simulacrum said, "my trips to New Orleans when a boy. I first experienced the Negro and his pitiable condition, then. It was in, I believe, 1826. I was astonished at the Spanish nature of that city; it was totally different from the America I had grown up in."

"That was when Denton Offcutt engaged you? That peddler?"

"You are well-apprised of my early life." It seemed puzzled at my knowledge.

"Hell," I said, "I looked it up. In 1835 Ann Rutledge died. In 1841—" I broke off. Why had I mentioned that? I could have kicked myself around the block. The simulacrum's face, even in the gloom of the bar, showed pain and deep, pervasive shock. "I'm sorry," I said.

Meantime, thank god, Grant had begun another number. It was a mild, sorrowful blues, however. Feeling increasingly nervous, I waved the bartender over and ordered myself a double Scotch.

Broodingly, the simulacrum sat hunched over, its legs drawn up so that it could place its feet on the rungs of the barstool. After Earl Grant had finished singing it remained silent, as if unaware of its surroundings. Its face was blank and downcast.

"I'm sorry to have depressed you," I said to it; I was beginning to worry about it.

"It is not your fault; these moods come upon me. I am, do you know, grossly superstitious. Is that a fault? In any case I cannot prevent it; it is a part of me." Its words emerged haltingly, as if with vast effort; as if, I thought, it could hardly find the energy in it to speak.

"Have another drink," I said, and then I discovered that it had not touched its first and only drink.

The simulacrum mutely shook its head no.

"Listen," I said, "let's get out of here and on the rocket flight; let's get back to Boise." I jumped from my stool. "*Come on.*"

The simulacrum remained where it was.

"Don't get so down in the dumps. I should have realized—blues singing affects everyone that way."

"It is not the colored man's singing," the simulacrum said. "It is my own self. Don't blame him or it, Louis, nor yourself. On the flight here I saw down onto the wild forests and thought to myself of my early days and the travels of my family and especially of the death of my mother and our trip to Illinois by oxen."

"For chrissakes, this place is too gloomy; let's take a cab to the Sea-Tac Airport and—" I broke off.

Pris and Sam had entered the room; a waitress was showing them to a reserved table.

Seeing them the simulacrum smiled. "Well, Louis, I should have heeded you. Now it is too late, I fear."

I stood rigid by my barstool.

sixteen

In a low voice in my ear the Lincoln simulacrum said, "Louis, you must climb back up on your stool."

Nodding, I clumsily got back up. Pris—she glowed. Stunning in one of the

new Total Glimpse dresses ... her hair had been cut much shorter and brushed back and she wore a peculiar eyeshadow which made her eyes seem huge and black. Barrows, with his pool-ball shaved head and jovial, jerky manner, appeared the same as always; business-like and brisk, grinning, he accepted the menu and began ordering.

She is astonishingly lovely," the simulacrum said to me.

"Yes," I said. Around us the men seated at the bar—and the women too—had paused to give her the once-over. I couldn't blame them.

"You must take action," the simulacrum said to me. "You cannot leave now, I fear, and you cannot stay as you are. I will go over to their table and tell them that you have an appointment with Mrs. Devorac later in the evening, and that is all I can do for you; the rest, Louis, is on your shoulders." It stepped long-legged from the stool and made its way from the bar before I could stop it.

It reached Barrows' table and bent down, resting its hand on Barrows' shoulder, and spoke to him.

At once Barrows twisted to face me. Pris also turned; her dark cold eyes glittered.

The Lincoln returned to the bar. "Go over to them, Louis."

Automatically I got down and threaded my way among the tables, over to Barrows and Pris. They stared. Probably they believed I had my .38 with me, but I did not; it was back at the motel. I said, "Sam, you're finished. I've got all the dope ready for Silvia." I examined my wristwatch. "Too bad for you, but it's too late for you now; you had your chance and you muffed it."

"Sit down, Rosen."

I seated myself at their table.

The waitress brought martinis for Barrows and Pris.

"We've built our first simulacrum," Barrows said.

"Oh? Who's it of?"

"George Washington, the Father of Our Country."

I said, "It's a shame to see your empire crumbling in ruins."

"I don't get what you mean but I'm glad I ran into you," Barrows said. "It's an opportunity to thrash out a few misunderstandings." To Pris he said, "I'm sorry to discuss business, dear, but it's good luck to run across Louis here; do you mind?"

"Yes I mind. If he doesn't leave, you and I are finished."

Barrows said, "You get so violent , dear. This is a minor point but an interesting one that I'd like to settle with Rosen, here. If you're so dissatisfied I can send you home in a cab."

In her flat, remote tone Pris said, "I'm not going to be sent off. If you try to get rid of me you'll find yourself in the bucket so fast it'll make your head spin."

We both regarded her. Beyond the beautiful dress, hair-do and make-up it was the same old Pris.

"I think I will send you home," Barrows said.

"No," she said.

Barrows beckoned to the waitress. "Will you have a cab—"

"You screwed me before witnesses," Pris said.

Blanching, Barrows waved the waitress away. "Now look." His hands were trembling. "Do you want to sit and have the vichyssoise and be quiet? Can you be quiet?"

"I'll say what I want, when I want."

"What witnesses?" Barrows managed to smile. "Dave Blunk? Colleen Nild?" His smile strengthened. "Go on, dear."

"You're a dirty aging middle-aged man who likes to peep up girls' skirts," Pris said.

"You ought to be behind bars." Her voice, although not loud, was so dstinct that several people at nearby tables turned their heads. "You put it in me once too often," Pris said. "And I can tell you this: it's a wonder you can get it up at all. It's so little and flaccid. You're just too old and flaccid, you old fairy."

Barrows winced, grinned twistedly. "Anything else?"

"No," Pris said. "You have all those people bought so they won't be witnesses against you."

"Anything else?"

She shook her head, panting.

Turning to me Barrows said, "Now. Go ahead." He seemed still to have his poise. It was amazing; he could endure anything.

I said, "Shall I contact Mrs. Devorac or not? It's up to you."

Glancing at his wristwatch Barrows said, "I'd like to consult with my legal people. Would it offend you if I telephoned Dave Blunk to come over here?"

"All right," I said, knowing that Blunk would advise him to give in.

Excusing himself, Barrows went off to phone. While he was gone Pris and I sat facing each other without speaking. At last he returned and Pris met him with a forlorn, suspicious expression. "What vicious thing are you up to, Sam?" she said.

Sam Barrows did not answer. He leaned back comfortably.

"Louis, he's done something," Pris said with a wild glance all around. "Can't you tell? Don't you know him well enough to see? Oh, Louis!"

"Don't worry," I said, but now I felt uneasy, and at the bar I noticed that the Lincoln was stirring about restlessly and frowning. Had I made a mistake? Too late now; I had agreed.

"Will you step over here?" I called to the simulacrum. It rose at once and came over, stooping to hear. "Mr. Barrows is waiting to consult with his attorney."

Seating itself the simulacrum pondered. "I suppose there is no harm in that."

We all waited. Half an hour later Dave Blunk appeared, threading his way to us. With him was Colleen Nild, dressed up, and after her a third person, a young man with crewcut and bow-tie, an alert, eager expression on his face.

Who is this man? I wondered. *What is going on?* And my uneasiness grew.

"Sorry we're late," Blunk said as he seated Mrs. Nild. Both he and the bow-tied young man seated themselves. No one introduced anyone.

This must be some employee of Barrows, I said to myself. Could this be the punk who would fulfill the formality of a legal marriage with Pris?

Seeing me staring at the man, Barrows spoke up. "This is Johnny Booth. Johnny, I want you to meet Louis Rosen."

The young man nodded hastily. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Rosen." He ducked his head to the others in turn. "Hi. Hi there. How are you?"

"Wait a minute." I felt cold all over. "This is John Booth? John Wilkes Booth?"

"You hit the nail on the head," Barrows said.

"But he doesn't look anything like John Wilkes Booth." It was a simulacrum and a terrible one at that. I had just been browsing in the reference books; John Wilkes Booth had been a theatrical, dramatic-looking individual—this was just another ordinary flunky type, a ***nebbish***, the kind you see in the downtown business sections of every major city in the United States. "Don't put me on," I said. "This is your first effort? I've got news for you; better go back and try again."

But all the time I was talking I was staring at the simulacrum in terror, for despite its

foolish appearance it worked; it was a success in the technical sense, and what a dreadful omen that was for us, for every one of us: the John Wilkes Booth simulacrum! I couldn't help glancing sideways at the Lincoln to see its reaction. Did it know what this meant?

The Lincoln had said nothing. But the lines of its face had deepened, the twilight of melancholy which always to some degree hung over it. It seemed to know what was in store for it, what this new simulacrum portended.

I couldn't believe that Pris could design such a thing. And then I realized that of course she hadn't; that was why it had, really, no face. Only Bundy had been involved. Through him they had developed the inner workings and then they had crammed it into this mass-man container which sat here at the table smiling and nodding, a typical Ja-Sager, a yes man. They hadn't even ***attempted*** to recreate the authentic Booth appearance, perhaps hadn't even been interested; it was a rush job, done for a specific purpose.

"We'll continue our discussion," Barrows said.

Dave Blunk nodded, the John Wilkes Booth nodded. Mrs. Nild examined a menu. Pris was staring at the new simulacrum as if turned to stone. So I was right; it was a surprise to her. While she had been out being wined and dined, dressed up in new clothes, slept with and prettified, Bob Bundy had been off in some workshop of the Barrows organization, hammering away on this contraption.

"All right," I said. "Let's continue."

"Johnny," Barrows said to his simulacrum, "by the way, this tall man with the beard, this is Abe Lincoln. I was telling you about him, remember?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Barrows," the Booth thing said instantly, with a wide-awake nod. "I

remember distinctly."

I said, "Barrows, it's a phony business you have here; this is just an assassin with the name 'Booth,' he doesn't look or talk right and you know it. This is phony, lousy and phony from the bottom up, it makes me sick. I feel shame for you."

Barrows shrugged.

To the Booth thing I said, "Say something out of Shakespeare."

It grinned back in its busy, silly way.

"Say something in Latin, then," I said to it.

It went on grinning.

"How many hours did it take to whip this nothing up?" I said to Barrows. "Half a morning? Where's any painstaking fidelity to detail? Where's craftsmanship gone? All that's left is schlock, the killer-instinct planted in this contraption—right?"

Barrows said, "I think you will want to withdraw your threat to contact Mrs. Devorac, in view of Johnny Booth, here."

"How's he going to do it?" I said. "With a poison ring? With bacteriological warfare?"

Dave Blunk laughed. Mrs. Nild smiled. The Booth thing went right along with the others, grinning emptily, taking its cue from its boss. Mr. Barrows had them all on strings and he was jerking away with all his might.

Staring at the Booth simulacrum Pris had become almost unrecognizable. She had become gaunt; her neck was stretched out like a fowl's and her eyes were glazed and full of splintered light.

"Listen," she said. She pointed at the Lincoln. "I built that."

Barrows eyed her.

"It's mine," Pris said. To the Lincoln she said, "Did you know that? That my father and I built you?"

"Pris," I said, "for god's sake—"

"Be quiet," she said to me.

"Stay out of this," I said to her. "This is between I and Mr. Barrows." I was shaking. "Maybe you mean well and I realize you had nothing to do with building this Booth thing. And you—"

"For christ's sake," Pris said to me, "shut up." She faced Barrows. "You had Bob Bundy build that thing to destroy the Lincoln and you very carefully kept me from knowing. You crud. I'll never forgive you for this."

Barrows said, "What's eating you, Pris? Don't tell me you're having an affair with the Lincoln simulacrum." He frowned at her.

"I won't see my work killed," Pris said.

Barrows said, "Maybe you will."

In a heavy voice the Lincoln said, "Miss Pris, I do think that Mr. Rosen is correct. You should allow him and Mr. Barrows to discover the solution to their problem."

"I can solve this," Pris said. Bending down, she fumbled with something under the table. I could not imagine what she was up to, nor could Barrows; all of us, in fact, sat rigid. Pris emerged, holding one of her high heeled shoes, brandishing it with the metal heel out.

"Goddam you," she said to Barrows.

Barrows started from his chair. "No," he said, holding up his hand.

The shoe smashed down on the head of the Booth simulacrum. Its heel burst into the thing's head, right behind the ear. "There," Pris said to Barrows, her eyes shining and wet, her mouth a thin controted frantic line.

"Glap," the Booth simulacrum said. Its hands beat jerkily in the air; its feet drummed on the floor. Then it ceased moving. An inner wind convulsed it; its limbs floundered and twitched. It became inert.

I said, "Don't hit it again, Pris." I did not feel able to stand any more. Barrows was saying almost the same thing, muttering at

Pris in a dazed monotone.

"Why should I hit it again?" Pris said matter-of-factly; she withdrew the heel of her shoe from its head, bent down, put her shoe back on again. People at the tables around us stared in amazement.

Barrows got out a white linen handkerchief and mopped his forehead. He started to speak, changed his mind, remained silent.

Gradually the Booth simulacrum began to slide from its chair. I stood up and tried to prop it so that it would remain where it was. Dave Blunk rose, too; together we managed to get it propped upright so that it would not fall. Pris sipped her drink expressionlessly.

To the people at the nearby tables Blunk said, "It's a doll, a life-size doll, for display. Mechanical." For their benefit he showed them the now-visible metal and plastic inner part of the simulacrum's skull. Within the puncture I could see something shining, the damaged ruling monad, I suppose. I wondered if Bob Bundy could repair it. I wondered if I cared whether it could be repaired or not.

Putting out his cigarette Barrows drank his drink, then in a hoarse voice said to Pris, "You've put yourself on bad terms with me, by doing that."

"Then goodbye," Pris said. "Goodbye, Sam K. Barrows, you dirty ugly fairy." She rose to her feet, deliberately knocked over her chair; she walked away from the table, leaving us, going among and past the other tables of people, at last to the checkstand. She got her coat from the girl, there.

Neither Barrows nor I moved.

"She went out the door," Dave Blunk said presently. "I can see the door better than any of you; she's gone."

"What am I going to do with this?" Barrows said to Blunk regarding the dead Booth simulacrum. "We'll have to get it out of here."

"We can get it out between the two of us," Blunk said.

"I'll give you a hand," I said.

Barrows said, "We'll never see her again. Or she might be standing outside on the sidewalk, waiting." To me he said, "Can you tell? I can't; I don't understand her."

I hurried up the aisle along side the bar, past the checkstand; I pushed open the street door. There stood the uniformed doorman. He nodded courteously at me.

There was no sign of Pris.

"What happened to the girl who just came out?" I said.

The doorman gestured. "I don't know sir." He indicated the many cabs, the traffic, the clusters of people like bees near the doorway of the club. "Sorry, couldn't tell."

I looked up and down the sidewalk; I even ran a little in each direction, straining to catch a glimpse of her.

Nothing.

At last I returned to the club and to the table where Barrows and the others sat with the dead, damaged Booth simulacrum. It had slid down in its seat, now, and was leaning to one side, its head lolling, its mouth open; I propped it up again, with Dave Blunk's help.

"You've lost everything," I said to Barrows.

"I've lost nothing."

"Sam's right," Dave Blunk said. "What has he lost? Bob Bundy can make another simulacrum if necessary."

"You've lost Pris," I said. "That's everything."

"Oh hell, who knows about Pris; I don't think even she knows."

"Guess so," I said. My tongue felt thick; it clung to the sides of my mouth. I waggled my jaw, feeling no pain, nothing at all. "I've lost her, too."

"Evidently," Barrows said. "But you're better off; could you bear to undergo something of this sort every day?"

"No."

As we sat there the great Earl Grant appeared once more. The piano was playing and everyone had shut up, and we did so, too.

I've got grasshoppers in my
pillow, baby.
I've got crickets all in
my meal.

Was he singing to me? Had he seen me sitting there, seen the look on my face, known how I felt? It was an old song and sad, Maybe he saw me; maybe not. I couldn't tell, but it seemed so.

Pris is wild, I thought. Not a part of us. Outside somewhere. Pris *is* pristine and in an awful way: all that goes on among and between people, all that we have here, fails to touch her. When one looks at her one sees back into the farthest past; one sees us as we started out, a million, two million years ago...

The song which Earl Grant was singing; that was one of the ways of taming, of making us over, modifying us again and again in countless slow ways. The Creator was still at work, still molding what in most of us remained soft. Not so with Pris; there was no more molding and shaping with her, not even by Him.

I have seen into the *other*, I said to myself, when I saw Pris. And where am I left, now? Waiting only for death, as the Booth simulacrum when she took off her shoe. The Booth simulacrum had finally gotten it in exchange for its deed of over a century ago. Before his death, Lincoln had dreamed of assassination, seen in his sleep a black-draped coffin and weeping processions. Had this simulacrum received any intimation, last night? Had it dreamed in its sleep in some mechanical, mystical way?

We would all get it. Chug-chug. The black crepe draped on the train passing in the midst of the grain fields. People out of witness, removing their caps. Chug-chug-chug.

The black train with the coffin guarded by soldiers in blue who carried guns and who never moved in all that time, from start to end of the long, long trip.

"Mr. Rosen." Someone beside me speaking. A woman.

Startled, I glanced up. Mrs. Nild was addressing me.

"Would you help us? Mr. Barrows has gone to get the car; we want to put the Booth simulacrum into the car."

"Oh," I said, nodding. "Sure."

As I got to my feet I looked to the Lincoln to see if it was going to pitch in. But strange to say the Lincoln sat with its head bowed in deepest melancholy, paying no attention to us or to what we were doing. Was it listening to Earl Grant? Was it overcome by his blues song? I did not think so. It was hunched over, actually bent out of shape, as if its bones were fusing into one single bone. And it was absolutely silent; it did not even seem to be breathing.

A kind of prayer, I thought as I watched it. And yet no prayer at all. The stoppage of prayer, perhaps; its interruption. Blunk and I turned to the Booth; we began lifting it to its feet. It was very heavy.

"The car's a Mercedes-Benz," Blunk gasped as we started up the aisle. "White with red leather interior."

"I'll hold the door open," Mrs. Nild said, following after us.

We got the Booth up the narrow aisle to the entrance of the club. The doorman regarded us with curiosity but neither he nor anyone else made a move to interfere or help or inquire as to what was taking place. The doorman, however, did hold the door

aside for us and we were grateful because that left Mrs. Nild free to go out into the street to hail Sam Barrows' car.

"Here it comes," Blunk said, jerking his head.

Mrs. Nild opened the car door wide for us, and between Blunk and myself we managed to get the simulacrum into the back seat.

"You better come along with us," Mrs. Nild said to me as I started away from the car.

"Good idea," Blunk said. "We'll have a drink, okay, Rosen? We'll take the Booth to the shop and then go over to Collie's apartment; the liquor's there."

"No," I said.

"Come on," Barrows said from behind the wheel. "You fellows get in so we can go; that includes you, Rosen, and naturally your simulacrum. Go back and get it."

"No, no thanks," I said. "You guys go on."

Blunk and Mrs. Nild closed the car door after them and the car drove off and disappeared into the heavy evening traffic.

Hands in my pockets I returned to the club, making my way down the aisle to the table where the Lincoln still sat, its head down, its arms wrapped about itself, in utter stillness.

What could I say to it? How could I cheer it up?

"You shouldn't let an incident like that get you down," I said to it. "You should try to rise above it."

The Lincoln did not respond.

"Many a mickle makes a muckle," I said.

The simulacrum raised its head. It stared at me hopelessly. "What does that mean?"

"I don't know," I said. "I just don't know."

We both sat in silence, then.

"Listen," I said, "I'm going to take you back to Boise and take you to see Doctor Horstowski. It won't do you any harm and he may be able to do something about these depressions. Is it okay with you?"

Now the Lincoln seemed calmer; it had brought out a large red handkerchief and was blowing its nose. "Thank you for your concern," it said from behind the handkerchief.

'A drink," I said. "Or a cup of coffee or something to eat."

The simulacrum shook its head no.

"When did you first notice the onset of these depressions?" I asked. "I mean, in your youth. Would you like to talk about them? Tell me what comes to your mind, what free associations you have. Please. I have a feeling it'll make you feel better."

The Lincoln cleared its throat and said, "Will Mr. Barrows and his party be returning?"

"I doubt it. They invited us to come along; they're going over to Mrs. Nild's apartment."

The Lincoln gave me a long, slow, queer look. "Why are they going there and not to Mr. Barrows' house?"

"The liquor's there. That's what Dave Blunk said, anyhow."

The Lincoln cleared its throat again, drank a little water from the glass before it on the table. The strange look remained on its face, as if there was something it did not understand, as if it was puzzled but at the same time enlightened.

"What is it?" I said.

There was a pause and then the Lincoln said suddenly, "Louis, *go over to Mrs. Nild's apartment*. Waste no time."

"Why?"

"She must be there."

I felt my scalp tingle.

"I think," the simulacrum said, "she has been living there with Mrs. Nild. I will go back to the motel, now. Don't worry about me—if necessary I am capable of returning

to Boise on my own, tomorrow. Go at once, Louis, before their party arrives there."

I scrambled to my feet. "I don't—"

"You can obtain the address from the telephone book."

"Yeah," I said, "that's so. Thanks for the advice, I really appreciate it. I have a feeling you've got a good idea, there. So I'll see you, then. So long. And if—"

"Go," it said.

I went.

At an all-night drugstore I consulted the phonebook. I found Colleen Nild's address and then went outside onto the sidewalk and flagged down a cab. At last I was on my way.

Her building was a great dark brick apartment house. Only a few windows were lit up, here and there. I found her number and pressed the button next to it. After a long time the small speaker made a static noise and a muffled female voice asked who I was.

"Louis Rosen." Was it Pris? "Can I come up?" I asked.

The heavy glass and black wrought-iron door buzzed; I leaped to catch it and pushed it open. In a moment I had crossed the deserted lobby and was climbing tte stairs to the third floor. It was a long climb and when I reached her door I was panting and tired.

The door was open. I knocked, hesitated, and then went on inside the apartment.

In the living room on a couch sat Mrs. Nild with a drink in her hand, and across from her sat Sam Barrows. Both of them glanced up at me.

"Hi, Rosen." Barrows inclined his head toward a coffee table on which stood a bottle of vodka, lemons, mixer, lime juice and ice cubes and glasses. "Go ahead, help yourself."

Not knowing what else to do I went over and busied myself.

While I was doing that Barrows said, "I have news for you. Someone very dear to you is in there." He pointed with his glass. "Go look in the bedroom." Both he and Mrs. Nild smiled.

I set down my drink and hurried in the direction of the door.

"How did you happen to change your mind and come here?" Barrows asked me, swirling his drink.

I said, "The Lincoln thought Pris would be here."

"Well, Rosen, I hate to say it, but in my opinion it did you a rotten favor. You're really bats to let yourself get hooked by that girl."

"I don't agree."

"Hell, that's because you're sick, all three of you, Pris and the Lincoln and you. I tell you, Rosen, Johnny Booth was worth a million of the Lincolns. I think what we'll do is patch it up and use it for our Lunar development ... after all, Booth is a good old familiar American name; no reason why the family next door can't be named Booth. You know, Rosen, you must come to Luna someday and see what we've done. You have no conception of it, none at all. No offense, but it's impossible to understand from here; you have to go there."

"That's so, Mr. Rosen," Mrs. Nild said.

I said, "A successful man doesn't have to stoop to bamboozlement."

"Bamboozlement!" Barrows exclaimed. "Hell, it was an attempt to nudge people into doing what they're going to be doing someday anyhow. Oh hell, I don't want to argue. This has been quite a day; I'm tired. I feel no animosity toward anyone." He grinned at me. "If your little firm had linked up with us—you must have had an intuition of what it would have meant; you picked me out, I didn't pick you out. But it's water over the dam for you, now. Not for me; we'll go on and do it, possibly using the

Booth—but anyhow in some manner, by some means."

Mrs. Nild said, "Everyone knows that, Sam." She patted him.

"Thanks, Collie," Barrows said. "I just hate to see the guy this way, no goals, no vision, no ambitions. It's heartbreaking. It is."

I said nothing; I stood at the bedroom door, waiting for them to finish talking to me.

To me Mrs. Nild said, "Go ahead on in. You might as well."

Taking hold of the knob I opened the bedroom door.

The bedroom lay in darkness. In the center I could make out the outlines of a bed. On the bed a figure lay. It had propped itself up with a pillow, and it was smoking a cigarette; or was it actually a cigarette? The bedroom smelled of cigar smoke. Hurrying to a light switch I turned on the light.

In the bed lay my father, smoking a cigar and regarding me with a frowning, ttoughtful expression. He had on his bathrobe and pajamas, and beside the bed he had placed his fur-lined slippers. Next to the slippers were his suitcase and his clothes neatly piled.

"Close the door, mein Sohn," he said in a gentle voice.

Bewildered, I automatically complied; I shut the door behind me but not quickly enough to obliterate the howls of laughter from the living room, the roars from Sam Barrows and Mrs. Nild. What a joke they had played on me, all this time; all their talk, solemn and pretentious—knowing that Pris was not in here, was not in the apartment at all, that the Lincoln had been mistaken.

"A shame, Louis," my father said, evidently reading my expression. "Perhaps I should have stepped out and put an end to the banter, and yet I was interested in what Mr. Barrows said; it was not entirely beside the point, was it? He is a great man in some ways. Sit down." He nodded toward the chair by the bed, and I sat.

"You don't know where she is?" I said. "You can't help me either?"

"Afraid not, Louis."

It was not even worth it to get up and leave. This was as far as I could go, here to this chair, beside my father's bed, as he sat smoking.

The door burst open and a man with his face on upside down appeared, my brother Chester, bustling and full of importance. "I've got a good room for us, Dad," he said, and then, seeing me, he smiled happily. "So here you are, Louis; after all our trouble we at last manage to locate you."

"Several times," my father said, "I was tempted to correct Mr. Barrows; however, a man like him can't be reeducated, so why waste time?"

I could not bear the idea that my father was about to launch into one of his philosophical tirades; sinking down on the chair and pretending not to hear him I made his words blur into fly-like buzzing. In my stupor of disappointment I imagined how it would have been if there had been no joke played on me, if I had found Pris here in this room, lying on the bed.

Think how it would have been. I would have found her asleep, perhaps drunk; I would have lifted her up and held her in my arms, brushed her hair back from her eyes, kissed her on the ear. I could imagine her stirring to life as I woke her up from her drunken nap.

"You're not paying attention," my father said reprovingly. And I was not; I was completely away from the dismal disappointment, into my dream of Pris. "You still pursue this will-of-the-wisp." He frowned at me.

In my dream of a happier life I kissed Pris

once more, and she opened her eyes. I laid her back down, lay against her and hugged her.

"How's the Lincoln?" Pris' voice, murmuring at my ear. She showed no surprise at seeing me, or at my having gathered her up and kissed her; in fact she did not show any reaction at all. But that was Pris.

"As good as could be expected." I awkwardly caressed her hair as she lay on her back gazing up at me in the darkness. I could barely discern her outlined there. "No," I admitted, "actually it's in terrible shape. It's having a psychotic depression. What do you care? You did it."

"I saved it," Pris said remotely, languidly. "Bring me a cigarette, will you?"

I lit a cigarette for her and handed it to her. She lay smoking.

My father's voice came to me, "Ignore this introverted ideal, mein Sohn—it takes you away from reality, like Mr. Barrows told you, and this is serious! This is what Doctor Horstowski, if you'll excuse the expression, would have to call ill; do you see?"

Dimly I heard Chester's voice, "It's schizophrenia, Dad, like all those adolescent kids; millions of Americans have it without knowing it, they never get into the clinics. I read an article, it told about that."

Pris said, "You're a good person, Louis. I feel sorry for you, being in love with me. You're wasting your time, but I suppose you don't care about that. Can you explain what love is? Love like that?"

"No," I said.

"Won't you try?" she said. "Is the door locked? If it isn't, go lock it."

"Hell," I said miserably, "I can't shut them out; they're right here on top of us. We'll never be away from them, we'll never be alone, just the two of us—I know it." But I went anyhow, knowing what I knew, and shut and locked the door.

When I got back to the bed I found Pris standing up on it; she was unzipping her skirt. She drew her skirt up over her head and tossed it away from her, onto a chair; she was undressing. Now she kicked off her shoes.

"Who else can teach me, Louis, if not you?" she said. "Pull the covers back." She began taking off her underwear, but I stopped her. "Why not?"

"I'm going mad," I said. "I can't stand this. I have to go back to Boise and see Doctor Horstowski; this can't go on, not here with my family in the same room."

Pris said gently, "Tomorrow we'll fly back to Boise. But not now." She dragged the bedspread and blankets and top sheet back, got in, and, picking up her cigarette again, lay naked, not covering herself up but simply lying there. "I'm so tired, Louis. Stay with me here tonight."

"I just can't," I said.

"Then take me back to where you're staying."

"I can't do that either; the Lincoln is there."

"Louis," she said, "I just want to go to sleep; lie down and cover us up. They won't bother us. Don't be afraid of them. I'm sorry the Lincoln had one of its fits. Don't blame me for that, Louis; it has them anyhow, and I did save its life. It's my child ... isn't it?"

"I guess you could put it like that," I said.

"I brought it to life, I mothered it. I'm very proud of that. When I saw that filthy Booth object ... all I wanted to do was kill it on the spot. As soon as I saw it I knew what it was for. Could I be your mother, too? I wish I had brought you to life like I did it; I wish I had brought all kinds of people into life ... everybody. I give life, and tonight I took it, and that's a good thing, if you can bear to do that. It takes a lot of strength to take someone's life, don't you think, Louis?"

"Yeah," I said. I seated myself beside her on the bed once more.

In the darkness she reached up and stroked my hair from my eyes. "I have that power over you, to give you life or take it away from you. Does that scare you? You know it's true."

"It doesn't scare me now," I said. "It did once, when I first realized it."

"It never scared me," Pris said. "If it did I'd lose the power; isn't that so, Louis? And I have to keep it; someone has to have it."

I did not answer. Cigar smoke billowed around me, making me sick, making me aware of my father and my brother, both of them intently watching. "Man must cherish some illusions," my father said, puffing away rapidly, "but this is ridiculous." Chester nodded to that.

"Pris," I said aloud.

"Listen to that, listen to that," my father said excitedly, "he's calling her; he's talking to her!"

"Get out of here," I said to my father and Chester. I waved my arms at them, but it did no good; neither of them stirred.

"You must understand, Louis," my father said, "I have sympathy for you. I see what Mr. Barrows doesn't see, the nobility of your search."

Through the darkness and the babble of their voices I once more made out Pris; she had gathered her clothes in a ball and sat on the edge of the bed, hugging them. "Does it matter," she said, "what anyone says or thinks about us? I wouldn't worry about it; I wouldn't let words become so real as that. Everybody on the outside is angry at us, Sam and Maury and all the rest of them. The Lincoln wouldn't have sent you here if it wasn't the right thing...don't you know that?"

"Pris," I said, "I know it'll be all right. We're going to have a happy future."

She smiled at that; in the darkness I saw the flash of her teeth. It was a smile of great suffering and sorrow, and it seemed to me—just for a moment—that what I had seen in the Lincoln simulacrum had come from her. It was here so clearly, now, the pain that Pris felt. She had put into her creation perhaps without intending to; perhaps without even knowing that it was there.

"I love you," I said to her.

Pris rose to her feet, naked and cool and thin. She put her hands to the sides of my head and drew me down.

"Mein Sohn," my father was saying now to Chester, "er schlaft in dem Freiheit der Liebesnacht. What I mean, he's asleep, my boy is, in the freedom of a night of love, if you follow me."

"What'll they say back in Boise?" Chester said irritably. "I mean, how can we go back home with him like this?"

"Aw," my father said reprovingly, "shut up, Chester; you don't understand the depth of his psyche, what he finds. There's a two-fold side to mental psychosis, it's also a return to the original source that we've all turned away from. You better remember that, Chester, before you shoot off your mouth."

"Do you hear them?" I asked Pris.

Standing there against me, her body arched back for me, Pris laughed a soft, compassionate laugh. She gazed up at me fixedly, without expression. And yet she was fully alert. For her, change and reality, the events of her life, time itself, all had at this moment ceased.

Wonderingly, she lifted her hand and touched me on the cheek, brushed me with her fingertips.

Quite close to the door Mrs. Nild said clearly, "We'll get out of here, Mr. Rosen, and let you have the apartment."

From farther off I heard Sam Barrows mutter, "That girl in there is

underdeveloped. Everything slides back out. What's she doing there in the bedroom anyhow? Has she got that skinny body—" His voice faded.

Neither Pris nor I said anything. Presently we heard the front door of the apartment shut.

"That's nice of them," my father said. "Louis, you should at least have thanked them; that Mr. Barrows is a gentleman, in spite of what he says, you can tell more about a person by what he does anyhow."

"You ought to be grateful to both of them," Chester grumbled at me. Both he and my father glowered at me reprovingly, my father chewing on his cigar.

I held Pris against me. And for me, that was all.

seventeen

When my father and Chester got me back to Boise, the next day, they discovered that Doctor Horstowski could not—or did not want to—treat me. He did however give me several psychological tests for the purpose of diagnosis. One I remember involved listening to a tape of voices which mumbled at a distance, only a few phrases now and then being at all distinguishable. The task was to write down what each of their successive conversations was about.

I think Horstowski made his diagnosis on my results in that test, because I heard each conversation as dealing with me. In detail I heard them outlining my faults, outlining my failings, analyzing me for what I was, diagnosing my behavior ... I heard them insulting both me and Pris and our relationship.

All Horstowski said was merely, "Louis, each time you heard the word 'this' you thought they were saying 'Pris.' " That seemed to make him despondent. "And what you thought was 'Louis' was, generally speaking, the two words 'do we.' " He glanced at me bleakly, and thereupon washed his hands of me.

I was not out of the reach of the psychiatric profession, however, because Doctor Horstowski turned me over to the Federal Commissioner of the Bureau of Mental Health in Area Five, the Pacific Northwest. I had heard of him. His name was Doctor Ragland Nisea and it was his job to make final determination on all commitment proceeedings originating in his area. Single-handed, since 1980, he had committed many thousands of disturbed people to the Bureau's clinics scattered around the country; he was considered a brilliant psychiatrist and diagnostician and it had been a joke for years among us that sooner or later we would fall into Nisea's hands; it was a joke everyone made and which a certain percentage of us lived to see come true.

"You'll find Doctor Nisea to be capable and sympathetic," Horstowski told me as he drove me over to the Bureau's office in Boise.

"It's nice of you to take me over," I said.

"I'm in and out of there every day. I'd have to make this trip anyhow. What I'm doing is sparing you the appearance in court and the jury costs ... as you know, Nisea makes final determination anyhow, and you're better off in his hands than before a lay jury."

I nodded; it was so.

"You're not feeling hostile about this, are you?" Horstowski asked. "It's no stigma to be placed in a Bureau clinic ... happens every minute of the day—one out of nine people have crippling mental illness which makes it impossible for them ..." He droned on; I paid no attention. I had heard it all before, on the countless TV ads, in the infinitely many magazine articles.

But as a matter of fact I did feel hostile,

toward him for washing his hands of me and turning me over to the mental health people, even though I knew that by law he was required to if he felt I was psychotic. And I felt hostile toward everyone else, including the two simulacra; as we drove through the sunny, familiar streets of Boise between his office and the Bureau, I felt that everyone was a betrayer and enemy of mine, that I was surrounded by an alien, hating world.

All this and much more had of course shown up in the tests which Horstowski had given me. In the Rorschach Test, for instance, I had interpreted each blot and picture as full of crashing, banging, jagged machinery designed from the start of time to swing into frantic, lethal motion with the intention of doing me bodily injury. In fact, on the drive over to the Bureau to see Doctor Nisea, I distinctly saw lines of cars following us, due no doubt to my being back in town; the people in the cars had been tipped off the moment I arrived at the Boise airport.

"Can Doctor Nisea help me?" I asked Horstowski as we slid to the curb by a large, modern office building of many floors and windows. Now I had begun to feel acute panic. "I mean, the mental health people have all those new techniques which even you don't have, all the latest—"

"It depends on what you mean by help," Horstowski said, opening the car door and beckoning me to accompany him into the building.

So here I stood at last where so many had come before me: the Federal Bureau of Mental Health, in its diagnostic division, the first step, perhaps, in a new era of my life.

How right Pris had been when she had told me that I had within me a deeply unstable streak which someday might bring me into trouble. Hallucinated, weary and hopeless, I had at last been taken into tow by the authorities, as she herself had been a few years ago. I had not seen Horstowski's diagnosis, but I knew without asking that he had found schizophrenic responses in me ... I felt them inside me, too. Why deny what was obvious?

I was lucky that help, on a vast collective scale, was available for me; god knew I was wretched in such a state, close to suicide or to total collapse from which there might be no recovery. And they had caught it so early—there was a distinct hope for me. Specifically, I realized I was in the early catatonic excitement stage, before any permanent maladjustment pattern such as the dreaded hebephrenia or paranoia had set in. I had the illness in its simple, original form, where it was still accessible to therapy.

I could thank my father and brother for their timely action.

And yet, although I knew all this, I accompanied Horstowski into the Bureau's office in a state of trembling dread, conscious still of my hostility and of the hostility all around me. I had insight and yet I did not; one part of me knew and understood, the rest seethed like a captured animal that yearns to get back to its own environment, its own familiar places.

At this moment I could speak for only a small portion of my mind, while the remainder went its own way.

This made clear to me the reasons why the McHeston Act was so necessary. A truly psychotic individual, such as myself, *could on his own never seek aid;* he had to be coerced by law. That was what it meant to be psychotic.

Pris, I thought. You were like this, once; they caught you there in school, picked you out and separated you from the others, hauled you off as I'm being hauled off. And

they did manage to restore you to your society. Can they succeed with me?

And, I thought, will I be like you when the therapy is over? What former, more adjusted state in my history will they restore me to?

How will I feel about you then? Will I remember you?

And if I do, will I still care about you as I do now?

Doctor Horstowski deposited me in the public waiting room and I sat for an hour with all the other bewildered, sick people, until at last a nurse came and summoned me. In a small inner office I was introduced to Doctor Nisea. He turned out to be a good-looking man not much older than myself, with soft brown eyes, thick hair that was well-comed, and a cautious, apologetic manner which I had never encountered outside the field of veterinarian medicine. The man had a sympathetic interest which he displayed at once, making sure that I was comfortable and that I understood why I was there.

I said, "I am here because I no longer have any basis by which I can communicate my wants and emotions to other humans." While waiting I had been able to work it out exactly. "So for me there's no longer any possibility of satisfying my needs in the world of real people; I have to turn inward to a fantasy life instead."

Leaning back in his chair Doctor Nisea studied me reflectively. "And this you want to change."

"I want to achieve satisfaction, the real kind."

"Have you nothing at all in common with other people?"

"Nothing. My reality lies entirely outside the world that others experience. You, for instance; to you it would be a fantasy, if I told you about it. About her, I mean."

"Who is she?"

"Pris," I said.

He waited, but I did not go on.

"Doctor Horstowski talked to me briefly on the phone about you," he said presently. "You apparently have the dynamism of difficulty which we call the Magna Mater type of schizophrenia. However, by law, I must administer first the James Benjamin Proverb Test to you and then the Soviet Vigotsky-Luria Block Test." He nodded and from behind me a nurse appeared with note pad and pencil. "Now, I will give you several proverbs and you are to tell me what they mean. Are you ready?"

"Yes," I said.

" 'When the cat's away the mice will play.' "

I pondered and then said, "In the absence of authority there will be wrong-doing."

In this manner we continued, and I did all right until Doctor Nisea got to what turned out for me to be the fatal number six.

" 'A rolling stone gathers no moss.' "

Try as I might I could not remember the meaning. At last I hazarded, "Well, it means a person who's always active and never pauses to reflect—" No, that didn't sound right. I tried again. "That means a man who is always active and keeps growing in mental and moral stature won't grow stale." He was looking at me more intently, so I added by way of clarification, "I mean, a man who's active and doesn't let grass grow under his feet, he'll get ahead in life."

Doctor Nisea said, "I see." And I knew that I had revealed, for the purposes of legal diagnosis, a schizophrenic thinking disorder.

"What does it mean?" I asked. "Did I get it backward?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so. The generally-acceptaed meaning of the proverb is the opposite of what you've given; it is generally taken to mean that a person

who—"

"You don't have to tell me," I broke in. "I remember—I really knew it. A person who's unstable will never acquire anything of value."

Doctor Nisea nodded and went on tto the next proverb. But the stipulation of the statute had been met; I showed a formal thinking impairment.

After the proverbs I made a stab at classifying the blocks, but without success. Both Doctor Nisea and I were relieved when I gave up and pushed the blocks away.

"That's about it, then," Nisea said. He nodded to the nurse to leave. "We can go ahead and fill out the forms. Do you have a preference clinic-wise? In my opinion, the best of the lot is the Los Angeles one; although perhaps it's because I know that better than the others. The Kasanin Clinic at Kansas City—"

"Send me there," I said eagerly.

"Any special reason?"

"I've had a number of close friends come out of there," I said evasively.

He looked at me as if he suspected there was a deeper reason.

"And it has a good reputation. Almost everyone I know who's been genuinely helped in their mental illness has been at Kasanin. Not that the other clinics aren't good, but that's the best. My aunt Gretchen, who's at the Harry Stack Sullivan Clinic at San Diego; she was the first mentally ill person I knew, and there've been a lot since, naturally, because such a large part of the public has it, as we're told every day on TV. There was my cousin Leo Roggis. He's still in one of the clinics somewhere. My English teacher in high school, Mr. Haskins; he died in a clinic. There was an old Italian down the street from me who was on a pension, George Oliveri; he had catatonic excitements and they carted him off. I remember a buddy of mine in the Service, Art Boles; he had 'phrenia and went to the Fromm-Reichmann Clinic at Rochester, New York. There was Alys Johnson, a girl I went with in college; she's at Samuel Anderson Clinic in Area Three; that's at Baton Rouge, La. And a man I worked for, Ed Yeats; he contracted 'phrenia and that turned into acute paranoia. Waldo Dangerfield, another buddy of mine. Gloria Milstein, a girl I knew; she's god knows where, but she was spotted by means of a psych test when she was applying for a typing job. The Federal people picked her up ... she was short, dark-haired, very attractive, and no one ever guessed until that test showed up. And John Franklin Mann, a used car salesman I knew; he tested out as a dilapidated 'phrenic and was carted off, I think to Kasanin, because he's got relatives in Missouri. And Marge Morrison, another girl I knew. She's out again; I'm sure she was cured at Kasanin. All of them who went to Kasanin seemed as good as new, to me, if not better; Kasanin didn't merely meet the requirements of the McHeston Act; it genuinely healed. Or so it seemed to me."

Doctor Nisea wrote down *Kasanin Clinic at K. C.* on the Government forms and I breathed a sigh of relief. "Yes," he murmured, "Kansas City is said to be good. The President spent two months there, you know."

"I did hear that," I admitted. Everyone knew the heroic story of the President's bout with mental illness in his midteens, with his subsequent triumph during his twenties.

"And now, before we separate," Doctor Nisea said, "I'd like to tell you a little about the Magna Mater type of schizophrenia."

"Good," I said. "I'd be anxious to hear."

"As a matter of fact it has been my special interest," Doctor Nisea said. "I did several monographs on it. You know the Anderson theory which identifies each subform of

schizophrenia with a subform of religion.

I nodded. The Anderson view of 'phrenia had been popularized in almost every slick magazine in America; it was the current fashion.

"The primary form which 'phrenia takes is the heliocentric form, the sun-worship form where the sun is deified, is seen in fact as the patient's father. You have not experienced that. The heliocentric form is the most primitive and fits with the earliest known religion, solar worship, including the great heliocentric cult of the Roman Period, Mithraism. Also the earlier Persian solar cult, the worship of Mazda."

"Yes," I said, nodding.

"Now, the Magna Mater, the form you have, was the great female deity cult of the Mediterranean at the time of the Mycenaean Civilization. Ishtar, Cybele, Attis, then later Athene herself ... finally the Virgin Mary. What has happened to you is that your anima, that is, the embodiment of your unconscious, its archetype, has been projected outward, onto the cosmos, and there it is perceived and worshipped."

"I see," I said.

"There, it is experienced as a dangerous, hostile, and incredibly powerful yet attractive being. The embodiment of all the pairs of opposites: it possesses the totality of life, yet is dead; all love, yet is cold; all intelligence, yet is given to a destructive analytical trend which is not creative; ye it is seen as the source of creativity itself. These are the opposites which slumber in the unconscious, which are transcended by gestalts in consciousness. When the opposites are experienced directly, as you are experiencing them, they cannot be fathomed or dealt with; they will eventually disrupt your ego and annihilate it, for as you know, in their original form they are archetypes and cannot be assimilated by the ego."

"I see," I said.

"So this battle is the great struggle of the conscious mind to come to an understanding with its own collective aspects, its unconsciousness and is doomed to fail. The archetypes of the unconscious must be experienced indirectly, through the anima, and in a benign form free of their bipolar qualities. For this to come about, you must hold an utterly different relationship to your unconscious; as it stands, you are passive and it possesses all the powers of decision."

"Right," I said.

"Your consciousness has been empoverished so that it no longer can act. It has no authority except that which it derives from unconsciousness, and right now it is split off from unconsciousness. So no rapport can be established by way of the anima." Doctor Nisea concluded, "You have a relatively mild form of 'phrenia. But it is still a psychosis and still requires treatment at a Federal clinic. I'd like to see you again, when you get back from Kansas City; I know the improvement in your condition will be phenomenal." He smiled at me with genuine warmth, and I smiled back at him. Standing, he held out his hand and we shook.

I was on my way to the Kasanin Clinic at Kansas City.

In a formal hearing before witnesses Doctor Nisea presented me with a summons, asking if there was any reason why I should not be taken at once to Kansas City. These legal formalities had a chilly quality that made me more anxious to be on my way than ever. Nisea offered me a twenty-four hour period in which to conclude my business affairs, but I declined it; I wanted to leave at once. In the end, we settled on eight hours. Plane reservations were made for me by Nisea's staff and I left

the Bureau in a taxi, to return to Ontario until it was time for me to take my big trip east.

I had the taxi take me to Maury's house, where I had left a good part of my possessions. Soon I was at the door knocking.

No one was home. I tried the knob; it was unlocked. So I let myself into the silent, deserted house.

There in the bathroom was the tile mural which Pris had been working on that first night. It was done, now. For a time I stood staring up at it, marveling at the colors and the design itself, the mermaid and fish, the octopus with shoe-button bright eyes: she had finished him at last.

One blue tile had become loose. I plucked it entirely off, rubbed the sticky stuff from its back, and put it in my coat pocket.

In case I should forget you, I thought to myself. You and your bathroom mural, your mermaid with pink-tiled tits, your many lovely and monsterous creations bobbing and alive beneath the surface of the water. The placid, eternal water ... she had done the line above my head, almost eight feet high. Above that, sky. Very little of it; the sky played no role in the scheme of creation, here.

As I stood there I heard from the front of the house a thumping and banging. Someone was after me, but I remained where I was. What did it matter? I waited, and presently Maury Rock came rushing in, panting; seeing me he stopped short.

"Louis Rosen," he said. "And in the bathroom."

"I'm just leaving."

"A neighbor phoned me at the office; she saw you pull up in a cab and enter and she knew I wasn't home."

"Spying on me." I wae not surprised. "They all are, everywhere I go." I continued to stand, hands in my pockets, gazing up at the wall of color.

"She just thought I ought to know. I figured it was you." He saw, then, my suitcase and the articles I had collected. "You're really nuts. You barely get back here from Seattle—when did you get in? Couldn't be before this morning. And now you're off again somewhere else."

I said, "I have to go, Maury. It's the law."

He stared at me, his jaw dropping gradually; then he flushed. "I'm sorry, Louis. I mean, saying you were a nut."

"Yes, but I am. I took the Benjamin Proverb Test and the block thing today and couldn't pass either one. The commitment's already been served on me."

Rubbing his jaw he murmured, "Who turned you in?"

"My father and Chester."

"Hell's bells, your own blood."

"They saved me from paranoia. Listen, Maury." I turned to face him. "Do you know where she is?"

"If I did, honest to god, Louis, I'd tell you. Even if you have been certified."

"You know where they're sending me for therapy?"

"Kansas City?"

I nodded.

"Maybe you'll find her there. Maybe the mental health people caught up with her and sent her back and forgot to let me know about it."

"Yeah, maybe so," I said.

Coming up to me he whacked me on the back. "Good luck, you son of a bitch. I know you'll pull out of it. You got 'phrenia, I presume; that's all there is, anymore."

"I've got Magna Mater 'phrenia." Reaching into my coat I got out the tile and showed it to him, saying, "To remember her. I hope you don't mind; it's your house and mural, after all."

"Take it. Take a whole fish. Take a tit." He started toward the mermaid. "No

kidding, Louis; we'll pry a pink tit loose and you can carry that around with you, okay?"

"This is fine."

We both stood awkwardly facing each other for a time.

"How's it feel to be 'phrenic?" Maury said at last.

"Bad, Maury. Very, very bad."

"That's what I thougtt; that's what Pris always said. She was glad to get over it."

"That going to Seattle, that was it coming on. What they call catatonic excitement, a sense of urgency, that you have to do something. It always turns out to be the wrong thing; it accomplishes nothing. And you realize that and then you have panic and then you get it, the real psychosis. I heard voices and saw—" I broke off.

"What did you see?"

"Pris."

"Keerist," Maury said.

"Will you drive me to the airport?"

"Oh sure, buddy. Sure." He nodded vigorously.

"I don't have to go until late tonight. So maybe we could have dinner together. I don't feel like seeing my family again, after what happened; I'm sort of ashamed."

Maury said, "How come you speak so rationally if you're a 'phrenic?"

"I'm not under tension right now, so I've been able to focus my attention. That's what an attack of schizophrenia is, a weakening of attention so that unconscious processes gain mastery and take over the field. They capture awareness, very archaic processes, archetypal, such as non-schizophrenics haven't had since they were five."

"You think crazy things, like everyone's against you and you're the center of the universe?"

"No," I said. "Doctor Nisea explained to me that it's the heliocentric schizophrenics who—"

"Nisea? Ragland Nisea? Of course; by law you'd have to see him. He's the one who sent Pris up back in the beginning; he gave her the Vigotsky-Luria Block Test in his own office, personally. I always wanted to meet him."

"Brilliant man. And very humane."

"Are you dangerous?"

"Only if I'm riled."

"Should I leave you, then?"

"I guess so," I said. "But I'll see you tonight, here at the house, for dinner. About six; that'll give us time to make the flight."

"Can I do anything for you? Get you anything?"

"Naw Thanks anyhow."

Maury hung around the house for a little while and then I heard the front door slam. The house became silent once more. I was alone, as before.

Presently I resumed my slow packing.

Maury and I had dinner together and then he drove me to the Boise airfield in his white Jaguar. I watched the streets go by, and every woman that I saw looked—for an instant, at least—like Pris; each time I though it was but it wasn't. Maury noticed my absorption but said nothing.

The flight which the mental health people had obtained for me was first-class and on the new Australian rocket, the C-80. The Bureau, I reflected, certainly had plenty of the public's funds to disburse. It took only half an hour to reach the Kansas City airport, so before nine that night I was stepping from the rocket, looking around me for the mental health people who were supposed to receive me.

At the bottom of the ramp a young man and woman approached me, both of them wearing gay, bright Scotch plaid coats. These were my party; in Boise I had been instructed to watch for the coats.

"Mr. Rosen," the young man said

expectantly.

"Right," I said, starting across the field toward the building.

One of them fell in on either side of me. "A bit chill tonight," the girl said. They were not over twenty, I thought; two clear-eyed youngsters who undoubtedly had joined the FBMH out of idealism and were doing their heroic task right this moment. They walked with brisk, eager steps, moving me toward the baggage window, making low-keyed conversation about nothing in particular ... I would have felt relaxed by it except that in the glare of the beacons which guided the ships in I could already see that the girl looked astonishingly like Pris.

"What's your name?" I asked her.

"Julie," she said. "And this is Ralf."

"Did you—do you remember a patient you had here a few months ago, a young woman from Boise named Pris Frauenzimmer?"

"I'm sorry," Julie said, "I just came to the Kasanin Clinic last week; we both did." She indicated her companion. "We just joined the Mental Health Corps this spring."

"Do you enjoy it?" I asked. "Did it work out the way you had expected?"

"Oh, it's terribly rewarding," the girl said breathlessly. "Isn't it, Ralf?" He nodded. "We wouldn't drop out for anything."

"Do you know anything about me?" I asked, as we stood waiting for the baggage machine to serve up my suitcases.

"Only that Doctor Shedd will be working with you," Ralf said.

"And he's superb," Julie said. "You'll love him. And he does so much for people; he has performed so many cures!"

My suitcases appeared; Ralf took one and I took the other and we started through the building toward the street entrance.

"This is a nice airport," I said. "I never saw it before."

"They just completed it this year," Ralf said. "It's the first able to handle both domestic and extra-t flights; you'll be able to leave for the Moon right from here."

"Not me," I said, but Ralf did not hear me.

Soon we were in a 'copter, the property of the Kasanin Clinic, flying above the rooftops of Kansas City. The air was cool and crisp and below us a million lights glowed in countless patterns and aimless constellations which were not patterns at all, only clusters.

"Do you think," I said, "that every time someone dies, a new light winks on in Kansas City?"

Both Ralf and Julie smiled at my witicism.

"Do you two know what would have happened to me," I said, "if there was no compulsory mental health program? I'd be dead by now. This all saved my life, literally."

To that the two of them smiled once more.

"Thank god the McHeston Act passed Congress," I said.

They both nodded solemnly.

"You don't know what it's like," I said, "to have the catatonic urgency, that craving. It drives you on and on and then all at once you collapse; you know you're not right in the head, you're living in a realm of shadows. In front of my father and brother I had intercourse with a girl who didn't exist except in my mind. I heard people commenting about us, while we were doing it, through the door."

Ralf asked, "You did it through the door?"

"He heard them commenting, he means," Julie said. "The voices that took note of what he was doing and expressed disapproval. Isn't that it, Mr. Rosen?"

"Yes," I said, "and it's a measure of the

collapse of my ability to communicate that you had to translate that. At one time I could easily have phrased that in a clear manner. It wasn't until Doctor Nisea got to the part about the rolling stone that I saw what a break had come about between my personal language and that of my society. And then I understood all the trouble I had been having up to then."

"Ah yes," Julie said, "number six in the Benjamin Proverb Test."

"I wonder which proverb Pris missed years ago," I said, "that caused Nisea to single her out."

"Who is Pris?" Julie asked.

"I would think," Ralf said, "that she's the girl with whom he had intercourse."

"You hit the nail on the head," I told him. "She was here, once bedore either of you. Now she's well again; they discharged her on parole. She's my Great Mother, Doctor Nisea says. My life is devoted to worshipping Pris as if she were a goddess. I've projected her archetype onto the universe; I see nothing but her, everything else to me is unreal. This trip we're taking, you two, Doctor Nisea, the whole Kansas City Clinic—it's all just shadows."

There seemed to be no way to continue the conversation after what I had said. So we rode the rest of the distance in silence.

eighteen

The following day at ten o'clock in the morning I met Doctor Albert Shedd in the steam bath at Kasanin Clinic. The patients lolled in the billowing steam nude, while the members of the staff padded about wearing blue trunks—evidently a status symbol or badge of office; certainly an indication of their difference from us.

Doctor Shedd approached me, looming up from the white clouds of steam, smiling friendily at me; he was elderly, at least seventy, with wisps of hair sticking up like bent wires from his round, wrinkled head. His skin, at least in the steam bath, was a glistening pink.

"Morning, Rosen," he said, ducking his head and eying me slyly, like a little gnome. "How was your trip?"

"Fine, Doctor."

"No other planes followed you here, I take it," he said, chuckling.

I had to admire his joke, because it implied that he recognized somewhere in me a basically sane element which he was reaching through the medium of humor. He was spoofing my paranoia, and, in doing so, he slightly but subtly defanged it.

"Do you feel free to talk in this rather informal atmosphere?" Doctor Shedd asked.

"Oh sure. I used to go to a Finnish steam bath all the time when I was in the Los Angeles area."

"Let's see." He consulted his clipboard. "You're a piano salesman. Electronic organs, too."

"Right, the Rosen Electronic Organ—the finest in the world."

"You were in Seattle on business at the onset of your schizophrenic interlude, seeing a Mr. Barrows. According to this deposition by your family."

"Exactly so."

"We have your school psych-test records and you seem to have had no difficulty ... they go up to nineteen years and then there's the military service records; no trouble there either. Nor in subsequent applications for employment. It would appear to be a situational schizophrenia, then, rather than a life-history process. You were under unique stress, there in Seattle, I take it?"

"Yes," I said, nodding vigorously.

"It might never occur again in your lifetime; however, it constitutes a

warning—it is a danger sign and must be dealt with." He scrutinized me for a long time, through the billowing steam. "Now, it might be that in your case we could equip you to cope successfully with your environment by what is called *controlled fugue* therapy. Have you heard of this?"

"No, Doctor." But I liked the sound of it.

"You would be given hallucinogenic drugs—drugs which would induce your psychotic break, bring on your hallucinations. For a very limited period each day. This would give your libido fulfillment of its regressive cravings which at present are too strong to be borne. Then very gradually we would diminish the fugal period, hoping eventually to eliminate it. Some of this period would be spent here; we would hope that later on you could return to Boise, to your job, and obtain out-patient therapy there. We are far too overcrowded here at Kasanin, you know."

"I know that."

"Would you care to try that?"

"Yes!"

"It would mean further schizophrenic episodes, occurring of course under supervised, controlled conditions."

"I don't care, I want to try it."

"It wouldn't bother you that I and other staff members were present to witness your behavior during these episodes? In other words, the invasion of your privacy—"

"No," I broke in, "it wouldn't bother me; I don't care who watches."

"Your paranoiac tendency," Doctor Shedd said thoughtfully, "cannot be too severe, if watching eyes daunt you no more than this."

"They don't daunt me a damn bit."

"Fine." He looked pleased. "That's an a-okay prognostic sign." And with that he strolled off into the white steam clouds, wearing his blue trunks and holding his clipboard under his arm. My first interview with my psychiatrist at Kasanin Clinic was over with.

At one that afternoon I was taken to a large clean room in which several nurses and two doctors waited for me. They strapped me down to a leather-covered table and I was given an intravenous injection of the hallucinogenic drug. The doctors and nurses, all overworked but friendly, stood back and waited. I waited, too, strapped to my table and wearing a hospital type frock, my bare feet sticking up, arms at my sides.

Several minutes later the drug took effect. I found myself in downtown Oakland, California, sitting on a park bench in Jack London Square. Beside me, feeding bread crumbs to a flock of blue-gray pigeons, sat Pris. She wore capri pants and a green turtle-neck sweater; her hair was tied back with a red checkered bandana and she was totally absorbed in what she was doing, apparently oblivious to me.

"Hey," I said.

Turning her head she said calmly, "Damn you; I said be quiet. If you talk you'll scare them away and then that old man down there'll be feeding them instead of me."

On a bench a short distance down the path sat Doctor Shedd smiling at us, holding his own packet of breadcrumbs. In that manner my psyche had dealt with his presence, had incorporated him into the scene in this fashion.

"Pris," I said in a low voice, "I've got to talk to you."

"Why?" She faced me with her cold, remote expression. "It's important to you, but is it to me? Or do you care?"

"I care," I said, feeling hopeless.

"Show it instead of saying it—be quiet. I'm quite happy doing what I'm doing." She returned to feeding the birds.

"Do you love me?" I asked.

"Christ no!"

And yet I felt that she did.

We sat together on the bench for some time and then the park, the bench and Pris herself faded out and I once more found myself on the flat table, strapped down and observed by Doctor Shedd and the overworked nurses of Kasanin Clinic.

"That went much better," Doctor Shedd said, as they released me.

"Better than what?"

"Than the two previous times."

I had no memory of previous times and I told him so.

"Of course you don't; they were not successful. No fantasy life was activated; you simply went to sleep. But now we can expect results each time."

They returned me to my room. The next morning I once more appeared in the therapy chamber to receive my allotment of fugal fantasy life, my hour with Pris.

As I was being strapped down Doctor Shedd entered and greeted me. "Rosen, I'm going to have you entered in group therapy; that will augment this that we're doing here. Do you understand what group therapy is? You'll bring your problems before a group of your fellow patients, for their comments ... you'll sit with them while they discuss you and where you seem to have gone astray in your thinking. You'll find that it all takes place in an atmosphere of friendliness and informality. And generally it's quite helpful."

"Fine." I had become lonely, here at the clinic.

"You have no objection to the material from your fugues being made available to your group."

"Gosh no. Why should I?"

"It will be oxide-tape printed and distributed to them in advance of each group therapy session ... you're aware that we're recording each of these fugues of yours for analytical purposes, and, with your permission, use with the group."

"You certainly have my permission," I said. "I don't object to a group of my fellow patients knowing the contents of my fantasies, especially if they can help explain to me where I've gone wrong."

"You'll find there's no body of people in the world more anxious to help you than your fellow patients," Doctor Shedd said.

The injection of hallucinogenic drugs was given me and once more I lapsed into my controlled fugue.

I was behind the wheel of my Magic Fire Chevrolet, in heavy freeway traffic, returning home at the end of the day. On the radio a commute club announcer was telling me of a traffic jam somewhere ahead.

"Confusion, construction or chaos," he was saying. "I'll guide you through, dear friend."

"Thanks," I said aloud.

Beside me on the seat Pris stirred and said irritably, "Have you always talked back to the radio? It's not a good sign; I always knew your mental health wasn't the best."

"Pris," I said, "in spite of what you say I know you love me. Don't you remember us together at Collie Nild's apartment in Seattle?"

"No."

"Don't you remember how we made love?"

"Awk," she said, with revulsion.

"I know you love me, no matter what you say."

"Let me off right here in this traffic, if you're going to talk like that; you make me sick to my stomach."

"Pris," I said, "why are we driving along like this together? Are we going home? Are we married?"

"Oh god," she moaned.

"Answer me," I said, keeping my eyes

fixed on the truck ahead.

She did not; she squirmed away and sat against the door, as far from me as possible.

"We are," I said. "I know we are."

When I came out of my fugue, Doctor Shedd seemed pleased. "You are showing a progressive tendency. I think it's safe to say you're getting an effective external catharsis for your regressive libido drives, and that's what we're counting on." He slapped me on the back encouragingly, much as my partner Maury Rock had done, not so long ago.

On my next controlled fugue Pris looked older. The two of us walked slowly through the great train station at Cheyenne, Wyoming, late at night, through the subway under the tracks and up onto the far side, where we stood silently together. Her face, I thought, had a fuller quality, as if she were maturing. Definitely, she had changed. Her figure was fuller. And she seemed more calm.

"How long," I asked her, "have we been married?"

"Don't you know?"

"Then we are," I said, my heart full of joy.

"Of course we are; do you think we're living in sin? What's the matter with you anyhow, do you have amnesia or something?"

"Let's go over to that bar we saw, opposite the train station; it looked lively."

"Okay," she said. As we started back down into the subway once more she said, "I'm glad you got me away from those empty tracks ... they depressed me. Do you know what I was starting to think about? I was wondering how it would feel to watch the engine coming, and then to sort of fall forward ahead of it, fall onto the tracks, and have it pass over you, cut you in half ... I wondered how it would feel to end it all like that, just by falling forward, as if you were going to sleep."

"Don't talk likc that," I said, putting my arm around her and hugging her. She was stiff and unyielding, as always.

When Doctor Shedd brought me out of my fugue he looked grave. "I am not too happy to see morbid elements arising in your anima-projection. However, it's to be expected; it shows what a long haul we still have ahead of us. In the next try, the fifteenth fugue—"

"Fifteenth!" I exclaimed. "You mean that was number fourteen?"

"You've been here over a month, now. I am aware that your episodes are blending together; that is to be expected, since sometimes there is no progress at all and sometimes the same material is repeated. Don't worry about that, Rosen."

"Okay, Doctor," I said, feeling glum.

On the next try—or what appeared to my confused mind to be the next try—I once more sat with Pris on a bench in Jack London Park in downtown Oakland, Claifornia. This time she was quiet and sad; she did not feed any of the pigeons who wandered about but merely sat with her hands clasped together, staring down.

"What's the matter?" I asked her, trying to draw her close to me.

A tear ran down her cheek. "Nothing, Louis." From her purse she brought a handkerchief; she wiped her eyes and then blew her nose. "I just feel sort of dead and empty, that's all. Maybe I'm pregnant. I'm a whole week late, now."

I felt wild elation; I gripped her in my arms and kissed her on her cold, unresponsive mouth. "That's the best news I've heard yet!"

She raised her gray, sadness-filled eyes. "I'm glad it pleases you, Louis." Smiling a little she patted my hand.

Definitely now I could see that she had changed. There were distinct lines about

her eyes, giving her a somber, weary cast. How much time had passed? How many times had we been together, now? A dozen? A hundred? I could nt tell; time was gone for me, a thing that did not flow but moved in fitful jolts and starts, bogging down completely and then hesitantly resuming. I, too, felt older and much more weary. And yet—what good news this was.

As soon as I was back in the therapy room I told Doctor Shedd about Pris' pregnancy. He, too, was pleased. "You see, Rosen, how your fugues are showing more maturity, more elements of responsible reality-seeking on your part? Eventually their maturity will match your actual chronological age and at that point most of the fugal quality will have been discharged."

I went downstairs in a joyful frame of mind to meet with my group of fellow patients to listen to their explanations and questions regarding this new and important development. I knew that when they had read the transcript of today's session they would have a good deal to say.

In my fifty-second fugue I caught sight of Pris and my son, a healthy, handsome baby with eyes as gray as Pris' and hair much like mine. Pris sat in the living room in a deep easy chair, feeding him from a bottle, an absorbed expression on her face. Across from them I sat, in a state of almost total bliss, as if all my tensions, all my anxieties and woes, had at last deserted me.

"Goddam these plastic nipples," Pris said, shaking the bottle angrily. "They collapse when he sucks; it must be the way I'm sterilizing them."

I trotted into the kitchen to get a fresh bottle from the sterilizer steaming on the range.

"What's his name, dear?" I asked when I returned.

"'What's his name.'" Pris gazed at me with resignation. "Are you all there, Louis? Asking what your baby's name is, for chrissakes? His name's Rover, the same as yours."

Sheepishly, I had to smile and say, "Forgive me."

"I forgive you; I'm used to you." She sighed. "Sorry to say."

But what is his name? I wondered. Perhaps I will know the next time or if not, then perhaps the one hundredth time. I must know or it will mean nothing to me, all this; it will be in vain.

"Charles," Pris murmured to the baby, "are you wetting?"

His name was Charles, and I felt glad; it was a good name. Maybe I had picked it out; it sounded like what I would have arrived at.

That day, after my fugue, as I was hurrying downstairs to the group therapy auditorium, I caught sight of a number of women entering a door on the women's side of the building. One woman had short-cut black hair and stood slender and lithe, much smaller than the other women around her; they looked like inflated balloons in comparison to her. *Is that Pris?* I asked myself, halting. *Please turn around,* I begged, fixing my eyes on her back.

Just as she entered the doorway she turned for an instant. I saw the pert, bobbed nose, the dispassionate, appraising gray eyes ... it was Pris. "Pris!" I yelled, waving my arms.

She saw me. She peered, frowning; her lips tightened. Then, very slightly, she smiled.

Was it a phantom? The girl—Pris Frauenzimmer—had now gone on into the room, had disappeared from sight. You are back here at Kasanin Clinic, I said to myself. I knew it would happen sooner or later. And this is not a fantasy, not a fugue, controlled or otherwise; I've found you in

actuality, in the real world, the outside world that is not a product of regressive libido or drugs. I have not seen you since that night at the club in Seattle when you hit the Johnny Booth simulacrum over the head with your shoe; how long ago that was! How much, how awfully much, I have seen and done since then—done in a vacuum, done without you, without the authentic, actual you. Satisfied with a mere phantom instead of the real thing ... Pris, I said to myself. Thank god; I have found you; I knew I would, someday.

I did not go to my group therapy; instead I remained there in the hall, waiting and watching.

At last, hours later, she reemerged. She came across the open patio directly toward me, her face clear and calm, a slight glow kindled in her eyes, more of wry amusement than anything else.

"Hi," I said.

"So they netted you, Louis Rosen," she said. "You finally went schizophrenic, too. I'm not surprised."

I said, "Pris, I've been here months."

"Well, are you getting healed?"

"Yes," I said, "I think so. I'm having controlled fugue therapy every day; I always go to you, Pris, every time. We're married and we have a child named Charles. I think we're living in Oakland, California."

"Oakland," she said, wrinkling her nose. "Parts of Oakland are nice; parts are dreadful." She started away from me up the hall. "It was nice seeing you, Louis. Maybe I'll run into you again, here."

"Pris!" I called in grief. "Come back!"

But she continued on and was lost beyond the closing doors at the end of the hall.

The next time in my controlled fugue when I saw her she had definitely aged; her figure was more matronly and she had deep, permanent shadows under her eyes. We stood together in the kitchen doing the dinner dishes; Pris washed while I dried. Under the glare of the overhead light her skin looked dry, with fine, tiny wrinkles radiating through it. She had on no make-up. Her hair, in particular, had changed; it was dry, too, like her skin, and no longer black. It was a reddish brown, and very nice; I touched it and found it stiff yet clean and pleasant to the touch.

"Pris," I said, "I saw you yesterday in the hall. Here, where I am, at Kasanin."

"Good for you," she said briefly.

"Was it real? More real than this?" In the living room I saw Charles seated before the three-D color TV set, his eyes fixed raptly on the image. "Do you remember that meeting after so long? Was it as real to you as it was to me? Is this now real to you? Please tell me; I don't understand any more."

"Louis," she said, as she scrubbed a frying pan, "can't you take life as it comes? Do you have to be a philosopher? You act like a college sophomore; you make me wonder if you're going to grow up."

"I just don't know which way to go any more," I said, feeling desolate but automatically continuing in my task of dish-drying.

"Take me where you find me," Pris said. "As you find me. Be content with that, don't ask questions."

"Yes," I agreed, "I'll do that; I'll try to do it, anyhow."

When I came out of my fugue, Doctor Shedd once more was present. "You're mistaken, Rosen; you couldn't have run into Miss Frauenzimmer here at Kasanin. I checked the records carefully and found no one by that name. I'm afraid that so-called meeting with her in the hall was an involuntary lapse into psychosis; we must not be getting as complete a catharsis of your libido cravings as we thought. Perhaps we should increase the number of minutes

of controlled regression per day."

I nodded mutely. But I did not believe him; I knew that it had really been Pris there in the hall; it was not a schizophrenic fantasy.

The following week I saw her again at Kasanin. This time I looked down and saw her through the window of the solarium; she was outdoors playing volley ball with a team of girls, all of them wearing light blue gym shorts and blouses.

She did not see me; she was intent on the game. For a long time I stood there, drinking in the sight of her, knowing it was real ... and then the ball bounced from the court toward the building and Pris came scampering after it. As she bent to scoop it up I saw her name, stitched in colored block letters on her gym blouse.

ROCK, PRIS

That explained it. She was entered in Kasanin Clinic under her father's name, not her own. Therefore Doctor Shedd hadn't found her listed in the files; he had looked under Frauenzimmer, which was the way I always thought of her, no matter what she called herself.

I won't tell him, I said to myself; I'll keep myself from mentioning it during my controlled fugues. That way he'll never know, and maybe, sometime, I'll get to talk to her again.

And then I thought, ***Maybe this is all deliberate on Shedd's part;*** maybe it's a technique for drawing me out of my fugues and back into the actual world. Because these tiny glimpses of the real Pris have become more valuable to me than all the fugues put together. ***This is their therapy, and it is working.***

I did not know whether to feel good or bad.

It was after my two hundred and twentieth controlled fugue therapy session that I got to talk to Pris once more. She was strolling out of the clinic's cafeteria; I was entering. I saw her before she saw me; she was absorbed in conversation with another young woman, a buddy.

"Pris," I said, stopping her. "For god's sake, let me see you for a few minutes. They don't care; I know this is part of their therapy. Please."

The other girl moved off considerately and Pris and I were alone.

"You're looking older, Louis," Pris said, after a pause.

"You look swell, as always." I longed to put my arms arond her; I yearned to hug her to me. But instead I stood a few inches from her doing nothing.

"You'll be glad to know they're going to let me sign out of here again, one of these days," Pris said matter-of-factly. "And get outpatient therapy like I did before. I'm making terrific progress according to Doctor Ditchley, who's the top psychiatrist here. I see him almost every day. I looked you up in the files; you're seeing Shedd. He's not much ... he's an old fool, as far as I'm concerned."

"Pris," I said, "maybe we could leave here together. What would you say to that? I'm making progress, too."

"Why should we leave together?"

"I love you," I said, "and I know you love me."

She did not retort; instead she merely nodded.

"Could it be done?" I asked. "You know so much more about this place than I do; you've practically lived your life here."

"Some life."

"Could you work it out?"

"Work it out yourself; you're the man."

"If I do," I said, "will you marry me?"

She groaned. "Sure, Louis. Anything you want. Marriage, living in sin, incidental screwing ... you name it."

"Marriage," I said.

"And kids? Like in your fantasy? A child named Charles?" Her lips twisted with amusement.

"Yes."

"Work it out, then," Pris said. "Talk to Shovel-head Shedd, the clinic idiot. He can release you; he has the authority. I'll give you a hint. When you go up for your next fugue, hang back. Tell them you're not sure you're getting anything out of it any more. And then when you're in it, tell your fantasy sex-partner there, the Pris Frauenzimmer that you've cooked up in that warped, hot little brain of yours, that you don't find her convincing any more." She grinned in her old familiar way. "See where that gets you. Maybe it'll get you out of here, maybe it won't—maybe it'll only get you in deeper."

I said haltingly, "You wouldn't—"

"Kid you? Mislead you? Try it, Louis, and find out." Her face, now, was deeply serious. "The only way you'll know is to have the courage to go ahead."

Turning, she walked rapidly away from me.

"I'll see you," she said over her shoulder. "Maybe." A last cool, cheerful, self-possessed grin and she was gone; other people moved in between us, people going in to eat at the cafeteria.

I trust you, I said to myself.

After dinner that day I ran into Doctor Shedd in the hall. He did not object when I told him I'd like a moment of his time.

"What's on your mind, Rosen?"

"Doctor, when I get up to take my fugues I sort of feel like hanging back. I'm not sure I'm getting anything out of them any more."

"How's that again?" Doctor Shedd said, frowning.

I repeated what I had said. He listened with great attention. "And I don't find my fantasy sex-partner convincing any more," I added this time. "I know she's just a projection of my subconscious; she's not the real Pris Frauenzimmer."

Doctor Shedd said, "This is interesting."

"What does it mean, what I've said just now ... does it indicate I'm getting worse or better?"

"I honestly don't know. We'll see at the next fugue session; I'll know more when I can observe your behavior during it." Nodding goodbye to me he continued on down the corridor.

At my next controlled fugue I found myself meandering through a supermarket with Pris; we were doing our weekly grocery shopping.

She was much older now, but still Pris, still the same attractive, firm, clear-eyed woman I had lways loved. Our boy ran ahead of us, finding items for his weekend camping trip which he was about to enjoy with his scout troop in Charles Tilden Park in the Oakland hills.

"You're certainly quiet for a change," Pris said to me.

"Thinking."

"Worrying, you mean. I know you; I can tell."

"Pris, is this real?" I said. "Is this enough, what we have here?"

"No more," she said. "I can't stand your eternal philosophizing; either accept your life or kill yourself but stop babbling about it."

"Okay," I said. "And in exchange I want you to stop giving me your constant derogatory opinions about me. I'm tired of it."

"You're just afraid of hearing them—" she began.

Before I knew what I was doing I had reached back and slapped her in the face; she tumbled and half-fell, leaped away and stood with her hand pressed to her cheek, staring at me in bewilderment and pain.

"Goddam you," she said in a broken voice. "I'll never forgive you."

"I just can't stand your derogatory opinions any more"

She stared at me, and then spun and hurried off down the aisle of the supermarket without looking back; she grabbed up Charles and went on.

All at once I realized that Doctor Shedd stood beside me. "I think we've had enough for today, Rosen." The aisle, with its shelves of cartons and packages, wavered and faded away.

"Did I do wrong?" I had done it without thinking, without any plan in mind. Had I upset everything? "That's the first time in my life I ever hit a woman," I said to Doctor Shedd.

"Don't worry about it," he siad, preoccupied with his notebook. He nodded to the nurses. "Let him up. And we'll cancel the group therapy session for today, I think; have him go back to his room where he can be by himself." To me he said suddenly, "Rosen, there's something peculiar about your behavior that I don't understand. It's not like you at all."

I said nothing; I merely hung my head.

"I'd almost say," Doctor Shedd said slowly, "that you're malingering."

"No, not at all," I protested. "I'm really sick; I would have died if I hadn't come here."

"I think I'll have you come up to my office tomorrow; I'd like to give you the Benjamin Proverb Test and the Vigotsky-Luria Block Test myself. It's more who gives the test than the test itself."

"I agree with that," I said, feeling apprehensive and nervous.

The next day at one in the afternoon I successfully passed both the Benjamin Proverb Test and the Vigotsky-Luria Block Test. According to the McHeston Act I was legally free; I could go home.

"I wonder if you ever should have been here at Kasanin," Doctor Shedd said. "With people waiting all over the country and the staff over worked—" He signed my release and handed it to me. "I don't know what you were trying to get out of by coming here, but you'll have to go back and face your life once more, and without pleading the pretext of a mental illness which I doubt you have or ever have had."

On that brusque note I was formally expelled from the Federal Government's Kasanin Clinic at Kansas City, Missouri.

"There's a girl here I'd like to see before I leave," I asked Doctor Shedd. "Is it all right to talk to her for a moment? Her name is Miss Rock." Cautiously I added, "I don't know her first name."

Doctor Shedd touched a button on his desk. "Let Mr. Rosen see a Miss Rock for a period of no more than ten minutes. And then take him to the main gate and put him outside; his time here is over with."

The husky male attendant brought me to the room which Pris shared with six other girls in the women's dorm. I found her seated on her bed, using an orange stick on her nails. As I entered she barely glanced up.

"Hi, Louis," she murmured.

"Pris, I had the courage; I went and told him what you said to say." I bent to touch her. "I'm free. They discharged me. I can go home."

"Then go."

At first I did not understand. "What about you?"

Pris said calmly, "I changed my mind. I didn't apply for a relaease from here; I feel like staying a few months longer. I like it right now—I'm learning how to weave, I'm weaving a rug out of black sheep wool, virgin wool." And then all at once she whispered bleakly, "I lied to you, Louis. I'm

not up for release; I'm much too sick. I have to stay here a long time more, maybe forever. I'm sorry I told you I was getting out. Forgive me." She took hold of my hand briefly, then let it go.

I could say nothing.

A moment later the attendant led me through the halls of the clinic to the gate and left me standing outside on the public sidewalk with fifty dollars in my pocket, courtesy of the Federal Government. Kasanin Clinic was behind me, no longer a part of my life; it had gone into the past and would, I hoped, never reappear again.

I'm well, I said to myself. Once more I test out perfectly, as I did when I was a child in school. I can go back to Boise, to my brother Chester and my father, Maury and my business; the Government healed me.

I have everything but Pris.

Somewhere inside the great buildings of Kasanin Clinic Pris Frauenzimmer sat carding and weaving virgin black sheep's wool, utterly involved, without a thought for me or for any other thing.

nineteen

I didn't look up when the car stopped by the curb. It stopped about twenty feet back, outside the yellow stripe that measured off the bus stop. I paid it no attention. Somewhere in the back of my consciousness I was still sorting my memories, trying to decide what made some of them real, and some of them delusive. Maybe they all were; Doctor Shedd's drug-therapy could have totally reprogrammed me without my awareness of it. You get involved with a delusion like that controlled fugue and it becomes as much a part of your total experience—the aggregate of memories that you carry around inside your head in protein clusters—as anything else you remember. I wondered if Doctor Shedd really had any idea of what he was doing. Did anyone?

"Mr. Rosen—"

I turned around and saw the car. The Lincoln simulacrum was at the wheel, and holding the door half open, clearly caught in a moment of indecision. Its head bobbed up over the lowered window and it called out, so quietly that I decided it was embarrassed to be calling attention to itself, here, in the bright sunlight in front of the Kasanin Clinic. "Mr. Rosen, I wonder if I might speak with you—?"

I went over to the car. "How are you?" I asked it. It seemed natural that I hold my hand to it, and the Lincoln took my hand in a firm handshake.

"The interior of this car is air-conditioned," it said. "Perhaps you would be more comfortable . . ."

"Did you come to meet me?" I asked it as I slid into the front seat and across to the passenger's side. The Lincoln followed me back into the car, seating itself easily in the driver's seat, casually touching the controle that locked the door and raised the window, then leaning forward to adjust the temperature controls.

"I felt that someone should meet you, Mr. Rosen," it said. "When Dr. Shedd notified your partner, Mr. Rock, that you were being let go, I volunteered to fly out." It looked for a moment at its gnarled knuckles on the rim of the steering wheel. Its hands had fallen into the ten o'clock and two o'clock position automatically. "I felt that I was, in some measure, responsible for your difficulties." It paused again, as if unsure of itself at this moment. I wondered if somewhere inside it cams were turning, searching for new resting places. Ridiculous, of course; all the circuits were integrated solid-state componants. But I had that feeling. "We have certain things in common, you and I, Mr. Rosen," the

Lincoln added.

The air conditioning was drying the sweat off my forehead and making the synthetic shirt I was wearing feel cold and clammy. "I appreciate that," I said. "I really do. Listen, can you tell me something? Can you fill me in a little? What's been going on since I left? How's my dad?"

"I'm afraid your father has passed away," the Lincoln told me. "Mr. Rock sends his regrets, and said to tell you that Chester is all right. He says to come on back to your old job; the partnership is still valid. And ... I suppose you are aware that ... Pris ..."

"I saw her. Here."

"I see."

"So, outside of my father dying, which is really no surprise to anyone, business is as usual. Is that it?" I asked it. "Life goes on; the more things change, the more they remain the same ...?"

The Lincoln nodded its great head. "That is pretty much the case, I believe."

I stared at it, and wondered why I had never before been aware of the contradictions embodied in this simulacrum. Totally human in appearance, even to the extent that it *believed* itself human—but a manufactured object, with manufactured memories, personality; intelligence. What did we think we were? God? Playing with the recreation of human beings, building ersatz figures from the past? What next? Jesus Christ? What a coup *that* would be for R&R ASSOCIATES. Fresh off the cross: if you pulled at its scabs its stigmata would bleed for you. I wondered if it could be built so that it could work the historical miracles.

Pris. These simulacra were Pris' delusions. *She* was the "creative" one, the God-mind behind them. She had designed this creature which sat next to me in a modern car, obviously familiar with it, and talking to me as one adult human being to another.

How far back did my insanity go, I wondered? How had I ever accepted the crazy notion that we had somehow revived the *real* Abraham Lincoln? Sure—everything I could look up about him he also knew, because he'd been programmed from the same sources. But what about those things we *didn't* know about Lincoln—those facts which had become lost or were too private for him ever to have shared?

"Are you aware of the fact that you are only a point of view?" I asked the Lincoln.

"Are not we all?" it replied. "I will admit I find the notion of the Rational Man appealing—but more in the sense of an ideal, than of a practical reality. We are all points of view, subjective interpretations of the universe we inhabit. You know—" it smiled, a sad but boyishly eager smile—"much has changed in this century over the last, and I confess that there is much which fascinates me. Many were the nights when I stood alone under the stars and wondered about them. About the moon ... It is as if I fell asleep, and when I woke the answers—well, some of them at any rate—were waiting for me. It is both a humbling and a proud experience."

I waited it out. "That's my point," I said. "*You* did not fall asleep when John Wilkes Booth's bullet struck its target down. You really aren't the same Lincoln. *You* know that, don't you? You're a recreation: you represent someone's point of view about Lincoln. To be specific, you are Pris Frauenzimmer's point of view. She had this thing, this knowledge about Lincoln, and she created you in the image of the man as she regarded him. But she didn't know the *real* Lincoln. And she couldn't recreate the real Lincoln. She had to settle for what she knew and what she believed. Are you aware of that?"

The Lincoln regarded me with a sad, compassionate expression. It sighed. "I am aware of the facts of the matter," it said. "But they do not alter my inner perceptions. They make my awareness of myself no less real."

As it said that, I felt a shock come over me, and I found myself staring at it with a feeling that paralleled that of deja vu—a sense of profound awareness of the absolute *rightness* of what it was saying.

"Listen," I said. "In there, in Kasanin Clinic, they gave me drugs and put me through what they called *controlled fugues*. You know what I mean? They *helped* me to create my special delusions, my sickness. But they administered it. The idea was to help me work through them. I had to work it all out. Now, while I was in a fugue, it was real to me, you know what I mean? It was subjectively *real*. I can remember what happened in my fugues as well as I can anything else I ever did. And they *changed* me. They became part of my experience. Hell, everybody is changed by his experiences. I was too. So that makes them *real*, on the inside. Do you know what I mean?" I was excited and I clutched at its arm. It felt like a real arm: a little like my dad's arm, stringy but muscled. "My 'inner perceptions,' like you said: they're just as real."

"You had to get Miss Frauenzimmer out of your system," the Lincoln said. "That was part of your therapy."

I stared at it. "If I pinched you, would it hurt you?" I asked it. Then I answered myself: "Sure; you have pain circuits; I remember. But if I pinched you, would your skin go white for a moment afterwards, and then get red, or show bruises?"

It started to pull its arm free of my grip, but I held it.

"It's a test," I said. "Are you the Lincoln Simulacrum I saw them making, Maury, Bob Bundy and Pris? Or are you a ringer?" I caught at a fold of flesh on tis forearm with my thumb and forefinger.

"Mr. Rosen, you're behaving hysterically," it said. "There are people standing outside the car, watching you."

I looked up and jerked my head around. There was no one outside the car; not close by, at any rate. I pinched, hard, just as the Lincoln freed itself from my grasp.

It rubbed its arm and said, childingly, "There was no need for that, you know."

"Let's see your arm," I said. "Come on; let's have a look."

It extended its arm. Two angry red spots glowed on it. "Can you doubt me any longer?" it said.

I stared at it. "Who are you, really?" I asked. Then acting on a sudden wild impulse, "Who are you working for? Barrows?"

The Lincoln gave me a sudden sardonic smile. It reached out and caught the flesh of my own forearm between its fingers, and pinched. I didn't have time to react, but I yowled at the sudden pain. "Why'd you do that?" I asked.

Then I looked down at my arm where I was rubbing it. The skin showed no change of color at all.

Sam Barrows smiled benevolently at me. "There's a place for you in our organization, Rosen. You need have no fears about being, ahh, disconnected."

"I still don't really understand," I said. Mrs. Nild gave me a sympathetic look.

"You were constructed as part of our prógram to test the feasibility of simulacra," Barrows told me. "You, your father and your brother. It's really quite simple. When Mr. Rock first approached me with the idea of historical simulacra—some time before you were made aware of it, actually—I decided that his plan was, as I said later, not

of real commercial value. I could see far more far-reaching implications. Mr. Rock was mostly hung up on his daughter's ideas. I suggested that he create you, and your family, and integrate them in his business operation. It was necessary for you to think of yourself as real individuals of course; you couldn't be allowed to find out the truth."

"Then I'm a—a made up person?" I whispered.

"If you want to put it that way, yes."

"Who—who thought me up?"

"Miss, ahh, Frauenzimmer."

"I see," I said, and I was beginning to. What an incredibly sick mind the child had! I shook my head, disbelievingly. To do all the things she had done—!

"Pris, though," I said. "She's real?"

He nodded, screwing up his face into an expression I couldn't decipher. "Very real," he said.

"And she programmed me."

"You were her pride and joy," he said with accents of irony.

"The Lincoln?" I asked. "Was it—?"

"You were an early model," Barrows said. "We made improvements on the later ones: an entire capilary system that not only regulated skin temperature, but could induce blushes ..."

"We *did* have a lot in common," I said.

"You still do," Barrows said. "You represent an enormous investment of money. My money."

"I suppose you intend to send me to the moon, is that it?" I asked. "Part of your plan to populate your lunar tracts?"

"Would you object?"

"Knowing the truth about myself?"

He smiled and nodded. "Mrs. Nild will take care of all the details." I was dismissed.

I live in a house in the Sea of Serenity, within view of the Haemus Mountains. I have a wife who was designed to my specifications. She does not look at all like Pris, and we have no children. Of the six families on our block, one is human, and the other four think they are. I understand the Spelmans have received word they're to be transfered back to Earth soon, so I expect soon we'll have two human families on our block.

I have ads running in the local papers from here down to Mare Nectaris:

> Spinet piano, also electric organ, repossessed, in perfect condition, SACRIFICE. Cash or good credit risk wanted in this area, to take over payments rather than transport back to Mare Serenitatis. Contact Frauenzimmer Piano Co., Mr. Rosen, Credit Manager, Bessel City, M.S.

It's a good ad; it still pulls pretty well. We have a branch factory up here, and twice a year I get to make the haul back down to Earth to see my partner, Maury Rock. The rest of the time I am behind the desk up here, plotting out the ads and routing our crawlers and answering each response to the ads.

I mean, why not? A man needs a job, even on the moon—and people up here appreciate the fine craftsmanship of our spinets and organs. Maybe they're programmed to; I wouldn't know. I try to think about that as little as possible, and not at all when I visit Maury.

But once in a while I do wonder about one thing: I wonder what Sam Barrows did with the Lincoln.

THE END —Philip K. Dick

The People of the Arrow

P. Schuyler Miller is the dean of contemporary Science Fiction Reviewers. This classic story of a crucial event in Man's prehistory testifies to his skill as a writer as well as a critic of Science Fiction.

By P. SCHUYLER MILLER

FOR seven days the wet earth had smoked. A shroud of gray mist lay close over the world, thick and evil, hiding the face of the Sun-father. In the night the darkness clung stiflingly about the skin huts of the Arrow-people and they lay without sleep, listening to the dark.

The night spoke with many voices of evil. The river flowed with an almost soundless rushing, chuckling over heaped-up reefs of boulders left by the Great Ice. It tore hungrily at the black flank of the mountain, naked and steaming with the new, rich life that had followed the Cold. Great moist clots of the rich earth fell away with the slithering tear of rootlets, and the soft plop of their falling and the avid gurgle of the river faded away again into the rushing silence.

The forest spoke, though no wind stirred. Its voice was the whisper of many branches, swaying and pressing in the night, of branches drawing secretly aside from the things that went four-footedly and two-footedly along the silent-needled paths beneath them. Branches murmuring of things that flitted soundlessly among them and above them through the clinging mists. Branches suddenly hushed with fear of things that were unseen.

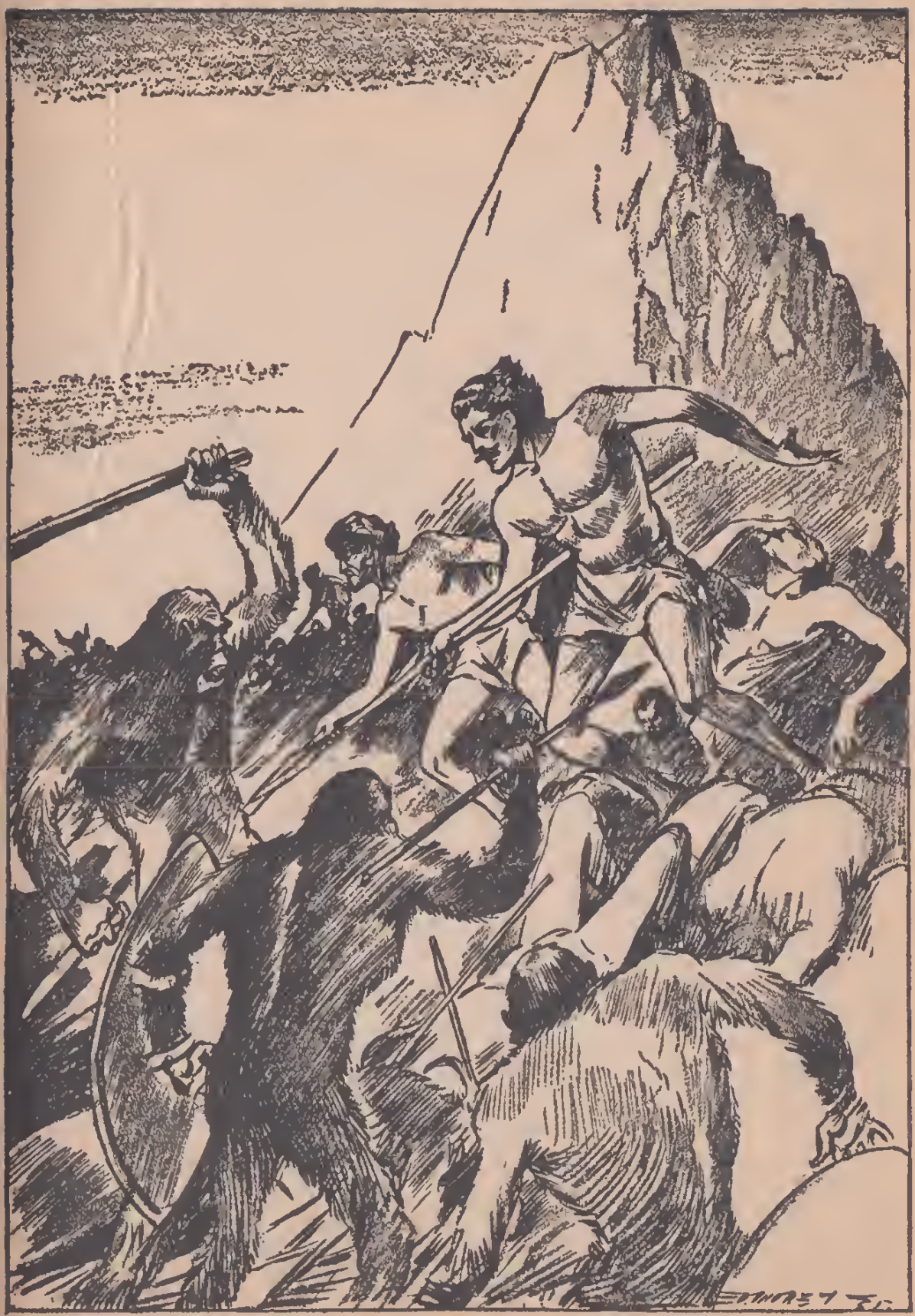
Kor stood sniffing the night. The gash in his side was stiff and sore, caked still with dried blood and grease and the red and yellow paint of battle. The Old One had been hard to kill, twisted though he was by many scars, but the totem of his place hung from its thong about the sinewy throat of Kor, the Wolf-Slayer. Kor was Old One of the Arrow-people! Kor was the voice of the Great Wolf, warrior brother of the Sun-father!

And Kor feared the night.

Not with a knowing fear. His terror was the atavistic terror of his race, inborn in forgotten ages. The memories told of great, green plains to the southward, where the Arrow-people had dwelt since there was time, but the fear was before that. Silver rivers twisted like flung thongs through the green uplands and bushy copses edged their rippling shallows. Food-beasts thundered on tireless hoofs across those rolling steppes, unwary, unafraid of men, and the sky above shining lakes was black with the wings of water-fowl. Great fish basked in the pebbled pools and flung themselves, mad with the lust of spawning, into the singing shallows.

That was the old Land—the good Land—the green Land of the memories. The right hand of the Sun-father had fallen in wrath upon it. The rains fled and his flaming face was never hidden. The green plains grew sere and brown under his pitiless gaze; fewer and fewer were the beasts that men might kill, fewer and warier the birds. Fire scourged the prairie and the game fled before it, far through the red night. The dust came, stripping the flame-seared uplands, choking the shallow lakes.

The wrath of the Sun-father was terrible to behold, and the Arrow-people



quailed in fear beneath it. Their children died unborn, their old men perished with the ancient memories unspoken. Their women were few and ugly and their warriors gaunt with days of famine.

But the Sun-father was just. With his flaming right hand he lashed the green prairies and made of them a desert of rock and barren sands, but with his left hand he sent the Great Wolf, his sky-brother, to give new life to the People of the Arrow.

Kor was Old One then, the memories said. Kor, father of Kor—father of many Kors through the years. Behind his footsteps the Arrow-people followed the trail of the Great Wolf, northward through the mountains, their faces turned to the star that does not move, the night-eye of the Sun-father, ever watching, ever knowing. They came to the herds of food beasts and fed as the children of the Wolf fed and moved again as the wolves moved, with the desert at their backs.

Kor, the son of Kor—son of many Kors since that first one who heard the voice of the Wolf—Kor was Old One when they came to the bitter waters. For long the Arrow-people dwelt in plenty by the shores, finding new foods, learning new lives, forgetting old memories. There were many children among the skin huts and plump and comely wives for the Old One and his bowmen. Kor died and another was Old One in his stead. Kor was of the memories, forgotten. The Arrow-people scattered and the ways of one village were no longer the ways of their sun-brothers. Their bows sang in warfare, each with the other. Their footsteps led along the shores of the great sea and beyond it where other, greater mountains stared down at them from the sky's edge and vast black forests frowned from the steeps. They forgot the Great Wolf, arrow-brother of the Sun-father in his war on darkness. But a few remembered.

KOR remembered. Kor, son of Kor—Kor, the Wolf-Slayer. Naked he went where the snows lay deep on the high peaks and slew the great white Wolf-King of the north and drank his hot blood where it spilled out on the snow. The wolf's fat healed his wounds and the skin of the wolf hung about his loins. Son of the Great Wolf he became, by right of the blood of that Wolf-son he had slain, and when he came again to the huddle of skin huts beside the great north-reaching river, the Arrow-people welcomed him and sang again the memories and danced the Wolf-dance before the cave of Mog.

He came into the firelight—Mog, the Old One, the Sun-Drinker—and the thrust of his great spear brushed the skin of the white wolf where it lay against Kor's side. Kor's knife came in his hand and his eyes were keen in the firelight. His voice gave the cry of the Wolf-King and beyond the darkness the Great Wolf answered, wailing through the night.

Mog heard it—Mog, the Sun-Drinker—Mog, dancing the blind and wavering Sun-dance, drunk with the red, stinging blood of the Sun that was his alone, save on the day of feasting when all the people of the Arrow drank and leaped and shouted in honor of their father in the sky.

Mog heard it, and there was fear in his eyes. The blood of the Sun ran in his veins like his own blood, and the Sun was sleeping. Sleep was heavy in his eyes and in his limbs and clouded his brain. Sleep made the night waver and blur about him, and out of it came the

eager clamor of the Wolf and a keen knife thrusting under the clumsy lunge of his spear.

Kor was Old One of the Arrow-people!

He led them slowly northward along the great, rushing river, following the Wolf as of yore. Some cried against him among the people, but his spear was strong and quick. The hills closed in behind them, black with spruce and pine and drooping hemlock. At night the skin huts of the Arrow-people huddled close by the river's edge in a clearing torn from the long grass. With the Sun-coming the bowmen lay in wait for the beasts that came to drink at the river, and there was no hunger among the people. But there was fear.

Kor stood staring at the night. Fear clogged the bodies and dulled the senses of his people, as the Sun-blood had numbed the mind and body of Mog. Fear of the dark and the voices of the dark, and of the unknown that lay in the dark northland. Fear made more terrible by the gray, clinging fog of evil, that hid the bright face of the Sun-father.

He knew that fear. It lay in his own heart like a dull gnawing, but with it there was a yearning that made the ache seem small. The gap in the black hills beckoned him and the river lay lazy, like a silver pathway leading into the unseen. His blood throbbed in his temples and a queer nostalgia gripped him. He longed for open uplands dark with grazing herds and for the ripple of wind over the tall grasses and the river a shining ribbon across the world. He longed for the hungry wail of the wolf-pack running the clear night where the bright eye of the Sun-father gazed unhidden upon his children. And in his blood, driving him on and on, was the faith and knowledge that those things lay before him, somewhere beyond these mountains of cold and night.

He fingered the carved pendant that hung at his throat. Age had yellowed it and countless caressing fingers had worn it to a glistening smoothness, but its cunningly fashioned curves still prisoned the crouching body of a wolf, the great white Wolf-father who was brother of the Sun. Men still shaped wood and bone with their flint knives, but none so cunningly as this, nor had any of the Arrow-people seen bone so hard and fine and smooth.

For some time now the voices of the darkness had been stilled. A wan white light was filtering through the mist. Behind him the noises of the waking camp broke the early morning stillness—the crying of a child, the low murmur of women, the pat of the hunters' naked feet. As the sun climbed higher, Kor sensed a restless stirring of the fog-curtains. The surface of the river no longer steamed and the dark edge of the forest loomed closer. Streamers of vapor lay low over the meadow, twisting and coiling, like vast, grey serpents. And then on the moist skin of his naked body he felt the touch of cool fingers, and the grasses stirred and whispered eagerly in the freshening breeze.

He turned. High above the river he stood, a magnificent bronzed figure, his broad chest streaked with ziz-zag bands of graphite and ochre, the pelt of the white wolf twisted about his muscular waist. At his voice the bustle of the little encampment ceased and all eyes turned up to where he stood.

"Ho!" he shouted. "Ho, my people. The Sun-father smiles again. Today we follow the Wolf!"

It seemed, in the weeks that followed, that fog and darkness and fear had gone forever. The Sun-father smiled benignly from cloudless heavens and the game

came readily to their arrows and spears. Steadily the Arrow-folk moved north along the banks of the still-youthful Rhone, brimming with blue snow-water from the melting ice of a long, post-glacial winter. Their stomachs were full, and though now and again dark eyes turned fearfully toward the black barrier of the forest, no one grumbled audibly and in some the flame of Kor's own atavistic unrest was smouldering.

THEN, finally, Kor realized that a subtle change had come over the game. The little forest deer were more timid; they came watchfully to drink and it was no longer possible to slip within spearthrow. The great broad-horned stag of the forests they had not seen for many days, nor, though the mountains were pressing ever closer to the narrowing river, did hunters often find the spoor of the great cave bear or find the strewn bounty of his gartantuan fishing orgies.

They came to a pleasant bowl among the hills where the river widened and flowed more sluggishly, and the hills withdrew a little on the east. The grassy meadow should have thundered with the drumming hoofs of startled auroch herds, frightened by their coming. Only a raven sailed heavily above the forest, croaking dismally.

Here they camped. Kor was worried; why he could not say. Something in the atmosphere of the place disturbed him, and for the first time he forgot the urge that drove him northward. That night he sat alone before his hut, listening. Night after night he had sat thus, listening for the far-off crying of the wolf-packs, as it gave tongue along the northward trail. But now it did not come.

No game came to the meadow with dawn. That day they went hungry, and the next, and then with the third sun Kor led his hunters out in search of meat. Mile after mile they followed the winding river without success. Then, where a tributary stream came tumbling down from the western hills and the forest wall loomed almost at their shoulder as they filed along, they found what they sought.

A well-trodden game trail wound down out of the forest past a cliff of whitish clay. Hoofs had beaten that way to the water and those same hoofs had pawed and cut at the savory soil of the salt-lick. The spoor was fresh—deer had been here within the day.

Superstition was submerged in the need to kill. Nor was the forest so terrible by day. Intent on the evidence of the trail he strode fearlessly into the shadow of the great pines. Two or three of his hunters followed; the others spread to examine the salt-lick and the nearby stream for suitable points of ambush.

In the half-dark of the forest it was difficult to read the spoor. The trail was a mass of tracks—aurochs, deer, moose, and with them the prints of carnivores great and small. They grew aware of the oppressive gloom and Kor found himself peering furtively down the shadowed aisles under the great, low-hanging hemlocks. He was about to turn back when his keen eyes caught an odd irregularity in the trail. He strode quickly forward. With a crackle of dry branches he plunged feet-first into a deep pit!

For a moment he lay stunned; then he sprang to his feet. He had missed by a hand's breadth a row of sharpened stakes driven point upward in the bottom of the pit. A stag or bison would have been impaled.

The pit had been dug by men!

Before he clambered out, Kor shouted for a twist of grass and a coal from the fire-ball that one man always carried.

The tinder-dry grass blazed furiously for a moment, revealing every corner of the pit. Imprinted in the wet clay were the marks of human feet, naked and huge. Nor were they the high-arched, narrow prints of Kor's own race. Flat, splayed, misshapen, these were the feet of apes rather than of men!

EVERY minute on that long back-trail seemed an age. The camp had been deserted, save for three young hunters left to supervise the fishing. Their women were alone with children and half a score of men too ancient for anying but flint-napping and memories. Kor dreaded what they would find in that unprotected camp.

He was not prepared for the horror that was there. Men and women lay in a welter of blood among the ruins of the skin huts. Their skulls were beaten in, their bodies gashed and torn and great masses of flesh ripped from them as by ravenous beasts. The air reeked with the stench of burnt flesh. Kor's lips tightened at the evidence of the terrible feast that had occurred.

Everywhere were the prints of those brutish feet. There had been scores of the things. The old men had gone down like felled deer and even the three young men, stalwart fighters though they were, had been literally torn to pieces by overwhelming odds. Four women and a child were dead. The rest were gone.

The things had had weapons. They found two huge knives, beaten out of coarse-grained flint with the crust still clinging to one side. The great gashes in the skulls and bodies of the dead had been made by something still huger and more terrible, and some bore the marks of wooden spears. These monsters killed by brute force. What were they, that mocked the shape of men?

Once, twice, he shouted the weird cry of his totem, and the voices of his men rang with him in a demented howl of hate. Far above them on the wooded mountain side the wailing Wolf-song answered them. Fiercely he shook his chieftains' spear aloft and gave it tongue again, and again the answer came eerily from the cliffs, fainter, hungrier, eager for the kill. Every ear heard it; every eye blazed with a new fire. It was the voice of the Great Wolf! It was a sign!

The beast men were cunning in the dark. Their splay feet bore them tracelessly over the forest floor, by ways they knew of old. But the women of the Arrow-people had the blood of generations of fighters in their veins. They fought savagely, like wild things, until their captors beat them into submission. The trail they left was plain to the dullest of Kor's men. And when it vanished, as the unconscious women were flung over brutish shoulders, Kor knew that he would not lose it again.

The scent of the things reeked in his nostrils. Hanging in the still air of the forest, the acrid fear-scent of the stolen women came plainly to them and reddened their flaming rage, but so overpowering, as almost to hide it, was the foul, musky odor of the beast-things, like the den-stench of the great flesh-eating beasts. It sickened them and poured red fury into their brains. Their eyes were keen in the darkness. And ever and again Kor gave whispering tongue to the clan-cry of the Wolf, and it seemed that the Wolf would answer from afar.

Night laid a deeper gloom over the blackfastness of the forest, but the reek of the burdened things was hotter and freshen in their nostrils and they ran bent low over the trail like great wolves questing. Deeper and deeper they plunged into the pillared darkness, and higher and higher they climbed, until they ran close under the cliff of riddled limestone that rimmed the valley on the west.

Caution was flung aside. They ran blindly, like men gone mad. And they *were* mad!

It was near daybreak. The sky, that they glimpsed through gaps in the forest, was graying and the shadowed aisles were taking on form again. Suddenly Kor saw the red glow of a fire.

They crept closer through the trees. The forest ended where the cliffs came down close to the river's edge, and in the open, built on a great flat rock, the embers of a huge campfire burned fitfully.

KOR'S eyes went to the cliffs. Two huge holes gaped at their base, black and ominous even in the growing light. And that light revealed the débris of an orgy that made the blood pound madly in his skull. He sprang to his feet. Blood-mad, his men were leaping past him into the open. Wolf-song, Sun-song, all were forgotten as he bellowed the insane challenge of a man berserk.

The caves spewed out misshapen life, like bees pouring from a hive. The place stank of the things; their filth and refuse strewed the rocks—and now from their dens in the earth the beasts themselves came shambling.

They were smaller than a man .Their massive legs were bent and crooked, their backs warped until their great blunt paws hung far below their knees. Little red eyes peered under protruding brows; thick, sucking lips slavered and spewed out clucking speech. Man stood facing hairy, grizzled beasts, across a hundred feet of rock, as at Kor's wild scream a score of bowstrings sang.

The beasts went down like logs. Their mighty bodies stiffened with the shock, then beat and writhed in horrible contortions though bone-tipped hunting arrows stood out a foot behind their backs. Twice the bows of the Arrow-people buzzed with death; twice the beast-things went down among the rocks in thrashing heaps. Then their dull brains woke and with a shambling lurch they charged.

They had outnumbered Kor's small force by nearly two to one. But the Arrows had changed those odds. Now in the forefront of his men the Wolf-Slayer flung his bow aside and raced with lifted spear to meet that charge.

Wall smashed into wall of flesh.. Kor's spear hissed low under an upflung arm into the hairy body of the leading thing. Its strong shaft broke in Kor's hand as the thing went down; tearing it free he sprang across the sprawling body and drove the splintered wood with all his strength into the breast of the beast beyond.

It bellowed pain and blood. Its little red eyes blazed into his, as one huge fist came up clenched on a mighty pointed blade of flint. As that fist smashed down at his unprotected skull Kor tried to swerve, but the press of rushing bodies drove him on. His left hand reached for that bestial face and pushed it back; his right hand drove a knife again and again into that barrel-chest.

Twice the massive hand-axe came smashing down, tearing great gashes in the muscles of his back. He felt his left arm crumple, felt the other's brutal fingers at his neck, crushing the very vertebrae. His arm came up; with one last savage effort he drove his knife home in the hairy throat just under the thing's receding chin and let the sinews rip as he tore it out. Then suddenly that terrible grip on his spine was gone and all about him his men were stabbing in insane frenzy at the bloody carcasses of the monsters they had slain.

In the caves their women were fighting fiercely with females of the same demonic breed. Spawn of the things scratched and bit like bear cubs, before

they broke their misshapen backs. Sick with the horror of that which had occurred, Kor and his hunters killed until nothing lived to die. Their own meagre numbers were shrunken, for the things had fought with the strength and fury of the beasts they seemed. Yet, staring at them where they lay for the ravens to find, Kor knew that they were men.

HE stood on the cliff-top, high above the caves. Forests, black and menacing, reached away as far as he could see to the north, yet beyond that illimitable waste of darkness there was no bounding line of snow-capped mountains thrusting at the skies. The river flowed down out of that unknown north, and in the night, curtains of ghostly fire swayed and billowed among the stars beneath the glittering eye of the Sun-father.

What was there in the north, beyond the forests and the mountains, beyond the river's end and the end of rivers beyond that? It was the home of the gray man-things, but now the people of the Arrow would be ready and waiting when they came, and there would be war to the death between them until one race or both had vanished. They were few now, his people—all too few, now that their children were gone and many of their women—but they could rest here at the border of that unknown land, until they had grown again in strength and numbers and the time had come for Kor, or the son of Kor, to lead them on into the north where the Great Wolf waited for his children.

Kor—or the son of Kor? Which would it be? And as his fingers closed about the ivory emblem of the Wolf its mystery rose tantalizingly before him. For in the cave of the things they had found a giant, broken tusk, longer than a man, and Kor knew that its smooth white bone-stuff was the material from which the pendant had been carved, in ages gone and in another land.

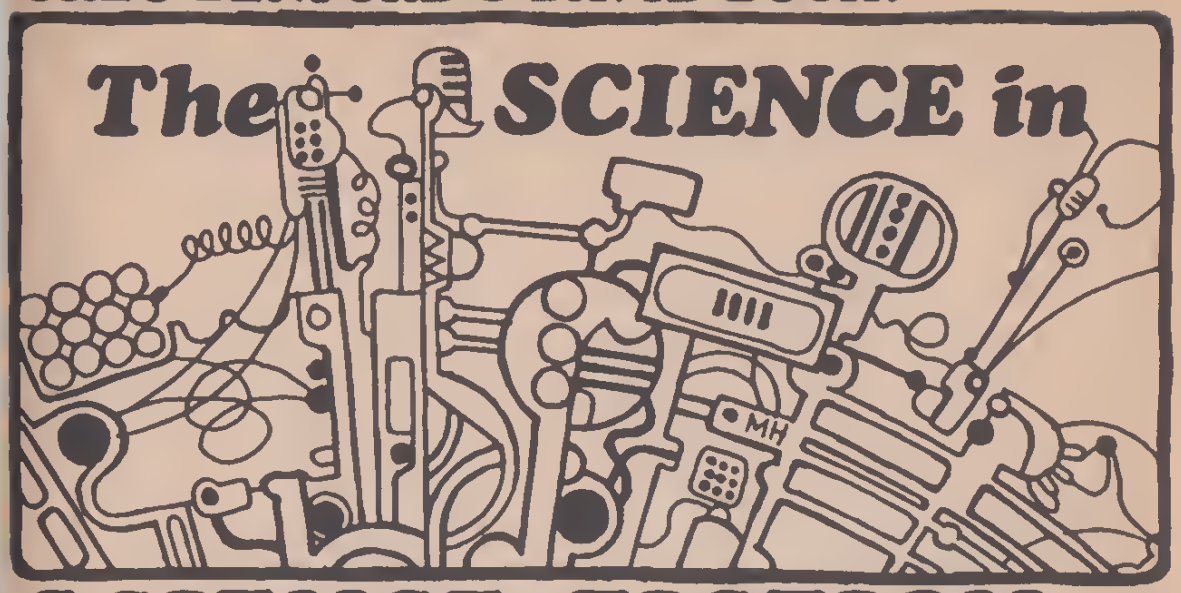
Kor—or the son of Kor. Down out of forgotten times it had come, bearing the power and honor of the Wolf. Into the ages it would go, leading them on and on, passing from hand to hand—into the darksome forest-country of the beast-things, where cannibal fires burned evilly before ancient caves—into that visioned land beyond, land of vast sweeping meadows and mighty, fearless herds, of plenty and of peace. Always seeking the Great Wolf, always following the eerie keening of his earthly children, as they ran the hunger race through the long dark night.

He looked at it as it lay there in his cupped palms. A bit of carven bone, cunningly wrought, with magic woven in its lines and curves. Out of the memories it had come, into the hand of Kor, the son of Kor. For a while he would hold it, until that hand should weaken and let it fall. Until Kor was only a memory, and Kor's son, and all the people of the Arrow and the beast-things that they fought here in these strange new lands.

Then one day it would rest.

He wondered when.

GREG BENFORD & DAVID BOOK:



THE COLUMBUS PROBLEM: II

In our last column we took a look at planet-finding and decided that a search made from a space ship traveling at velocities much less than the speed of light would be quite difficult. These troubles all but vanish, though, if we have a ship that will boost up to near-light speeds (that is, 0.1 *c* or better).

At such speeds everything near the ship seems to be rushing by, whereas distant stars remain fixed. Any motorist sees trees hy the roadside streaming past, but the mountains on the horizon stand still. It's the same effect. In interstellar terms this just means planets within a light month or so of the ship will show large relative motions, but stars light years away will appear fixed. If we can arrange for our probe to travel near *c* up close to an interesting solar system, even a simple computer program can pick out the system's planets from photographic plates with comparative ease.

But there's another side to this coin. Near-*c* speeds will make the universe appear to squash down in front of the ship, and thin out perpendicular to the line of flight and behind. This effect, called aberration, has been known since the early eighteenth century. We can understand it most easily by picturing starlight as a stream of photons flowing toward the ship. Imagine a tube (that is, a telescope) pointed straight at a star, which is to one side of our ship. The stream of photons would tend to hit the inside wall of the tube because the tube moves forward a little bit during the short time they take travelling down it. To correct for this, it is necessary to aim slightly ahead, which means that the star will appear ahead of its actual position. For stars directly in front of or behind the ship, no such correction would be required. These stars will not appear displaced.

Another well-known effect is the Doppler shift. Light from aft of the ship will have longer wave lengths, making these stars redder, while light from ahead will shift toward the violet. The red shift might make an already red star too faint to see.

Similarly, the violet shift would make hot blue stars appear relatively dimmer. If the ship Another well-known effect is the Doppler shift. Light from aft of the ship will have longer wave lenghts, making these stars redder, while light from ahead will shift toward the violet. The red shift might make an already red star too faint to see. Similarly, the violet shift would make hot blue stars appear relatively dimmer. If the ship moves with a velocity close toc, these changes increase owing to relativistic effects. (The shift is multiplied by the familiar gamma factor from Einstein's theory.)

Both aberration and the Doppler shift will make optical observations more complicated, but not impossible. Interstellar dust may present a more serious problem. It will be crashing into the ship at near-*c* speeds. This will be hard on telescopes, not mention the space ship itself.

There is a standard sf device which avoids these troubles and has the additional advantage of being a great time-saver on long missions. The faster-than-light drive (FTL) has probably made more money for sf writers than any other idea. To the scientific community, however, FTL is nonsense. Even the recent work of Feinberg and others, which treats tachyons (FTL particles), assumes that they can't be used to carry messages or transmit material bodies. This isn't just due to caution or unimaginative conservatism. Though wc don't have room to prove it here, FTL communication implies the possibility of communication with the past—time travel. Now, time travel is a mainstay of sf authors, too, but a lot of the fun writers have had with the subject springs directly from the paradoxes that result: If you went back and killed your grandfather, what would happen to you? There isn't any logical answer. Scientists prefer not to consider theories that have such elementary paradoxes built into them. So we'll leave FTL ships out of this discussion, because we want to deal with what is known or is reasonable to speculate about.

Without FTL there are real difficulties, of which the worst is the cost. How much will society pay to go to the stars and look around? This is a delicate problem of sociology and politics and we don't know the answer. Current public opinion is no guide. But unless the human race becomes more noble and far-sighted than it has heretofore shown any signs of being, it is hard to believe any government will fund a program that produces no results within the lifetime of the voters, or, say, fifty years. (Admittedly this is a pessimistic view. But in this column we are trying to find the *least* that one can reasonably expect of the future, barring disaster. The reader may think better of our race, and he may prove right.) This means the probes *must* be near-*c* ships, and consequently will be expensive. Even if people stand still for the added taxes, somewhere a legislator will labor to insure the money isn't being squandered. Economics will probably play the biggest role in determining how we get to the stars.

History is encouraging in this regard. Historians are skeptical about the tales of Isabella selling her jewels to send Columbus, but money was a big issue and Columbus had to plead for years to get it. The expedition to find the New World (for that is what it was—Columbus was looking for a new land, and was only persuaded after he found it that it was the Indies) cost about 0.004% of Spain's Gross National Product in 1492. In the century and a half after 1492 Spain imported *six times* the 1492 GNP in gold and silver from the New World, in addition to tobacco and syphilis. That is an impressive, if mixed, return. In contrast, NASA uses about 0.4% of the USA

GNP every year, or a hundred times as much as Columbus. Thus far we have seen modest returns from R.[D spinoff, comsats, and weather and military reconnaisance. There have been no big windfalls yet, but no one has come back from Venus with a veneral disease either.

So it seems that, as their technological level rises, cultures become much more willing to support "blue sky" exploration. This will have to be true if our descendents are going to pay for a program of interstellar exploration. Cultural limitations on interstellar flight in the foreseeable future place rather strong demands on the propulsion system. At the moment we are building Saturn V rockets that cost about a hundred million dollars. If we continue our 4% average growth rate for 200 years our GNP will rise by a factor of a thousand. Presumably people then would be willing to spend a thousand times the Saturn V cost on an interstellar vehicle. Freeman Dyson, writing of the now-defunct Orion design project, has estimated that this sum would pay for an Orion-type ship.

The Orion concept is simple but dramatic. The space ship would be propelled by exploding H-bombs. A kind of sail, shaped like a plumber's friend several miles across, receives a gentle push from each successive explosion and passes it on to the ship through a giant shock absorber. In the near-emptiness of interstellar space would be no destructive blast, and the design is a very efficient one in principle. (Never mind that it sounds like a Rube Goldberg-H. G. Wells idea.)

But time is the crucial factor. If information must get back within 50 years to keep the program going, at least at the beginning, the probes must reach cruising speed quickly. This rules out the Orion bomb-ship, which would have a very low acceleration. It would take at least 150 years to reach the nearest star, Alpha Centauri. Our search narrows down to a ship that can accelerate quickly.

One thing is certain: the job isn't going to be done by rockets. A rocket is a vehicle that carries all its own propellant, heats it in some fashion and spews it out the back. For orbits near the Earth ordinary chemical rockets are fairly cheap. On anything more ambitious, additional fuel is required. This means that more fuel must be used to raise the additional weight, and more fuel to raise *that*, and so on. The end result is an enormous mass ratio: the ratio of fuel to payload quickly reaches astronomical values.

For Mars flights we'll probably want to use ion drives (a method of electrostatically throwing out charged particles at high velocities). To reach the outer planets thermonuclear fusion will probably be used, if man has learned to control it by that time. (Fusion rockets employ the same energy source as the hydrogen bomb, to heat propellants and provide electrical power for the craft).

This is an ascending ladder of efficiency. Each method is less costly per pound of thrust than the one before it. The ultimate in efficiency is provided by the antimatter drive: carry equal quantities of matter and antimatter, combine them in small portions, and use the photons (light particles) that result. The photons can be reflected off the ship to give impulse. There is no residue—when matter and antimatter combine, they vanish and leave light and neutrinos—and the efficiency approaches 100%. Thus far we have no way of producing quantities of antimatter or keeping it around (what do you put it in?), so this method is purely hypothetical; but it is theoretically possible. Even with the

antimatter rocket, though, we run into the same old problem: all the fuel must be carried by the rocket, so a massive ship is required to deliver a small payload to the destination. For interstellar voyages where the craft travels faster than o.2 c, the mass ratio is over a million. Is this the most efficient drive possible?

No. We are going to have to go to the stars, so speak, on the cheap. A space ship must escape the limitation imposed hy carrying its propellant with it. Luckily, there may be ways to do this.

It has been proposed that a space ship might be pushed by a laser beam based on or near Earth. A large mirror at the rear of the craft would reflect the beam so that twice the momentum of the light would be conveyed to the ship. One trouble with this method is that as the ship leaves the solar system the mirror must become very large. One tenth of a light year out it must be at least several miles on a side, and midway along the four light years to Alpha Centauri the mirror would be eroded by interstellar dust unless it were quite thick and heavy. The worst problem, of course, is that the beam can only push; such a ship could not slow down. It would never be able to stop and search on reaching an interesting stellar system.

But there is one method which meets all our requirements.

It may well be that a comparatively obscure engineer named Robert Bussard will be famous a century or two from now, because he invented the interstellar ramscoop concept. A ramscoop will utilize the interstellar hydrogen or helium to fuel itself, and thus carry only payload and motors. The idea already has been used extensively in stories by Poul Anderson, Larry Niven and others. Dust and gas filling interstellar space with an average density of one atom per cubic centimeter can serve as fuel in a thermonuclear reaction if it is heated sufficiently. The ramjet will collect this matter and use it in a reactor. The heating problem will be solved if the craft is already traveling at near-*c*. The dust can be made to collide with gas in the reactor, producing high temperatures that make fusion possible. The electrical power gained from the reactor will run the ship and most importantly, maintain the enormous magnetic fields that scoop up the dust in the first place.

For the magnetic fields are the key to a workable ramscoop. Bussard has estimated that a ship of about two million pounds would need to collect all the dust within a forty mile radius of the ship. Obviously this isn't going to be done by mechanical scoops, even if they could withstand the erosion of countless collisions with the dust. Instead, the dust must be gathered in by magnetic fields, created in turn by electrical power in the ship. Thus, the ramscoop catches its fuel like a giant trawler, and even more remarkably, at every instant reels in some fraction of this fuel along the fields until it reaches the reactor. After the dust has yielded up its fusion energy it can be accelerated by electric fields near or inside the ship and squirted out the end as reaction mass.

The entire ramscoop system will be the size of a large asteriod, but only the ship and its contents will be material. Fields, produced by superconducting magnets, will focus and funnel the dust through the engines. They must also, shield the ship's fragile parts from dust and radiation, for interstellar hydrogen will be colliding with the ship at near-*c* speeds. Exposure to such hard radiation would kill a man in minutes and disable any electronic circuit in an hour or two. (In fact, though we didn't mention it, the shielding problem argues strongly against rockets, or indeed any propulsion

system that does not provide a simple inexpensive method of making non-material screens against the high energy dust.)

Thus, the fields must have a very specific shape, so that interstellar debris is sucked through the engines, but stays away from the payload. Separating the payload and engines will help, but the fields will have to do most of the job. Several magnetic field configurations can be designed to do this. The biggest problem seems to lie in the first step of the process, when randomly moving interstellar gas atoms must be picked up. Only charged particles are influenced by magnetic fields, and no one knows how much of the gas is ionized (charged). It may be necessary to rely on the magnetic fields to produce shock waves that travel out beyond the scoops and ionize atoms in front of the ship. This would take additional energy, but the ramscoop has an ample energy source in the fusion of the gas. It can pay its own way.

The ramscoop system seems very reasonable, given the usual rate of technological advance over a period of perhaps a hundred years.

Of course, there are limitations. The most important is that a ramscoop will not operate below a certain minimum velocity. If it is moving too slowly, it will simply be unable to pick up hydrogen efficiently. Just what the critical minimum velocity is we cannot say without a clearer set of engineering specifications, but it appears that speeds of order 100 kilometers/sec are necessary. This is crucial because planets travel around their stars at their speeds in the 10 km/sec range. When a space vehicle orbits a planet it must match velocities or it will just zip by with only a glance at the planet.

A ramscoop approaching a system, then, will have trouble if it cannot slow down to less than 100 km/sec. In fact it may not be able to stay in the star system at all, except by going into a parking orbit so close to the star tha it will burn up. The only way to stop will be through use of some type of braking rocket—a propulsion system that carries its fuel along with it. Carrying all that fuel from Earth to another star is expensive. It is conceivable that this brake could cost nearly as much as the ramscoop itself, which is a ridiculous way to do things.

We have studied the problem and found a possible solution. To understand it, one has to recognize that the probe design depends on what to find out. Probably future cultures will be interested in learning about astronomical data, livable planets and alien life. It isn't obvious just how these aims will be weighted.

As we said before, the faster a space probe moves, the easier planet-finding becomes. One can imagine a robot ship designed to whiz through many systems without ever decelerating unless something highly unusual turns up. (Just how to program a robot to recognize and weigh the unusual is an interesting problem in itself.) Such a probe could count the planets optically, estimate mass, size, velocities, etc. during the roughly 200 hours it would spend in the system. This would be the simplest interstellar ship to build but it would also give the least information. How would it operate?

Astronomers believe that the planets, if any, should all be orbiting in the same plane, and this should be the plane of the parent star's equator. That is the way things are in our own solar system and it is obviously no accident. According to present theories, the sun and the planets coalesced out of the same rotating cloud of dust or gases. Through all the vicissitudes of stellar evolution, the total angular momentum—the total "spin"—in the solar system remained constant. Only about two

percent of the system's angular momentum is found in the sun; the rest is distributed among the planets, with Jupiter as usual getting the royal share.

The same thing can be expected to happen in most main-sequence stars from about F2 on. This includes types G, K, and M (Sol is a G2 star). These stars reveal through spectroscopic observations that they spin slowly, like the Sun. Earlier types (0-, B- and A- type stars) have high rotational velocities and so presumably never formed planets. The planets circling a close binary or other multiple-star system presumably move in the same plane as that in which the stars rotate, since they would have been formed at the same time.

As a result, it should he possible to quickly determine the common ecliptic of the system's planets. (Probably the easiest way is to measure the rotational Doppler shift on opposite sides of a sun when it begins to appear as a disc, which, with a 200 inch telescope on board, occurs when the probe is roughly a quarter of a light year away). The most efficient way to scan for planets is to approach perpendicular to the ecliptic plane. This will maximize the proper motion of all the planets; they will seem to move out radially from the star as the probe draws near. The effect of their own motion about their sun—a few tens of kilometers per second—will be negligible by the time the probe is close enough to see them.

All planets in the system would be half-illuminated under these conditions. If the probe approached near or in the plane of the ecliptic, some of the planets might not be visible, since only small fraction of the illuminated surface might face the probe. The brightness of a planet viewed "in profile" is inversely proportional to the square of the distance from the star. Seen this way, Jupiter would appear about five times and Venus about four times as bright as Earth. (Venus has an albedo, or reflectivity, about twice that of the other two, which makes it especially bright.) The probe might not take an optimum approach path, and still be able to detect the planets closet in (about one A. U. or less). This is true because they would move a substantial distance around in their orbits while the probe approached, becoming conspicuous at least part of the time. Large planets like Jupiter would be fairly easy to see also, even if the probe had not succeeded in observing them indirectly during the voyage from their perturbing effect on the star. A planet like Neptune, or worse, Pluto, small and distant from its sun, would be every bit as difficult to locate as it was for Tombaugh.

With this the primary job of a purely astronomical probe ends. The next task is finding out whether the planets can or do support life. If technologically advanced aliens live there, the probe could pick up radio signals (this could be done several light years out) and perhaps even spot artifacts if they were sizable (say, a large space station or power collector). Otherwise, detailed study would be necessary, and the more time available for this purpose, the better. Photographs of the planets would rule out quite a few as life-supporrers, but deciding on livable conditions for totally unknown lifeforms is hard.

Any planetary survey begins with a preliminary examination conducted from space. In order to support life like that on Earth, the planet must lie within a relatively small volume of space, neither too close nor too far from its sun. The boundaries vary, depending on how hot the sun is. The surface gravity must be close to ours. This can most easily be learned by observing a satellite in orbit about the planet, or just by flying the probe past. The planet must have an oxygen atmosphere untainted with

anything poisonous. Study of the light it reflects supplies this information. In short, the methods are exactly the same as those now used to investigate Luna, Mars and Venus with probes and telescopes.

A thorough search for alien life requires actual landing on the planets. Landing—in fact, any maneuver at planetary speeds—is costly, because the rocket fuel must be carried all the way from Earth. It's also dangerous. The package that drops to the surface might not come back—we don't know what the weather or natives are like there—so replacements must be carried. As well, danger of collision with dust and meteororites increases greatly when the probe lies in the plane of the ecliptic.

If the probe is searching for a livable planet for men, things become even more complicated. Extensive chemical and biological tests must be run on the surface, for longer periods of time. If we want to be really sure we could live there, it may even be necessary to carry animal colonies and see how they fare.

How can all these tasks be done cheaply? By using a *series* of specialized probes, controlled by computers and communicating with each other by laser beam. And that, we suggest, will be the basic pattern of interstellar exploration.

The first probe (call it A) will sweep through the system at 0.1*c* or better, finding the planets and making rough measurements. On the basis of these results, A can order B either to skip the system or slow down somewhat and take detailed readings of the candidates to see if they might support life. (Even now it would not be too difficult to design an automatic laboratory which could—without ever leaving orbit around Earth—determine whether Mars and Venus are *probable* life supporters.) B will be a light year or so behind A, and capable of decelerating down to the 100 km/sec minimum ramscoop speed.

Behind B will come C, also a ramscoop, but with a rocket brake as well. It can orbit a planet and send packages to the surface if B's evidence is hopeful enough. If B decides there is a low probability of life in the system, it will tell C and C need never slow down at all.

It would be wise to send many more C-type probes along behind B, because the maneuvers they must accomplish make them much more liable to accident and more will be lost as the chain of probes loops through space.

The virtue of this chain technique is that it minimizes the time spent at low velocities (on rocket power) by any of the probes. The "piggy-back" scheme, in which a B probe drops a Ca in likely systems as it passes, is more expensive because momentum would carry the C probe outside the system before it could slow down. It would then have to reverse its velocity with respect to the system and return, all the time using costly rockets.

Another advantage of this method is that the first probe never slows down, and accelerate indefinitely so long as it stays within laser signaling range. If the B craft are programmed to beam their findings back to Earth mankind will get the results much faster than if each probe had to decelerate over the second half of the trip. This gives the method a decided political advantage—fast results—aside from the fact that it's cheaper.

There are disadvantages, too. Probe A and even B may miss seasonal changes on the planets, which could be the most obvious evidence of life. The C craft will have to be very sophisticated, for they must face totally unknown conditions. It may be necessary to send men in C; perhaps computers cannot be programmed for as

(continued on page 130)

THE

FUTURE in BOOKS

James Blish: BLACK EASTER. Dell, N.Y., 1969. 160 pp., 75¢.

James Blish is not a prolific author, and he has not written many novels. For that reason, if no other, *Black Easter* is an event. Other reasons have also been supplied, however. As Blish himself was first to point out (in a fanzine article under the by-line of his alter-ego, "William Atheling, Jr."), *Black Easter* completes a trilogy of novels, the other two of which are *Doctor Mirabilis* and *A Case of Conscience*. Only the later is science fiction as we commonly consider it; *Doctor Mirabilis* is a novel about the life of Roger Bacon, and *Black Easter* is a fantasy about black magic. The trilogy, according to Blish, is united thematically: each book deals with the consequences of man's heedless thirst for knowledge.

But all this talk about themes and trilogies is obfuscation, and it has successfully obscured all direct criticism of *Black Easter* as a novel in its own right, at least till now. Which is why I am treating with the paperback edition here and now. (Before leaving the notion of that master trilogy completely behind, let me say that I suspect Blish became aware of it only in hindsight, and that his exploitation of it is an afterthought.)

The basic plot of *Black Easter* is extremely simple and straightforeward, without digression or complication. Baines, a multi-millionaire munitions lord, approaches Theron Ware, who, he has discovered, is one of the great black magicians. Baines beats around the bush a little; he knows that Ware takes commissions to murder people by black magic, so he proposes two "sample" murders as preliminary commissions to his actual commission. Ware delivers perfectly. First the governor of California, one "Rogan," and then a scientist whose researches are coming to close to Baines' company secrets.

Then Baines pops his big one: he wants to unleash all the demons of Hell upon the surface of Earth for a single night. This is done. Only too late do Baines and Ware

realize that they got more than they bargained for. Armageddon has begun: the final war between the forces of heaven and hell. The demons will not return to Hell at daybreak. Satan appears to mock Ware. When at last they realize and admit their defeat, Satan is asked, " 'If you would be so kind . . . I see that we have failed . . . Would you tell us, *where* did we fail?' The Goat laughed, spoke three words, and vanished." The three words? They are saved for another couple of paragraphs for the final punchline of the book:

"*God is dead.*"

Stated baldly like that, it sounds like the plot of a short story—a novelette at best. Even when one adds, for counterpoint, Father F. X. Domenico Bruno Garelli—a White Monk who periodically wrings his hands at the perfidity being cooked up by Baines and Ware—one is left with considerably less than a novel.

Indeed, *Black Easter* is not a novel. It masquerades as one, but it took all Blish's skill, plus a number of blank pages, large, well-leaded type, and copious use of quotations to accomplish this fact. Put bluntly, *Black Easter* is a padded-out short story.

This would not in itself be particularly objectionable—far lessor writers than Blish have gotten away with it before—but for the fact that the entire plot is a fraud as well. And this is less forgivable.

Even viewed in my stripped-down *precis*, the fraud may be obvious. It begins with the motivation of the principles. Basically, they have no motivation. Baines is a caricature (even his name points to this fact: the middle name of a President most doctrinaire Liberals despise as a warmonger) and a surprising one to find in any modern work of fiction: he belongs (at best) to an earlier era. An artist of destruction (or so he thinks of himself), he operates in a fantasy-world which aptly betrays Blish's naivete. There is considerable traffic in weapons togay (*Black Easter* is set in "today"), but very little of it in the "munitions lord" sense. The black-market in weapons out of Vietnam, for example, is an enormously profitable business, but simply does not operate as Blish supposes. Today's "artists of destruction" are expediters, not manufacturers. But to return to Baines: his motivation as revealed is puerile—an intellectualized abstraction without the slightest emotional underpinnings. It is possible that had Blish gone to work on Baines, the man, he might have created a genuine novel. But I doubt it, because Blish worked backward, beginning at the end: a man who would commission the unleashing of Hell upon Earth. Baines had to fit this single, author-conceived goal. No sane man would fit, and yet Blish was unable to give us an insane Baines. The result is simply a lack of any viable motivation.

If Baines is unmotivated, Ware is even less so. Supposedly a black magician because of his thirst for knowledge, Ware does his "researches" solely for enormous sums of money, which he admits at the outset he has no use for. His "researches" until the ultimate commission are simple murders, differing only in the means he uses to carry them out. Yet, he is, as much as Blish shows us, a scholarly and sensible man. How to reconcile this? Blish avoids the point. Ware exists to be used, and ultimately to be used by Baines. That he could have done it all himself *without* Baines' commission is a point everyone in the book, as well as the author, avoids. When the ultimate commission is put to him, Ware considers the work involved, says yes, and goes ahead with it. The consequences never come into consideration—not even as they impinge

directly upon him. For a man of his obvious intelligence, this is absurd. Oh well. Ware and Baines are both puppets, moving to their author's whim.

The major fraud in the book, however, is this: it is *totally irrelevant* to its denouement.

When Satan informs them that God is dead, he is not speaking metaphorically, as *TIME* magazine did a year or two back, on its cover. For the purview of *Black Easter*, God is—or *was*—a real deity, no less real than the fallen angels who appear as demons during the course of the book. But God remains entirely offstage throughout the book. To the characters (even Father Domenico) it is obvious that God is not important in the way the creatures of Hell are. Even the White Monks have traffic with a few "demiurges", and pretty obviously magic is a product of commerce with Hell—not Heaven. Throughout the book, then, whether God was alive or dead was of no importance.

And it is clear that nothing Baines or Ware did throughout the book had any bearing upon God's death. Yet, the fact of God's death is thrown at them in answer to the question, "*Where* did we fail?"

If one wants to return to the metaphor of Man's Lust For Knowledge, and the obvious point Blish was trying to make—that such a thirst can be carried Too Far—one must still ask the basic question: In what way was God's death relevant to Ware's quest for knowledge? Is not the fact of God's death—thus destroying the balance of forces and allowing the demons of Hell to break their pacts with Ware—not simply a new ultimate version of the *Deus ex machina?* In no sense can the resolution of *Black Easter* be said to grow out of the actions of its protagonists. Blish simply pulled a collossal rabbit from his hat.

I have spoken thus far about the plot alone, since it seemed to me to demand this sort of examination. There is a good deal more to be said about the book, and I regret that most of it is equally unfavorable.

The style in which the book is written, for instance, is tied very closely to the book's basic conception, which, as I said earlier, is an intellectual abstraction. Despite the fact that Blish is writing about *magic* and *religion*, the two most universal emotional aspects of humanity, he seems to have a very poor grasp of emotionalism, and he demonstrates a wooden inability to reach his reader's emotions. (About the limit of his ability is an occasional line of portent, more or less of the "had I but known" variety, which is supposed to create a feeling of suspense or unknown dread in the reader. These lines are usually found at the conclusion of each chapter and also function as minor cliff-hangers.)

The quality of *myth* seems outside Blish's reach. For this reason, he portrays all his characters as emotional ascetics, and each reacts to his surroundings with such reasonable logic that he is all but pedestrian. All the characters in the book speak firmly and sensibly. Each listens solely to the idea-content (rather than the emotion-content) of what th others have to say. Even the magic itself is made *sensible*, and all but banal. (Blish quotes extensively from authentic sources for his spells and curses; these quickly become tedious, and the long penultimate scene in which Ware summons up forty-eight demons, by name, is of surpassing boredom for any reader, totally unenlivened as it is by anything approaching an emotional response.)

The prose is likewise dry, precise, logical and unemotional. The descriptions of scene and event are minimal, and when Blish does enlarge upon them, he does so in one of two ways: he catelogues, or he resorts to abstract generalizations. For example, here is the

actual opening of the book:

> The room stank of demons.
>
> And it was not just the room—which would have been unusual, but not unprecidented. Demons were not welcome visitors on Monte Albano, where the magic practiced was mostly of the kind called Transcendental, aimed at pursuit of a more perfect mystical union with God and His two revelations, the Scriptures and the magic—an applied rather than a pure art, seeking certain immediate advantages—was practiced also, and in the course of that the White Monks sometimes called down a demiurge, and, even more rarely, raised up one of the Fallen.

If one is curious as to the actual *smell* of the room which "stank of demons," one will go unsatisfied, for it takes another page before Blish is again reminded of that "stench," and even then he never says what caused it.

Now, "The room stank of demons," set alone like that as an opening paragraph, is a marvelously effective narrative hook. But after telling us how unusual the event was, Blish neglects to tell us why it happened *this* time, or how it relates to the story. (It doesn't.) And after that great opening line, we are buried in mountains of digressions and abstractions and reflections, none of them relatable to any earlier specifics.

It is as if a man to whom strong emotions were foreign set out to write a story about a very emotionally powerful subject. (And the basic stuff of this book is as emotionally loaded as you can get in fantasy.) He calculated that a truely heinous crime against humanity would be to raise Hell, and that it would be one in the eye of his criminals if their scheme backfired on them. How to make it backfire? Let us suppose that the existence of God—upon which they implicitly depended—was removed by God's death. What a kicker! What a punchline!

As my mother-in-law would say, what *chutzpah!*

It is hard for me to believe that James Blish—the same man who, as William Atheling Jr., excoriated lessor writers in our field for a period of over a decade—could have written a book as essentially *weak* and superficial as *Black Easter*. I am equally amazed to find Blish-the-grammarian writing lines like:

"?" Ware said with an eyebrow.

Nobody *ever* said "?" —not even with his eyebrows. "?" is a comic-strip-ism, and if Atheling/ Blish had encountered it in another's story, he would have spared no pains to remind him of that fact. ('Ware raised one eyebrow questioningly,' would have served the purpose as well; 'Ware raised one questioning eyebrow mockingly might add a little emotional content. Etc.)

At best, then, *Black Easter* is not a novel, but only an extended parable. At worst, it is a tract. In either case, it pleads its point through the straw-man manipulations of its author in a fashion I consider to be dishonest to its readers.

—Ted White

Harry Harrison: CAPTIVE UNIVERSE. Putnam, N.Y., 1969. 185 pp., hardbound, $4.50.

Harrison has proven himself quite adept at bringing off action-filled sf adventure stories against backgrounds developed around well-realized environments (such as the hostile *Deathworld*) or societal developments (such as *Make Room! Make Room!* and *The Horse Barbarians*). *Captive Universe* takes a little bit from both areas and mixes them into a fast-moving story

that goes from a primitive closed-world to the vastness of interstellar space as smoothly and lightly as a baloon takes to the wind.

The book opens in a primitive Aztec valley sealed away from its surroundings for 500 years, where ritual sacrifice to the "Gods" and other cultural stagnations seem frozen into perpetuity. One young man, Chimal, is different from the others, however; he shows an interest in what lies beyond the mountains and questions the reasons behind traditions such as the rule against intermingling with the "other" Aztec clan at the opposite end of the valley. Then, clues begin to signify that all is not exactly as it seems—the vultures of the cliff eat meat where no meat except humans is available, Chimal is revealed to be blonde, and, finally, the dreaded goddess, Coatlicue, isn't exactly what she's cracked up to be in legend.

Being blamed for a death not of his doing, Chimal escapes the valley by discovering a doorway in the mountain. Once through, he finds a world of endless hallways and a society of 'Watchers,' people who live in rooms with indoor toilets, carrying mysterious weapons, and know all about the world from which Chimal has emerged. Chimal discovers he is an outcast in this world, too, and is soon again on the run from the authorities. This adventure takes him out a secret doorway and onto the solid surface of the "sky" of his own world, while "up" above his head his home valley hangs suspended in a living tableau.

In a confrontation with the Master Observer, Chimal learns that his centrifugal force, hollow-globe valley and the surrounding hallways of the Watchers are all a part of a great asteroid-ship headed for Proxima Centauri, a voyage that the Observer and his companions describe with religious implications that involve a third societal development. Chimal is forced to depend upon his own ingenuity and intelligence to the point where his decision affects every living thing aboard the asteroid-ship.

A world within a world within a world could become quite confusing, but Harrison keeps his developments and revelations steadily unfolding at a pace that keeps the reader wondering what can possibly be revealed next. Neither does this short synopsis begin to cover all the fantastic details the author works into his characters and plot: there is Steel, the female Watcher who first spots Chimal, typifying the Watcher-members as religious, masochistic pursuits as backward and ignorant in their beliefs as the valley society; there is the Master Observer, whose ideals have been twisted over the years by informational distortions and misguided fanaticism; and, too, there are the Aztecs, genetically controlled—when the two clans are mated (as happened with the illegitimate Chimal) they give dominance to a recessive trait that produces geniuses—and chosen to people the new world because they are a religious, perfect and obedient culture.

There is excitement, action and some good, solid characterizations in a story that is satisfied to be a rousing adventure that carries its audience along without confusing its issues in deep pits of mysticism or puzzling pathways of allegory. In all, it's a good book for a relaxing evening of pure entertainment.

—Richard Delap.

Avram Davidson: THE ISLAND UNDER THE EARTH. Ace "Special" 37425, 1969 pp., paper, 75¢.

The first of a proposed trilogy, Davidson's pure but not-so-simple fantasy is likely to be one of those books that divides fandom into distinct camps pro and con. The cover

quotes both Fritz Leiber and Peter S. Beagle as strong supporters, and P. Schuyler Miller says "I pity the generation that cannot feel the spell of words like these," perhaps implying that the present(?) generation will, *in toto*, be too attuned to mass-media reality to get lost in such involved fantasy. (But perhaps he doesn't mean that at all, for look at the great surge in Tolkein's popularity in recent years.)

As much as I admire Mr. Davidson as a writer, I must admit that *The Island Under the Earth* was a strangely unsatisfactory book. In this antipodal Earth, we begin by following the strange quest of Captain Stag and his band consisting (intermittently) of the bosun, the captain's woman, Spahana, the goodwoman Rary, and others. As they travel inland to Stonehouse Hobar, the world in which they live begins to come alive with a fantastic assortment of strange creatures and customs. There are the sixlimbed folk (the centaurs or "Sixies"), thumbless beings living wild and free in the forests, whose blood burns like acid on the skin of humans. There are the wyvern, the homophage, the two dwarfs (Atom and Mote!), the golems, and the fantastic harpy, Auntie Ghreck. All of these pop in and out of the story in sequences that often have little or no relationship with the events preceding or following them. There are also flashes back to the city which incorporate the adventures of the merchantman, Tabnath Lo, the wine-dealer eunuch, Dellatindilla, and Zorbinand the Thief, all of whom are involved in various degrees of deceitfulness, alchemy and magic.

What, then, you may ask, is the point of so many various storythreads in a little self-contained fantasy world?

But there lies the crux of the matter . . . and remember that I said this was a "not-so-simple" fantasy. The world which these creatures inhabit is not subject to the dependable laws of our own world. It is in a constant state of flux, where "Earthflux" and "Starflux" are signs of the occasional slips of the "shield" that lies between this world and the other (presumably our own). It is such slips as this that allow the characters to shift in time-sequence—such as when Stag and the bosum are enabled to watch their own "yesterday's" encounter with the group of centaurs, or how Stag is able to return to Rary her long-lost children.

If you say that all this sounds very interesting, you'll be right. So, what exactly is wrong with the book?

In the first place, Davidson's story understandably encompasses much confusion as to exactly what is happening and why. An event may take place which seems to have no logical reason at the time and makes the reader stop and wonder if he has lost track of something along the way. An explanation of sorts may (or may not) be offered fifty or a hundred pages later, but by that time so much more confusion has taken place that the reader (if he's gotten this far) is too easily going to miss connecting it up in proper sequence with everything else. (It's also quite possible that Davidson didn't want things connected up neatly, but that isn't going to help anyone who wants to know what's really going on.)

Secondly, the author's long character monologues tend to become too fascinating in themselves and draw interest away in a direction that often leads to a dead end. Couple this with the omniscient, incessant shifts in character viewpoints, and Mr. Davidson is likely to end up with an audience as totally off-balance as his fiction.

And, lastly, I feel that any book in a trilogy should be able to stand alone, despite its affinity to companion volumes, or be labeled as a fraction of a total book. This book ends in complete chaos as a character

cries: "*There is the source of all our woe!—that accursed Island above the earth!*" Bang!—and characters, plot, everything is left dangling in the midst of terrorized disorder. Perhaps this *is* the end, and the next two volumes will simply be more detail leading up to it. I don't know—but I think that the present book should be sold with a pair of crutches and the warning that the reader should have them handy in case he bangs himself looking for warning signs in the dark.

In the midst of these shortcomings there are still some very entertaining bits. There is much satire woven throughout, and several sequences (such as the scene where Dellatindilla and his mimicking dwarf practice their magic while Zorbinand sneaks in and steals them blind) are downright hilarious.

The Island Under the Earth isn't a horrid book like some of the dredges of magazine juvenilia we've seen recently; it's soundly adult and imaginative but just too uneven and incomplete to be a good one.

—Richard Delap.

Thomas M. Disch: CAMP CONCENTRATION. Doubleday, New York, 1969. Hardbound. 184 pages. $4.95.

Of all the adjectives which might be applied to *Camp Concentration*—"artful," "brilliant" and "shocking" come to mind—maybe the most appropriate is "heretical."

The fulsomeness of Disch's particular brand of heresy might not be evident to anyone not reared an orthodox Roman Catholic (as I'm willing to wager Disch was). He has retold, sympathetically, the Faust legend, and Faust is to a good Catholic as Prometheus was to the Greek Gods. One simply does not question the pronouncements of His Holiness and his lieutenants, lest he risk being bashed with excommunication. And unthinking obedience can become a habit. The late Senator Joe McCarthy was an ardent Mass-goer, as are William Buckley and most F.B.I. agents.

Disch's protagonist, Louis Sachetti, is a poet and a conscientious objector—and a practicing Catholic. A fat, ungrand Faust who lacks the courage of his doubts, he has found courage to defy the government. but he can't bring himself to abandon his religion. Sachetti's single great strength is a result of his papist background: he follows the dictates of his conscience. In a prison cell, he muses, "I wonder if I have done the right thing in electing to come here, if I'm not being a fool. Is this the stuff of heroism? or of masochism? In private life my conscience was never so conscientious. But, damn it, this way is *wrong!*"

That strength is also a weakness. Sachetti deliberately blinds himself to whatever outrages his sensibilities, until circumstances force him to look, to comprehend.

The time is the very near future. A President McNamara is prosecuting an unpopular military action in Southeast Asia. Sachetti has been imprisoned for anti-draft activity, first at the Springfield Penitentiary, later at a secret underground institution in the Colorado Rockies. He is told that he is there because his verbal gifts ideally suit him to keep a daily record of events. Gradually, he realizes that his follow inmates have been infected with a derivate of syphilis, Palladine, a drug that enormously increases their intelligence while destroying their flesh. A staff psychologist explains: "Ultimately it is intelligence that a nation's most vital resource . . . And therefore we are exploring certain new educational

techniques here . . . " Sachetti is amused, bewildered, aloof—until he realizes that he, too, is a victim of the experiment. Then he joins the others in seeking an antidote. Because of the urgency of their situation—they have nine months to live after the initial infection—they have forsaken the slow trial-and-error of accepted scientific methodology, and are delving into alchemy and magic.

The rest of the plot follows Goethe's *Faust*, more closely than is apparent on casual reading. However, Disch is not a toady to his prefabricated myth-structure: like every other element of *Camp Concentration*, it is a tool, never a blueprint. The author's concerns are those of Goethe—the uses of intelligence and the relation of science to magic. But Disch puts them in a context far more immediate and vital than any possible to the good, grey citizen of a pre-pollution, pre-big bomb Weimar.

At the story's end, Sachetti is saved, and the manner of his salvation is heretical. The process that began with his refusal to render unto Caesar-McNamara is complete: Sachetti knows that, pleasing as the neat systems of Catholic theologians may be, they are irrelevant. A God must be more terrifying and more beautiful than Thomas Aquinas's construct. He agrees with his friend Mordecai's statement: "Make your Catholic Gaud the warden of this prison-universe, and you have exactly Aquinas's argument, nonsensical, sophistical—that it is only in submitting to His will that we can be free. Whereas in fact, as Lucifer well knew, as I know . . . one is only made free thumbing one's nose at Him."

Disch's own heresies are legion, ranging from his denial of orthodoxy, both scientific and religious, to his offenses against accepted s-f shibboleths. Lovers of extrapolation are advised to give *Camp Concentration* a miss. The science is there, all right, and to a liberal arts type like myself, it seems valid enough. But it isn't central to the novel. I sense that Disch began with his idea, and then carcfully researched the biology necessary to lend his tale versimillitude. The Disch's preoccupations are philosophical and symbolic, and readers who demand direct plotting, hardware and heroism aren't likely to enjoy his work.

Disch is further guilty of new-thingism in his choice of a narrator. Sachetti is snobbish, self-indulgent, occasionally bitchy. No heroic stature here. Sachetti's lack of compassion especially bothered me, until I understood that Sachetti is the perfect articulator of the truths Disch is examining. A good guy wouldn't do: Disch needed a spokesman as corrupt in his way as the villains are in theirs. The author has no quarrel with the fact of inhumane experimentation: Rather, he deplores smugness and brutality in all forms. Sachetti's self-satisfied artiness complements the technological nastiness of his tormentors. The contrast makes both attitudes more visible.

Sachetti has more pragmatic uses, too. His education enables Disch to draw on the whole of western culture for resonances and examples. His single noble act, refusal to cooperate with the war effort, is a comment on Modern-Society-As-Mephistopheles made without preaching, a comment Superpatriots can count as an additional heresy.

There *are* aspects of the book I could quibble about, especially Disch's unnccessarily obscure references—a bit show-offish—and his excessively abrupt climax. Quibbles they are, though, and nothing else. They pale before Disch's superb prose and novelist's integrity.

Despite Disch's attack on tradition, his

root attitude is profoundly orthodox. Catholicism is a hard habit to kick. James Joyce didn't manage it, and neither does Tom Disch. To be a heretic is to recognize dogma, if only by reacting against it. Disch does more than recognize it—he acknowledges the basic Christian doctrine of sanctity through suffering. Sachetti is clensed by passing through a veil of tears.

The trip demands still more adjectives: try "exciting," "allegorical," "suspenseful" and "disturbing."

—Dennis O'Neil.

Dennis O'Neil joins our reviewing staff this issue with his first appearance in a science fiction magazine. His by-line will be more familiar to readers of Marvel and National comics, where his scripts are among the most inventive and most literate. Long a friend of sf, and a one-time neighbor of Samuel Delany, Dennis O'Neil will be, we hope, a regular in this department in issues to come.

End

(continued from page 121)

wide a range of possibilities as we'd like. Would a B probe computer be able to tell that the rings of Saturn aren't an artifact, if its designers had never seen one before? Some respectable astronomers still think there's a chance the Martian moons may be space stations; could a computer decide correctly? What about planetary formations we know are possible but haven't found yet—such as an ordinary Earth-type planet slowly circling a gas giant planet like Jupiter? And would we want a computer to make our first contact with a race technologically superior to us? They might be dangerous. Which brings us back to the title of this article: Columbus' *real* problems didn't begin until after he found his new world.

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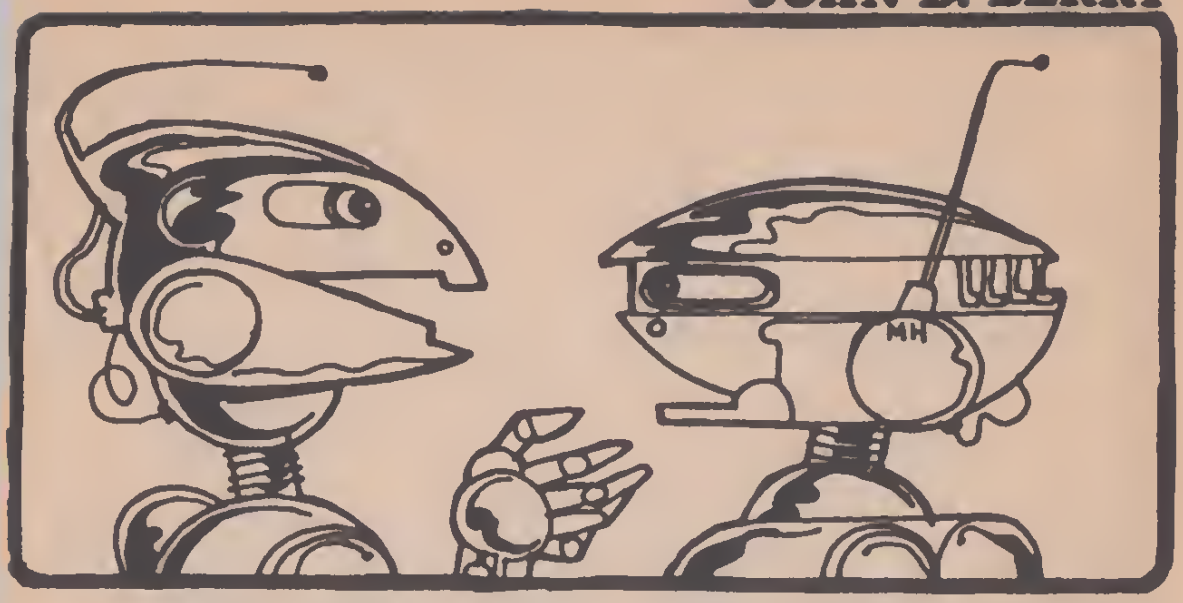
—Greg Benford & David Book

JOHN D. BERRY



* THE CLUBHOUSE

John Berry is vacationing in Europe this month, so we have thawed out our freezer and reanimated Franklin Hudson Ford, whose driving (ahem!) fanzine criticism in the late fifties was responsible for the "Damon Knight" approach to fanzine reviews which ultimately culminated in this column. When awakened, Mr. Ford expressed himself somewhat crustily and demanded to know if a cure had yet been found for cancer of the armpit. When informed that no cure was yet in sight, he announced that he would confine himself, in this guest-column, to a review of a single book. The regular fanzine reviews, "Other Fanzines" lists and all, will return next issue. Mr. Ford has already been returned to his freezer locker.

Somewhere back in the faded mists of time, Harry Warner, Jr. began writing a column called "All Our Yesterdays." In it, he reviewed the histories of forgotten or legendary fanzines and gafiated bnfs—departed big name fans—and played an important role in reminding younger fans of their fanhistory. His column moved from fanzine to fanzine as titles folded from under him; still appearing today (most recently in Arnie Katz's QUIP), "All Our Yesterdays" is over twenty years old. Warner has outlasted most of us.

But Harry did not begin his column until after he'd spent better than ten years as a fan and had already made a name for himself as a literate and intensely readable fanwriter. (Some time in the middle fifties, after a number of years as a newspaper reporter—fans *do* work for their livings, too—Warner decided to try his hand at writing sf. As with most things he sets out to do, he succeeded, with at least a dozen stories appearing in most of the prozines of the period, but he gave it up with some mumbled nonsense about higher tax brackets. It was obvious that once he'd proven himself as good a pro as he was a fan, he found no thrill left in continuing to beat that drum. Since then he has become the city editor of his city's daily newspaper, spoken more than once about retiring, done translations of German sf for

INTERNATIONAL SF, and broken his hip, not necessarily in that order.)

In 1959, Warner devoted his column (then appearing in Terry Carr's INNUENDO) to Sam Moskowitz's highly personalized history of 1930's fandom, *The Immortal Storm*. As with most Warner critiques, the tone of the column was mild, balanced, and objective. He found much to praise (more than had many other fan reviewers; Moskowitz tends to produce extreme reactions among other fans), but had his criticisms. His primary criticism was that Moskowitz, deeply embroiled in the fan wars in New York in the late thirties (prime antagonist: Don Wollheim), had over-emphasized the importance of New York fan politics in relation to the events in other parts of the country. (It would be impossible to briefly precise *The Immortal Storm* here, but it should be pointed out that the same attention to minute detail, coupled with dubious cause-and-effect relationships which characterize Moskowitz's later volumes of sf history were very much in evidence in the earlier book; in fact, it probably served Moskowitz as a model of sorts, and certainly as a training ground.)

Fandom—as we know it—sprang up in the very early 1930's, and *The Immortal Storm* covers only that first decade. Ever since its serilization in the 1940's, and book publication in the early fifties, fans have been wishing for follow-up histories—although half-heartedly, since fandom has grown and the task is complicated by that growth to the point of near hopelessness.

Moskowitz's reaction to Warner's column—despite the fact that it appeared years after the publication of *The Immortal Storm*—was typical of the man. He accused Warner of being a communist or a fellow-traveller (already worn-out phrases in the post-Joe McCarthy era) who wanted to cover up historical evidences of 1930's communism in fandom. (Much of the New York infighting of that period revolved around such politics.) He also accused Warner of attempting to build up interest in a competitive volume of fan history to be written by Warner—a level of deviousness on Warner's part which no one with a nodding acquaintance with Harry could credit.

It was a self-fulfilling prophecy of sorts however: a west coast fan who was publishing a "semi-pro" fanzine the material in which he reputedly paid for with real cash money, wrote to Warner and commissioned just that fan history.

To the best of my knowledge, Warner had had no intentions of doing such a book at the time he wrote the column in question. But perhaps Moskowitz's blast piqued him—Warner is normally unflappable—or perhaps the offer of the commission simply jogged him into giving the idea serious consideration for the first time. After all, Warner had been a fan for nearly as long as had Moskowitz, and, unlike Moskowitz, he had never become embroiled in any major feuds (he sometimes went out of his way to avoid controversy), and yet had maintained a high level of activity in the mainstream of fandom.

Only a portion of the first chapter of his history actually appeared in the fanzine which had commissioned it, and by then after Warner had demanded it back—fan ambitions sometimes rise and fall with the speed of a lunar thermometer—but Advent: Publishers had expressed a definite interest by then in publishing the entire work as a book.

Advent is a fan-based Chicago book company which specializes exclusively in non-fiction works allied with science fiction and fantasy. These include *The Issue at Hand*, a collection of criticism by William

Atheling, Jr. (James Blish); *In Search of Wonder*, Damon Knight's cornerstone of sf criticism; *The Eight Stage of Fandom*, a collection of Robert Bloch's fanwritings; and Alexei Panshin's recent *Heinlein in Dimension*—among others.

Warner began researching his history in the beginning of the 1960's, pouring through every fanzine in his attic and taking copious notes. He originally intended to pick up where Moskowitz left off, including only items from earlier times left out of *The Immortal Storm*, and working up to 1960. As the years slipped by, he kept adding to his notes, continually updating his work. Projected dates for the completion of the project came and went; originally he intended to have the book done by 1962, in time for the 200th mailing of the *Fantasy Amateur Press Association* (a group formed in 1937). As time continued to pass, he broke the work in two, and concentrated on the earlier half, dealing with the decade of the 1940's. By 1968 he was telling his friends that the book—the first volume—was finished and out of his hands at last. It totalled 175,000 words.

At this point the Warner fan history still had no name. Fans referred to it (often in tones of awe, as in discussing a mythical beast) as "Warner's fan history." Various titles were discussed and discarded. Curiously, no one suggested—in fanzine print—the title of his long-running column, "All Our Yesterdays," perhaps because the column was still active and confusion might result. (Fans often think this way; they have tidy minds about the most unlikely subjects.)

Advent issued the book in the late spring of 1969. The title? You guessed it: *All Our Yesterdays*.

As a complementary work, *All Our Yesterdays* demands comparison with *The Immortal Storm*. The most obvious contrast first apparent is in the titles. Moskowitz led a stormy career as a young fan, one of intense involvements and open feuds and power-plays. His title reflects this sense of drama—and has provoked some mundane critics to unkind comments about storms in teacups (fandom was—and still is, although it has grown enormously—a tiny microcosm, a splintered fraction of those few out of our total population who read science fiction; fandom is also dominated by adolescents, although not necessarily by adolescent behavior). Warner is calm, understated, wry but never sardonic. His title reflects this.

The Moskowitz history is also relatively straight-forward. That is, it tells a chronological story with few flashbacks or "meanwhile's". Warner's is not.

Deliberately, it seems, Warner broke with the straight-narrative form, and chose instead a "mosaic" pattern for his history. Although one senses a clearly defined progression of events in his book, he has broken it down into broad topics: "It is a Proud and Lonely Thing to be a Fan," the pre-history which covers what Moskowitz missed (and sometimes seems to reach far into left field); Fandom: Manners and Mores; Bibliomania: The Insatiable Urge to Collect; Fans Into Pros: The Irresistible Need to Write; The Second and Third Worldcons; Fandom in the Fighting Forties (World War II this time; not fan feuds); The War Hits Fandom; "Ah! Sweet Idiocy!" (although this is the title of a famous fan memoir, Warner uses it to head a chapter that deals with some of fandom's more grandiose and crackpot schemes; the memoir is mentioned elsewhere, under the subhead of its author, Francis Towner Laney); Fortresses of Fandom: The Amateur Press Associations; Fans Around the Nation; Conventions Through the

Decade (the postwar worldcons; the others were dealt with much earlier); Fanzines: Oceans of Ink; and, finally Postwar Fandom Abroad (which includes a curious recap of Australian fandom as first given in The War Hits Fandom).

Necessarily, names appear, vanish, and reappear a hundred pages later, sometimes with the paranthetical notation, "But we shall deal with so & so later on," or, more provoking, "But so & so more properly belongs to the '50s"—a companion volume not yet scheduled for puhlication, *sigh* Yet, with only one or two near-blunders, Warner successfully juggles this potpouri of names and facts without becoming overly eleptical or redundant, and when one closes the book one has the definite sensation that one has *lived* the decade.

In style, *All Our Yesterdays* is quiet, almost reserved. Some fans have complained that it is dull. I didn't find it dull, because somehow the microcosmic drama of events enlivened it for me. But, as one fan pointed out to me, "You can read between the lines. You already *know* all the old scandals." True—and I'd have a hard time finding them in Warner's book if I hadn't already known what to look for.

This is, I think, an inevitable by-product of the personality of the author. I am sure he left out a number of common-knowledge scandals—one fan's mid-forties disappearance because of a jail conviction for child-molesting is described this way: " . . . [he] vanished instantaneously in magical manner from fandom. A cryptic statement whose origin still is disputed led astonished fans to believe [he] had been called into the navy for wartime duty of unspecified but important nature." —because of the possibility of legal action. But equally important is the fact that when Warner was publishing SPACEWAY (a leading fanzine of the late thirties and early forties) he held a firm policy of avoiding controversy, even rejecting the article, "Unite or Die," by Damon Knight which called for and was responsible for the creation of the National Fantasy Fan Federation (a largely do-nothing organization for much of its carcer and as much a fannish laughing stock today as it was twenty years ago). In 1939 this made sense: the feuds of the New York fans had led to many excesses and would later (mid-forties) culminate in the first fannish lawsuit. Sensible fans who could avoid these factional controversies (the factions shifting almost daily it seemed) did so. It made life much easier.

In Warner's case, I suspect that this prudence was simply the exterior manifestation of a basic personality trait. Warner is simply not a man who cares to make enemies. It is that simple. He speaks softly, both in print and in person, and although he has expressed anger and indignation upon occasion, it is obvious that he prefers to avoid the need for it. This characteristic runs through thirty years of Warner's own fan activity, and to expect it to stop short at the publication of *All Our Yesterdays* is sheer foolishness.

One has to balance out the virtues. Clearly a man with a greater sense of personal involvement with the factions in fandom at that time would have been less able to write so clear and objective a history of the time. Warner does not gloss over his principals: in his studies of many fans (chapters one, four and six, primarily, and particularly in chapter six), especially Forrest J. Ackerman, Bob Tucker, Francis Laney and Claude Degler, he presents not only a wealth of biographical detail (much of it new to me), but a compassionate look at the people themselves, their hopes, asperations, and sometimes contradictory drives. (The first three named above were

giants in fandom even then; each shaped it in elemental ways. Delger was fandom's first major crackpot, and, as Warner aptly puts it, he "served as a sort of trick mirror for fandom. The mirror was misshapen sufficiently to cause the Cosmic Circle version of each item to be difficult to recognize. But the morror lacked the power to create without something it could reflect." Delger's great value to fandom lay in the way he summed up our early paranoia and megalomania—and proved to be such a horrible example of that direction in fannish thinking that no one ever dared traverse those uneasy regions that far again.)

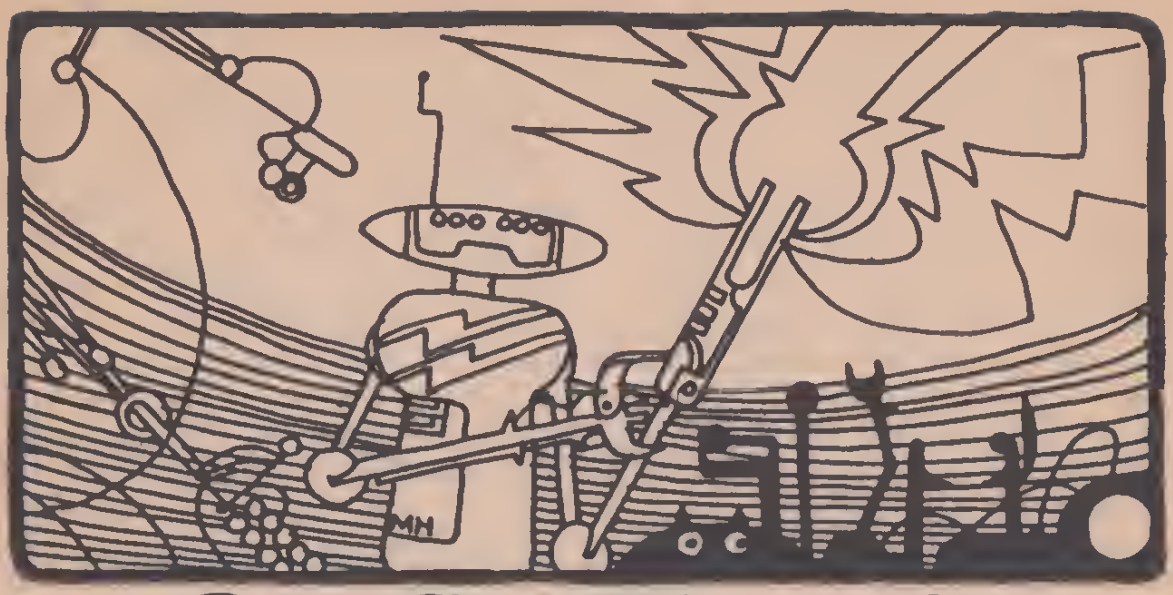
Yet occasionally one longs for the shade of a Moskowitz touch. For if *The Immortal Storm* lacked Warner's balanced objectivity, it drew far more vivid (if sometimes not entirely accurate) portraits of its principal characters. Moskowitz loved and hated; few of the fans he describes come across as faceless names. Warner looked on compassionately and too often the fans he watched were only by-lines in fanzines, alive for neither him nor us. Perhaps this is inevitable when one considers the broader scope of Warner's book—it takes in all of fandom about which he could recall, research or discover for the decade of 1940-50, throughout the English language world and a little more besides. Entirely too many of these fans left very little behind them but their names, and I suppose we must settle for that. (Yet, when names are supplied with so little supporting data, one can draw incorrect conclusions. The editor of this magazine would like it mentioned that he bears no relation to the Canadian Ted White who was active during the forties, and, since his own name appears briefly—p.47—without differentiation, confusion is possible. The thirty-one page index lists both Ted Whites, therc identifying them as "(American)" and "(Canadian)"; this is the only place where they are so identified.)

All Our Yesterdays has 303 pages of main text, broken here and there with captioned photographs, plus the aforementioned index, a three-page glossary, a four-page introduction by Wilson ("Bob") Tucker, a four-page foreward by Warner, and a separate listing of the photos and illustrations. It is a damnably *thorough* book from almost any point of view, although Warner has deliberately foresworn "the entire scholarly apparatus" of "footnotes, refcrence listings at thc end of the book, bibliographies, and the other paraphernalia that delight the intellectual few and distract most of us."

I cannot honestly recommend this book to the casual sf reader—simply because I believe he would find it largely boring. One must have some sense of affinity with fandom, either dormant or in full fannish flowcr, to really find any use for this book and the story it tells. I found it engrossing, myself. I read its 175,000 words at two main sittings (punctuated by meals, calls of nature, the occasional demands of an abandoned wife, and precious little else)—and not from any sense of duty, either.

The book summons up much which is evocative not only of fandom in the forties, but of science fiction in the forties and life in this country as well. The impact of the war is clear and explicit, not only for the way it depleted thc ranks of fans, but thc very basic way in which it changed our style of living and of thinking. There is a sense of naivete in the fandom of the early forties, and the cataclysmic end of the war added a sense of horror and futility (atomic doom seemed very real then) without entirely erasing the naivete. World conventions were small and intimate, and fans organized

(continued on page 141)



...Or So You Say

Letters intended for publication should be addressed to Or So You Say, *c/o P.O. Box 73, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11232.*

Dear Mr. White:
I am writing this letter to you primarily to let you know that I have begun purchasing FANTASTIC and AMAZING, which you are now editing, and *because* it *is* you who are doing the editing. I have enjoyed your fiction in the paperbacks (*Phoenix Prime*, *Sorceress of Qar*, etc.) and your contributions to the fanzines. I now hope to start enjoying the two prozines under your control. The special features you have introduced and/or re-introduced, are a big step *forward*. I assume a little more time is required before the fiction can be improved. I hope the better material starts coming in, including artwork.

Anyway, here is one reader who has responded to your efforts, and to put my money where my mouth is, I am enclosing a check for one year's subscription to both AMAZING and FANTASTIC.

Steve Fabian
6 Gorham Lane
Middlebury, Vermont, 05753

You humble me, Steve; I thought I'd already made significant improvements in the fiction as well. —TW.

My Dear Mr. Berry,

You and your coterie of comic-stripped idiots remind me of a cave-man fifteen years in learning how to construct a simple spear point, who tries everything up to and including murder to prevent anyone else from doing the same thing because, "making a spear point is a great accomplishment, and because I did it, obviously no one else can."

Your actual review of my magazine *(PERIHELION, reviewed by John D. Berry in our September issue. —TW)* I find no fault with, for that is your opinion, to a degree true, and you are entitled to an opinion.

The point that I find most disturbing, however, is yours, and Ted White's, and all

other "space-opera" fans almost hyper-paranoic reaction to the fact that PERIHELION might just be trying to go professional.

Mr. Berry, AMAZING and FANTASTIC are not the only science fiction magazines around, nor do they have sole franchise on the genre.

For whether you like it, or despise it, or think it a product of communist flouridation plots, the "new wave" is definitely in motion among the science fiction public. And this is what PERIHELION is trying to do. And it *cannot* be done in one issue. To eke out a market among stf fans, and those who "don't like science fiction but like new wave," and become truly professional.

I feel your hatred for PERIHELION must stem from your dislike for the "new wave" for you certainly prove you do not know what you are talking about in other areas.

You claim that my layout is "spotty and derivative." Who are you to judge? I am presently a senior journalism major at Long Island University and part-time employed as a *professional* graphics designer. My layouts in PERIHELION have received critical acclaim from college journalism professors, from editors and art directors from many of New York City's finest newspapers, magazines and radio and television stations.

You claim that PERIHELION publishes "amateur (or almost-amateur) fiction." I hardly think that Dean Koontz or David Bunch would care to be called "amateur" so I must assume that you have published many times over what these two gentlemen have. May I ask where? Furthermore, I could name quite a few other top science fiction writers who have given my magazine praise that AMAZING only thinks about in dreams. I do not name these people, for their acclaim was given on a personal artist-to-artist level and, out of deference, I shall not turn artistic comeraderie into raucous testimonials.

You claim very much in fact, then turn around into one of your own taboos, and say very little. *(When John Berry handed this letter to me, he said he found himself unable to make sense of the foregoing sentence. I admit it baffles me as well. —TW)*

What little you do say is vaguely true. It was a mistake for PERIHELION to try to be a journal of science fiction discussion because, as I stated, you cavemen will not share your secrets. Besides, I intensely dislike childish prattle about whether or not E. E. Smith's *Skylark* was a freudian slip of his mother or how many drinks Del Rey downed at the last Lunacon, anyway.

PERIHELION is not a fanzine. You are going to have to realize that almost *anyone* can start a magazine without having to wear an imposed brand-name. It isn't against the law to give AMAZING competition, as microscopic as the competition might be, it still is competition.

PERIHELION is a semi-professional science fiction magazine, or, if it will keep your blood pressure down, a semi-professional magazine of "new wave speculative literature" with a little science.

Perhaps, someday, if my subscriptions and sales build at the rate they have been building, PERIHELION will be totally professional, financially. As far as people who count are concerned, PERIHELION is, in everything else, professional.

But I think that the best judge of PERIHELION is time. Time has shown it really flourish from meager beginnings as a cruddy mimeographed fanzine to what it is now—professional enough to attract more of the new people in the field than, I think, most of the prozines.

Time has shown it to be not only

attractive to the hard-core science fiction fan but to those that say, every day, "I never liked science fiction before I read PERIHELION," or "PERIHELION can't be science fiction, it is really good!"

Take some time out from your rousing game of musical editors, you at AMAZING and *GALAXY*, and think of where magazines, science fiction, journalism is heading in the next ten years. Marshall McLuhan could tell you. So could Michael Moorcock, and Stanley Kubrick, and hundreds of others against which Ted White's *Marauders of the Martian Satellite* (?) seems very small indeed.

Sam Bellotto, Jr.
editor, PERIHELION
76-17 Broadway
Elmhurst, N.Y., 11373

Since it's our policy to present both sides of any argument begun within these pages, we've published, above, the entirety of Sam Bellotto, Jr.'s reply to the review he received in The Clubhouse*—preserving as faithfully as possible the spelling and grammar which distinguishes it. John D. Berry would like it pointed out that he is not a foe of the "new wave," and that in any case he hadn't noticed any connection between PERIHELION and the "new wave." I, in turn, will have to state that Sam Bellotto, Jr. has shot pretty wide of the mark in the tastes and motives he ascribes to me. There are a number of errors of fact and assumption in the above letter, most of which I think are obvious, but my Author's Vanity is wounded by the incorrect title ascribed to my book. It is* Secret of the Marauder Satellite *(Westminster Press, Philadelphia, $3.75), and it is presently in its fifth printing and its third year of publication. —TW*

Dear Ted,

Re your editorial, Sept. AMAZING, page 99, note that is "ad nauseam."

Good luck. I see definite improvement already.

Phil Bridges
17910 Pond Road
Ashton, Md., 20702

It is a point of mortifying shame to me but—as you know, Phil—spelling was never one of my major strengths. To find myself responsible not only for the final publication of my own spelling—as my own copyeditor and proofreader, which of necessity I am—but also for that of all my contributors, is an irony which sometimes strikes me with nightmarish proportions. However, *in this case, I have an iron-clad cop-out: Both Terry Carr and his meticulously careful wife, Carol, read that editorial in manuscript, and missed that error (while pointing out others, of course). "Sigh" . . . —TW*

Dear Mr. White:

Perhaps we two are closer together in our outlook than you realize, to judge from your latest editorial.

I gather that you attribute all "Old Wave" sentiment to nostalgia for things like *PLANET STORIES* and Captain Future. Perhaps this is true for many, but it isn't for me. I never read the pulps; rather, I grew up on Heinlein and Asimov (even Bradbury, too), on *ANALOG* and *GALAXY*, Groff Conklin anthologies and the like.

True, I can enjoy some of the old space operas by "Doc" Smith and Williamson (rather as Francois Poulenc had a soft spot in his heart for "l'adorable mauvaise musique"). But I discriminate even there—for instance, I thought the "Star Kings" novelettes in your magazine were pretty feeble formula stuff, compared to Hamilton's last good work, "Doomstar," of a few years back. In any case, I don't hold up old-time space opera as a model for the

future.

If the romantic, expansive traditions of science fiction are to be saved, they will be saved by the Roger Zelaznys and the Ursula LeGuins, not by the Lin Carters or the Charles Nuetzels. This has been my position all along—I have never opposed the improvements in style or characterization the "New Wavicles" purport to favor, only the aura of nihilism and anhedonia that seems to underlie so much of their work. For another instance, I enjoyed Silverberg's "Nightwings," even though his *Thorns* made me ill.

What I like are the stories with what someone called "frisson"—that make my hairs stand on end with pleasure. Wells wrote a lot of them; I've found a number of Weinbaum and Heinlein and Asimov and Zelazny (and, for comparison, in the "mainstream's" Saint-Exupery). But Spinrad and Disch? They can't even move me in the way they're *trying* to move me!

The "New Wavicles" say they favor "change." I think a worthier goal would be "growth." When there is talk of "conventions" of the "Old Wave," pulp style and cardboard characters are generally implified. The only "conventions" I want to keep are those of romanticism, the vision of science and the sense of wonder. As First Speaker Lester del Rey put it:

"When I think of science fiction, I automatically sense an opening outwards and a reaching forward into a future where mankind will average at least somewhat greater than he is; it's a world of high possibilities to me. And I can't understand how visionary fiction can be written by those who view things to come as only an even more narrow tunnel into the muck."

Yours for the Second Foundation,
John J. Pierce, liaison officer
275 McMane Avenue
Berkeley Heights, N.J., 07922

When I contemplate the future—the real *future—I make up my mind all over again to buy a remotely located farm, stock up with everything I need to be self-sufficient, including weapons, and do a total retreat from this insane world. I think every thinking man feels a great sense of fear about the probable outcome of our civilization in the next few decades. Plague looks increasingly likely. (Remember Sam McClatchie M.D.'s "The Last Vial"—in the November, December 1960 and January 1961 issues of this magazine?) But yet I go on about my business—as we all do—projecting an indefinite present into the future in planning my career and family life. In my own case, fiction is a satisfying escape from the gritty realities which surround me—both the fiction I read, and the fiction I write. But I can understand and empathize with those writers who, oppressed by what they see and know to be the truth, feel the need to cry out their fear and frustration to us in their fiction. And if they do it well enough, it strikes a responsive chord in each of us and becomes memorable. This was, to a large extent, what Wells was doing in many of his stories—there is nothing really "new" about it at all. It seems to me, John, that while you have an absolute right to pick and chose those writers and stories you like, you have no business setting yourself up against those you do not like. Most generalizations break down on specifics, and you draw too broad and simplistic a picture of the "New Wavicles" and the "Old Wave"—the latter encompassing much that even you admit not caring for. Face it: the good rarely comes unmixed with the bad. Pick out the good and let it go at that. —TW*

Dear editor:

Shame on you! On the other hand, I should be appreciative, I guess. It's so seldom that one gets the opportunity to

challenge an editor and author in the same person. In your story, "Only Yesterday," in the July issue of AMAZING STORIES, your references to the Model "T" Ford are something less than factual. It would be impossible to "grind the gears" on a Model "T", as it had no gears. It operated on friction bands. I don't remember the brakes "screeching" very much either. As a matter of fact, if one were going to stop as quickly as was indicated, the brakes were not used. One simply pressed the reverse pedal—a much more positive way of stopping. One further point. If the year were any other but 1927, the reference to the car's color was redundant. All Model "T"s were black until a gunmetal option was offered in 1927.

I've read AMAZING STORIES off and on since about 1926.

William M. Reynolds
Associate Professor, Bus. Ad.
Central Virginia Community College
Lynchburg, Va., 24502

Aha! Shame right back at you! As was made obvious by internal references you *should have caught ("Hoovervilles," etc.) the time was the early thirties. And while the Model T Ford didn't use a standard gearbox, it did use gears—a planetary gearset, similar in principle to those used in modern automatic transmissions. The "friction bands" operated by hand then are operated by hydraulic clutches today to lock and unlock different parts of the gearset. Valid in principle, Ford's planetary gearset was regarded as hellish by most drivers, and by the early thirties teen-aged mechanics like Jimmy were replacing it with junked standard gearboxes. Ergo, the grinding gears and the use of brakes. (The use of the reverse pedal for stopping contributed to the short band-life on those gearsets too . . .) Ford was notorious for its lousy mechanical brakes—and didn't get hydraulic brakes until Henry Ford almost killed himself with the old variety. But thanks for reading the story so closely—and for sticking with us this long. —TW*

Dear Ted:

I have a protest to make; no more new wave stories. I have never in my life read such tiresome trash, such stupid stuff that isn't worth the paper its written on. Who are these so-called author's writing for anyway, themselves, no doubt? They don't have the brains of an amoeba, nor the ability. These stories have no beginning, and no ending, and in some cases no middle! How lousy can you get? Stupid! Stupid! *(I guess what you say three times* must *be true. —TW)* You know what the trouble is, they don't want to work. Its not easy to come up with an idea for a story and they just don't want to take the time and use what little brains they have to do this. They start a story just any old place, with just any scene, follow it up with a bit of nothing, a little action which has nothing to do with the story and then write: The End. These stupid author's are lazy, afraid to come up with an idea that is the slightest bit interesting to the readers. They write for themselves. Why the hell should they care what they write, so long as they get payed for it, isn't that the truth, Mr. White? *(No. —TW)*

You probably won't print this letter because you're afraid to. And if you do, you won't answer me, instead you'll say something like: Ha Ha, fooled you? Or you'll get one of your new wave author's to give me a new wave answer, one can bet what kind of answer it will be. Oe you'll say you mispelled this word wrong or did this wrong. Sure there are mispellings in my letter because I'm not a professional author or writer. I'm just a concerned fan. I dare you print this letter and give me an answer, an intelligent one, if you can Mr. White?

Joseph Napolitano
2926 Stockbridge Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif., 90032

I doubt if an intelligent answer would satisfy you, Mr. Napolitano. You seem to have your mind made up already, and I doubt a few simple facts—like the fact that story ideas are easy to come by for a professional writer, or that brainless formula stories are the staple of the old-wave hacks (the new wave is too young to have many hacks yet)—would change your mind. So I'll just point out that writers who write for an audience of one are going to have a rude awakening when no editor buys their stuff—and that I've never yet met a science fiction writer who fit your description. —TW

We received a great many more letters this time, and the foregoing are hardly a representative sampling. Most of you—among those who wrote—liked my editorial (Bob Stahl called it an "example of cool lucidity"), liked Harlan Ellison's "Dogfight on 101" (many pointing out that it welded the virtues of "Old" and "New" waves), thought that Joe Hensley's "The Edge of the Rose" was a good story, but paled next to Ellison's (almost any story would have), and liked the conclusion of Robert Silverberg's "Up The Line" (although many thought it ended too abruptly, and several felt the ending was a cheap gimmick that undercut the whole novel). Response to most of the features in the September issue was favorable, the only one that provoked much criticism being Janifer's movie review. I should explain that the review was written early in the year, but crowded out of the July issue due to lack of space, so it was more than ordinarily late reaching print. As Larry Ward summed it up, "there was one sour apple. I have never, I think, been so greatly saddened at *reading* a review. Mr. Janifer cans Cliff Robertson's 'Charly' possibly because it doesn't fit his notion of Charley Gordon. Do Oscars go for naught?" Well, of course, Hollywood's idea of good sf rarely matches ours, but for the time being we have dropped the movie reviews. Keep writing—and I'll be seeing you next issue. —Ted White.

(continued from page 135)

games of softball during the Sunday afternoon sessions. How long ago and far away that seems now. Travel was expensive and uncommon. Fanzines could be mailed for a penny each. It took the full decade for fandom to realize that it didn't need to be "organized" toward some utopian goal, that healthy anarchism was the most workable scheme of things. Fandom in the forties took the fandom of the thirties into its first stages of maturity, passing on to the fifties a sense of tradition and permanence it had not itself inherited.

If you are a fan, or if you find the fanzines more ordinarily reviewed in this department intriguing, then this is a book you should read. Most especially if you are one of the hordes of recent fans who know little or nothing about fandom of more than a year ago, this is a book you need. It is not the ideal history—and I doubt an ideal history of anything as subjectively experienced as fandom will ever be written—but it about as close as I expect we'll ever get to ideal.

So get it. Buy Advent out. And aggitate for the next volume. Who knows; perhaps by the time his volume on the 1950's is out, Warner will have finished one on the 1960's—and you still have a little time to be *in* that one!

All Our Yesterdays by Harry Warner, Jr.; Advent: Publishers Inc., P.O. Box 9228, Chicago, Illinois, 60690; $7.50; 357 pp., hardbound. Order copies directly; few bookstores will stock them. ***Highly Recommended.***

—Franklin Hudson Ford.

Please send all fanzines for review to John D. Berry, 35 Dusenberry Rd., Bronxville, N.Y., 10708.

(*Continued from page 5*)
power-brokers."

So we sipped our drinks and ate our lunch in a crowded restaurant, and life went on around us. Outside it was close to a hundred degrees in the sun and humid; New York City was enduring another annual heat-wave and people greeted each other with trite comments about the weather.

The heat-wave broke on the weekend, and I turned on my television set at two on Sunday afternoon.

As we watched and listened, history was made. Finally and definitively, Man stepped out across the void of space and established himself safely on the moon. Since the LEM, "Eagle," touched down in the Sea of Tranquility, Houston Space Control has addressed it as "Tranquility Base." There is something substantial and impressive about that: Tranquility *Base*. A base on the moon!

Monday, July 21, 1969; 2:00 am:

Man has walked the face of the moon, and we have watched him as he did it! Looking like something out of *Destination Moon*, astronauts Armstrong and Aldrin walked, hopped, left and bounded over the packed-powder surface of the moon, their white suits almost lost in the shadows and blindingly bright in the sunlight. Even as they experienced the fantastic feat of walking at 1/6th earth-normal gravity, we watched them. For some people the prosaic quality of their work and comments seemed anticlimactic after the occasion of their actual landing. But for me the greatest thrill was to watch those two men walk across the floor of the moon, to shift the camera about for a panorama of the landscape, and to know that this was happening *now*, even as I viewed it. The backup technology which went into that simple piece of television—both on the moon and here on earth—is without parallel.

And yet, of course, one is aware of the flies in this too-perfect ointment. There was an implicit irony in Richard Nixon's comment when he spoke to the astronauts, that this was the longest long-distance phone call ever made. Richard Nixon could talk to the moon, but several times in the last month, I could not talk to my own agent, some ten or fifteen miles away.

There is absolutely no doubt but that the space program has been an exacting laboratory for the development of practical new technology. We saw that time and time again, just in watching this mission. The tv pictures from the moon were broadcast earthward and picked up in Australia, from which they were beamed by satellite to Houston, which in turn relayed them to our commercial networks and around the world. Only ten years ago, this was "science fiction."

But technology is racing ahead of us. Ironically, Western Electric was one of the sponsors of the televised events, and one of Western Electric's commercials spoke about new developments for telephones. Touch-tone (push-button) phones were shown, and a new "all-electronic" switching process was alluded to, whereby one can make two-digit calls to frequently-called seven- and ten-digit numbers (presumably via a locally memorized code in one's own phone)—and a switching code was shown whereby one could divert calls to other phones if one intended to be visiting at those numbers. All very well and good, but there was nothing new in that commercial: I saw the same processes demonstrated at the 1964-65 New York "World's Fair", in 1964 at the Bell Telephone pavillion. That Fair introduced the "touch-tone" push-button phones to New York City; as payphones they were ubiquitous on the Fair-grounds. Well, five years have passed, and most of New York City still cannot use touch-tone phones.

Five years have passed, and the phone system has not improved, despite available technology; it has noticeably deteriorated.

One day when I tried to call my agent, I received a strange, frantic busy signal. I live in Brooklyn; my agent's offices are in mid-town Manhattan. I called an operator (Bell wants to phase out human operators), who was able to put through the call. My agent told me he could not return my call, because he was unable to get any outside lines; he could not even get a dial tone. This condition persisted for nearly a week. The official explanation: overloaded circuits. Bell admitted to being several years behind on necessary maintenance-expansion programs. But at the same time, Bell is selling offices on direct-line dialling—whereby each desk has its own line and number, and no central switchboard is needed in the office. This adds enormously to the number of circuits required in each exchange.

Bell touts its data-phones, and other esoteric communications devices, but ordinary consumer service is worse than ever. Recently I tried to reach Harlan Ellison by phone while he was staying at a motel in Florida. I could not do it, because the phone company had crossed lines with a new private phone installed that day: all calls to the motel were going to some poor fellow who'd just gotten a new phone installed. The numbers were one digit apart.

As a matter of fact, there is no reason why we should, in this day and age, pay more for long-distance calls (at least within this country) than we do for local calls. The rate structure is a hold over from the days when many local switchboard operators were required for distant calls, and one shouted to make oneself heard. These days certain institutions have "national trunk-lines" which allow them to make local calls to *anywhere in the country*, while the rest of us fork out dollars on every call. The fact is, I get a better connection when I talk with Greg Benford in California than I do when I talk with our publisher, Sol Cohen, in nearby Queens (I once had to call Sol three times in succession before I got a connection good enough for me to hear his voice).

Telephones have profitted enormously from our space effort. The Comsat satellite is only one small example. The basic engineering—especially in the exchanges and the new switching—has been given quite a boost by the development of integrated circuits, and all the other micro-miniaturized electronics first developed for space.

One of the first cities in this country to have telephones was Cheyenne, Wyoming. Cheyenne had a telephone link to Laramie in the 1880's. These were new cities, and they took advantage of the latest science had to offer.

Today our largest cities are stuck with millions of dollars worth of obsolete technology; New York City was one of the first to go to dial phones, and will probably, as a result, be one of the last cities to advance beyond dial phones. Technology creates its own intertia, by virtue of the investment it entails.

So today we can talk to the moon by the latest in advanced technology, but our own phones are becoming increasingly less trustworthy.

Monday, July 21, 1969; 3:00 pm:

The worst of it is over: the "Eagle" flies again. We've now gotten Man *to* the moon, *on* the moon, and *off* the moon again. The rest, while still critical, holds no surprises; it's all been done before, and will doubtless be done correctly once again.

I went out for newspapers and found, not-too-surprisingly, that the New York *Times* and *News* (both morning papers) were

completely sold out. One local newsstand operator told me, "Normally I get four hundred of the *News;* today I get *six* hundred, and they're gone, just like that." I picked up a *Post*, and found the masthead and running datelines throughout said "New York, Moonday, July 21, 1969." Well, why not? That's what "Monday" really does mean, after all.

Science fiction has enjoyed a certain popularity with the television networks. Isaac Asimov, and Arthur Clarke have been regulars; yesterday Robert Heinlein was interviewed on CBS and had a chance to talk, briefly, via cross-country tv, with Clarke. Today Ray Bradbury was interviewed in London. This afternoon Kurt Vonnegut was on a panel on CBS. Neither Bradbury nor Vonnegut can actually claim the credentials of Asimov, Clarke or Heinlein, of course. They are anti-science poets for the most part, and Vonnegut chose to speak somewhat sourly about the super-patriotism this historic landing has engendered in parts of this country.

Vonnegut stated that Wells' prediction, in *The Time Machine*, that the population would split between the engineers and the poets, was now happening. That is a remarkably simplistic point of view, and one with which I cannot agree.

It is certainly true that there *are* implicit dangers in the emphasis we are presently placing upon this moon landing. It *is* possible that this accomplishment may be used to divert us from more pressing problems closer at home. Our present administration seems unwilling to admit that organized crime in this country begins with the Mafia, and not with the drug users who are their victims—and that the present prohibition-type laws about drugs do as much to aid and comfort the Mafia as the Prohibition against alcohol once did to help launch the present Organization of crime. Our establishment (the present leaders of government, industry and society) seems dangerously complacent about the interlocked twin problems of our cities and our minorities—problems which, if not positively dealt with, will almost certainly destroy our present civilization and make our dreams of space-conquest meaningless.

At the same time that one recognizes that these *are* important priorities, one should not imagine that our present space program is actually detrimental to them. It has become fashionable to bemoan, in Liberal circles, the "waste of money" on space. Well, as has been pointed out, it isn't the money itself: it is the *will to use it* that counts. At this time the money spent on space cannot be said to be diverted from "more pressing social problems," because there is no organized drive (comparable to that which got behind our space program in the late fifties and early sixties) to spend money on these other problems.

We have very pressing problems in this country. In addition to the social problems, we have environmental problems: polution of our air, land and water. (As we polute the oceans—as we are now measurably doing—we are killing off those ocean organisms which supply 70% of our planet's renewable oxygen. This may be the most serious consequence of polution possible: it could wipe out most animal life on our planet for centuries.) The media have publicized these environmental problems for several years now. Yet, nothing serious is being done about them. Each day that the wind is from the west, the stench of the New Jersey oil refineries travels across the bay and in my windows. Each year, more public beaches around New York City are declared health hazards. We stopped swimming off Staten Island (where the nicest, and least-crowded beaches were) when we noticed one day floating garbage and sewage,

including human excrement in the water. We haven't gone back, but it took the City two years to decide to close that beach.

The people just don't care.

The average American thinks he is spending too much on taxes already. He probably owns four or five tv sets, including one color set and one or two black-and-white sets which have something wrong with them ("Rather'n get it fixed, we just got one of those new little Japanese models"), two or three cars, and a lot of expensive backyard barbequeing equipment, and is living to a standard that would have shocked his counterpart of thirty years ago, but he is voting down school bond issues (why educate his kids? They'll just learn to talk back to him), and he couldn't care less about polution, slums, or racial problems—so long as they all happen somewhere else. He smokes two or three packs of cigarets a day, and you can't tell *him* anything about cancer; he couldn't smell air polution anyway.

As long as he thinks this way, his leaders are not going to fight any harder than they already have.

What to do? Another humilation doesn't seem to be in the cards—the parallels just aren't there. Racial violence has called attention to the pressing needs of the people in our slums, but Mr. Average American resents this. His answer is to fence off the slums with bayonets. Like the complacent Germans, who turned their backs on the vicious anti-Semitism in Germany in the 1930's, Mr. Average American wants to enjoy himself and dislikes unpleasant reminders of reality.

Until he changes his mind, we would gain nothing by choking back funds to the space program; they would just go into the pork barrel where they've always gone, and never be seen again.

But what of the future of space?

Richard Nixon has described himself as a "space activist," as also has Vice-President Agnew. But despite Agnew's own enthusiasm for a continued and vigorous program, Nixon is—as I write this—once again playing his maybe-this-or-maybe-that policy of not making up his mind. NASA funding has suffered badly at the hands of recent economy-budgeteers, including Nixon. I have heard inside people predict, glumly, that when the Apollo program is over, we will be finished with space for this century at least.

Robert Heinlein said yesterday that this was only the beginning; that man would go on and on, ever-outward, until he dominated the whole universe. I'd like to believe that, and perhaps in the overview of the eons to come, that will happen. But I feel sceptical about this century. I doubt that anything like the progress shown in *2001: A Space Odessy* will occur.

What is most likely is that we will send probes to Mars, build an orbital laboratory (the first stage of a space station) (although funding for the orbital lab was recently cut), and possibly establish a permanent base on the moon. It is unlikely that civilian, "commercial" space travel will occur within this century unless a dramatic breakthrough in the cost of space travel is made. If the materials can be found on the moon to make life self-supporting (water is one of the most important), we could set up refractories there to begin the local manufacture of space hardware—the raw material seems to be abundant enough. This would be far cheaper than putting the hardware up into orbit from earth, and eventually most of our space effort might well be managed from the moon. But the initial investments will dwarf the money we've spent on Vietnam, and I'm not optimistic about it. We have the potential; whether we have the *will* is something else entirely.

To end on a more positive note, however:

Our present space achievement has proven decisively one thing: *We can do it.* We can, as President Johnson said when he first launched his Great Society, remake our world for the better. It is absolutely and literally true, now. We have proven ourselves capable. We have the technology, the wealth, and the ability to cooperate on the necessary levels.

As I've been saying, we lack only the will to achieve our various pressingly necessary goals, both on earth and in space.

Perhaps the demonstration of this Apollo 11 mission will give us the sense of hope, courage and optimism to bring us together in the founding of that will. I certainly hope so.

—Ted White

(continued from page 19)

"*Daedalus will fly again! Daedalus will fly, will fly!*"

Soon others picked up the chant, roaring it. He was seized, mauled, poked, patted, raised to adulating shoulders that tried to carry him forward through the cheering mob but couldn't. "*Daedalus will fly, fly again!*"

As far as he could see in the golden late afternoon, people raised their ecstatic faces to catch sight of him. He rocked and rolled on the shoulders of his well-wishers, and began estimating the crowd. Fifty thousand sould? No, seventy-five thousand at least. The thunder pealed on, and he was carried, godlike, through the hosannas.

Twilight had come. He was exhausted. He'd worked longer and harder today than he had for many, many months. But this would succeed, this definitely would. A slight change, just minor—

He poised the cracked plasto barrel of his pen over the ruled yellow sheet. The sheet was dry with age. He'd rescued it and others like it from a refuse bin where it had been discarded long ago. He changed a few final words so that they now read, *and began estimating the crowd. One hundred thousand souls? No, two hundred thousand at least.* Then, cramped with pain from working all day, he shuffled to the even dimmer corner of his filthy Welfare Housing cubicle. His slippers raked through topsyturvy piles of papebax, some thirty years old. One spin caught a shaft of dusky evening sunlight, and a few letters were illuminated: *JOYCE/2.05 cred.* He hardly saw, going straight to the small, rickety hand press.

In an hour he had set the type from the dusty fonts. He began inking. In another hour he was on the street again with a quarter ream of smeary enamelled sheets. One side of each bore the type version of what he had written. A masterpiece, no doubt of it. Packed with truth.

It was snowing hard once more. He took up his post on the same corner and began to hawk.

"Authentic materials! Authentic antiques of the author's craft! Used felttip markers! Erasers! Typewriter ribbons!" His pockets bulged with them. He flourished the enamel sheets. "And fiction, authentic fiction! Written by an authentic Gute author! Printed by authentic movable type! Ideal Xmas novelty for the person who has everything!"

The decorative spheres floated slowly past. The crowds came and went at the mixedmedia dome. Officers from a Police bubble came down once to check his vendor's permit, which he showed with a snarl. One of the officers said he might be interested in buying a genuine gum rubber eraser but when he heard the price he laughed, "Forget it," and left.

The snow continued. He moved to other corners in various parts of town and hawked all night long. But no one bought.

—John Jakes

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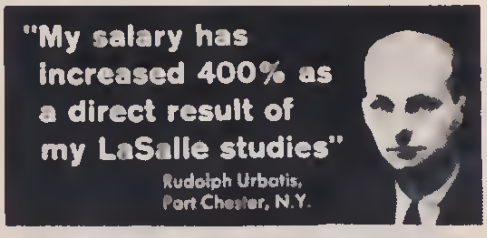

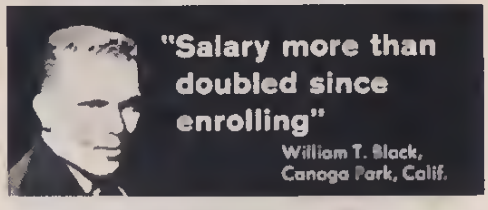

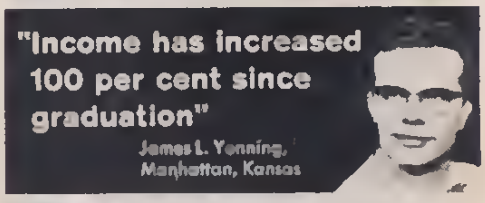

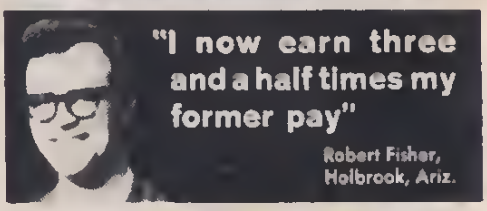

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